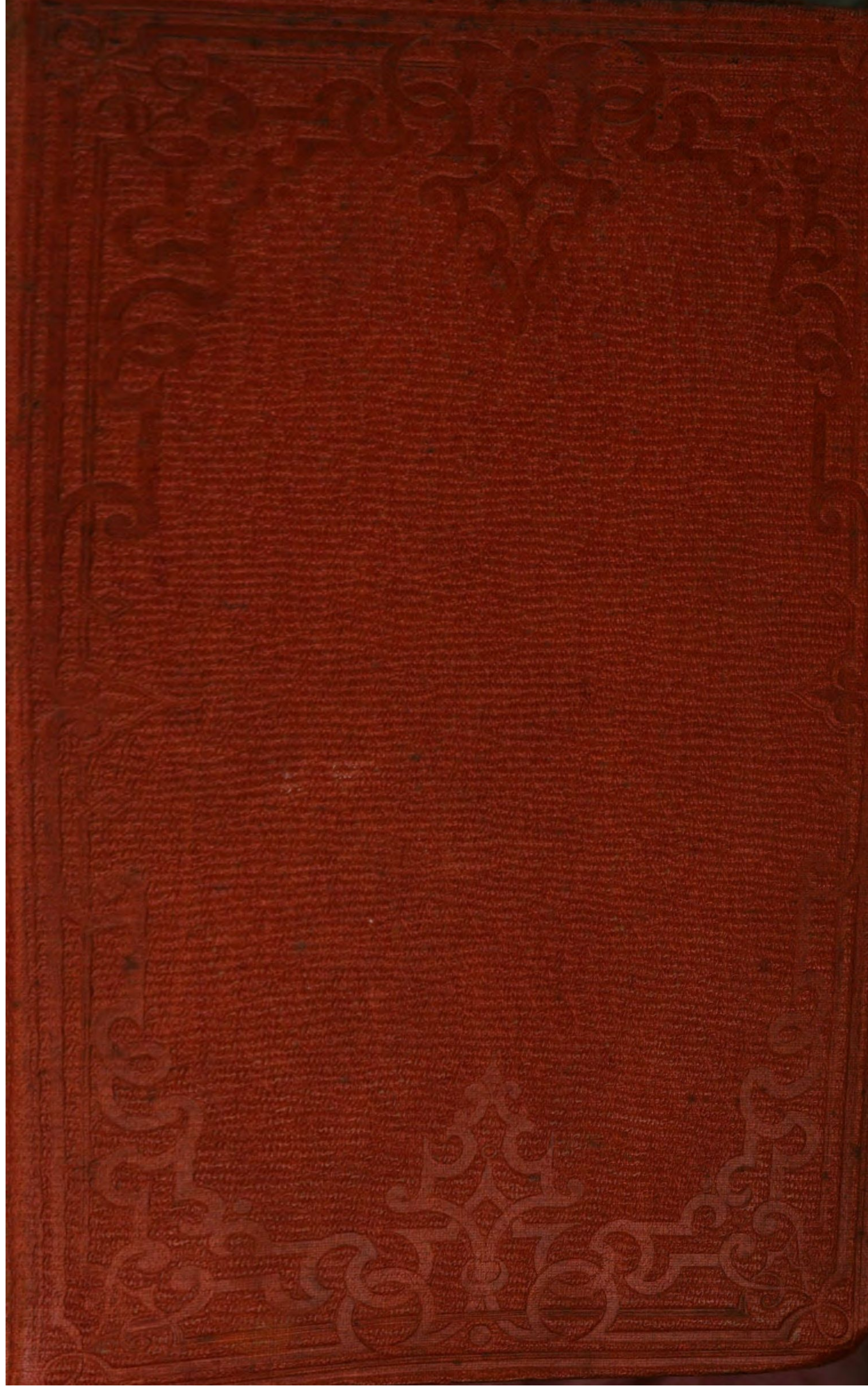




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FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS,

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.



VOL. II.

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LONDON

JOHN B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

15, N. 4TH ST., PHILADELPHIA

1881

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FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS,

LITERARY AND PERSONAL,

WITH

OBSERVATIONS ON MEN AND THINGS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

"Relations of matter-of-fact have a value from their substance, as much as from their form, and the variety of events is seldom without entertainment or instruction, how indifferently soever the tale is told."—SIR WM. TEMPLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Second and Revised Edition.

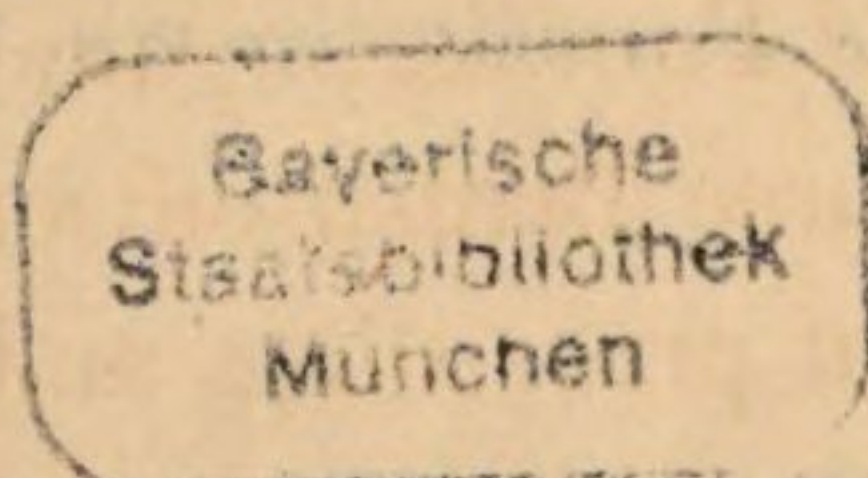
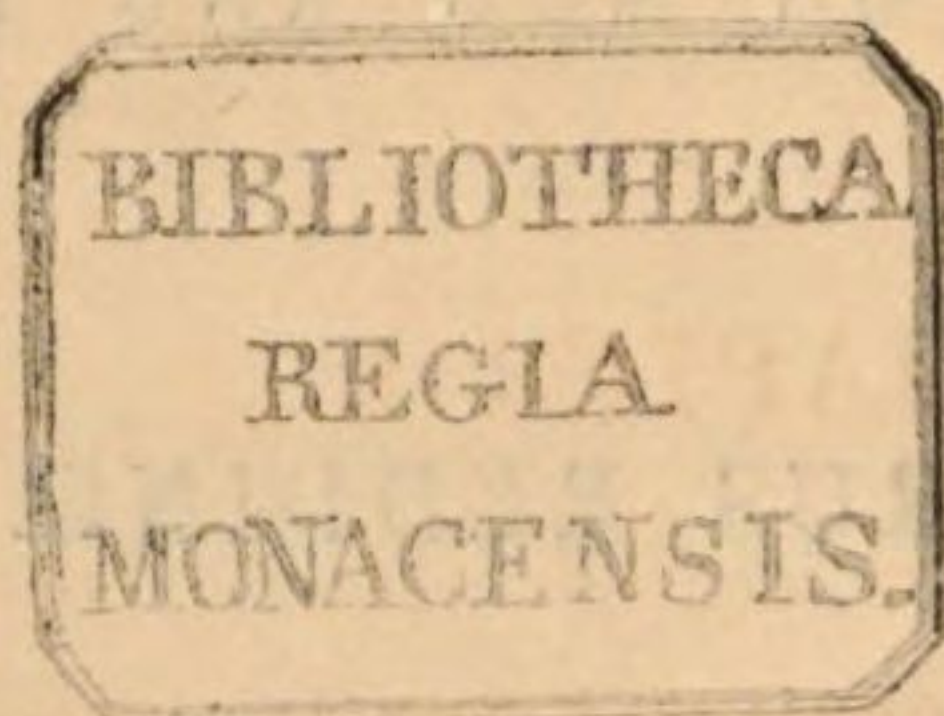
LONDON:

CHARLES J. SKEET, PUBLISHER,

10, KING WILLIAM STREET,

CHARING CROSS.

1858.



FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS, LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

CHAPTER I.

Triumphal arches were erecting to greet the entrance of the too noted Duchess de Berry, just married to the Duke of that name. We stayed three or four days only in Paris, and returning, *viâ* Pontoise, again dined off our former fare, with two or three British officers. We sat at table too long to think of proceeding, and finding my friend would not move the next morning, I rode home alone. He had met an old Peninsular brother officer. In two days he returned, riding his horse so hard in a burning August day, that it died in consequence. It was the last of four he had taken with him to Spain. Had the horse been mine, I should never have forgiven myself, for it was a noble animal.

The crown and people of France, the creatures of revolutionary progress, stood high in the hopes and fears of Europe at that moment. The constitution of Louis XVIII. was a mockery, because the courtiers of the old school worked it behind the scenes. The French notion

of a free constitution mainly rested on an equality of social rights, and the banishment of the assumption and exclusiveness of privileged orders. This feeling has never been changed, cherished as it was, and is, by the recollection of the miseries of the time when *Lettres de Cachet* were issued at the will of courtezans, and gamekeepers murdered those whom they suspected of poaching, and buried them in their lord's ground. Serfage and brute force, even as traditions, were powerful agents in preventing reaction, which the returned emigrants of 1814-15 ought to have known. Freedom of action was less regarded than equal rights, admitted no privileged superiority from rank, and this was precisely what the emigrants resisted. The people cared nothing about title ; the "all" in England. The oldest nobility in Europe was that of France, and it might have the honour of being called so still, if it chose, but the honour could be nominal only, it must not carry a particle of right over citizenship. Hence, while institutions advanced in France as well as in England, the latter retained the old system of privilege only in the senate. In the eye of the law, one and all were equal. The deference to title (servility it may often more truly be called) still exists here, but it exists only as a reflection of the imaginary greatness of small minds. There was something touching in the mental feebleness of the returned French royalist. He was a slumberer—a Rip Van Winkle, during thirty years of change and advance. He awoke and could not, or would not, credit any different state of the world from that he had known before he fell asleep. How many I knew, little "tainted" by the plebeian affinities of the existing time, as they would phrase it, who are now in

their dusty beds. What a proud, frivolous, gallant, ostentatious, brave, unprincipled race, were the later French nobles under the Regent, with all the vices, and very few of the virtues of their predecessors !

Tenacious is the hold of the mind upon all that belongs to the past, often only because the reality has run into a tale. Weaknesses in a Montmorency or Grammont we, therefore, excuse, as in those who live, so the Apostle Paul phrased it in relation to the Jews, upon "vain genealogies." It is well enough for German princes to be what they are, some of whose dominions one may run round in a day, for nobody expects anything of them. But for the noble descendant of a renowned house belonging to a great empire, still to persist in the folly of matter-of-fact privilege is absurd. I saw well bred old nobles denuded of the ruffles, embroidery, golden-headed canes, silver buckles, and other insignia in which their superiority consisted. I felt a sadness when I encountered some of them returned with high hopes, and doomed to be disappointed, in not again realizing the worn-out absurdities of the old *régime*. It was a frightful catastrophe that immolated so many, and drove others from their homes, now attenuated and poor, the mockery of the upstart that curled his lip as he passed them. Some worthy spirits, too, little persuaded of the ingratitude of crowns, there must have been among them. Not many obtained places, or recovered property undisposed of by the state. A few niggardly acres, perhaps, out of the thousands they had inherited. Yet the Belshazzar hand had written their doom on the walls of their palaces in good time, only they had no Daniel to interpret to them. Lord Chesterfield had foretold it in England,

though it did not come to pass for many years after his decease, one of the most extraordinary fulfilments of prophecy on record.

I wanted some hay, and was told I might obtain it three or four miles off, from the Marquis de S—, who resided at the old family *château*. I rode over, and came to an ancient grill, with a small lodge and chapel attached. The iron gates well rusted, stood open, paint seeming not to have visited them for half a century. I went up to the door of the building, knocked and knocked again. I was answered only by the reverberation. I looked up at the lofty pointed roof, and ornamented windows in vain; not a creature was observable, nor were hangings visible through the windows. Presently a voice from a window in a *remise* opposite the house, once the residence of the coachman or gardener, inquired whom I sought. I told my business, and obtained a promise of the article I desired. I had tied up my horse under an arcade, once the depository of the family carriages, and accepted an invitation, from a well bred, meagre man in person, to walk into his small apartment with its tiled floor, on which a few plain chairs rested, and a common oaken table. A time piece and a few ornaments stood over the chimney. The whitewashed walls looked chill. There was a sort of sideboard bearing a crucifix, and a few books apparently devotional. An old arm-chair by the fire-place, cupboard shelves with china, and a small screen, made up the furniture. The business transacted, I remarked that it was a solitary residence. The owner said he had been an emigrant, and tendering me some wine, remarked that he made none of his own now, shrugging up his shoulders.

“It is unfortunate,” I remarked, “if it be possible to grow wine here as good as that you tender me.”

He told me he had returned to France with the hope of some office which had been promised him, but he feared he was forgotten—he had obtained none. I remarked that his *château* was in good order. He replied that he had kept it in order out of the little that remained of the means to do it. “My heirs may inhabit it at some future day; I cannot. I have all I want here, and shall not long want that. The friends of my early years are gone already, except the Mayor of the Commune.”

“You have many years to live yet, from your appearance.”

“I hope not,” said he, looking grave. He then invited me to see the house. He took the key from a drawer, unlocked the door, and, with an old-fashioned bow, drew back to give the precedence of entry. The interior was in fair condition. With a touch of deep melancholy, he showed me the room in which he was born. Though it was empty, and he heard no more the voices he had once heard echo there, it was a great satisfaction still to possess the old place. All but the recollection of the past had disappeared, but though that gave him pain, people had sometimes an affection for their misery. When I paid him for his hay, I thought a bailiff would once have saved him that degradation. His hat was off on parting, after the old formal mode, escorting me to the gate in his coarse grey coat, dark breeches, and white stockings, with buckled shoes. The situation of this nobleman in some old servant's apartment, with the hope that his family

descendants would one day inhabit again the ancient residence, brought up Sterne's description of the Sword at Rennes. How could so great a change be effected in France, as the revolution did effect, without sacrifices, violences, and cruel bereavements?

The Duke d'Aguillon copied music in London for a maintenance, thirteen hours a day, and then dressed and appeared at the opera in the evening, quite a noble of the old *régime*.

I read many of the best French authors when in the country, where I found good private libraries; some of the metaphysicians I perused with great advantage. The mystics of Germany never pleased me. I always know what a French writer means, but I cannot say the same of a German. Göthe's exclamation of "Light, light, more light!" is applicable to the whole school. How the French levity of character should have mingled in its ranks so many deep-thinkers and first-rate mathematicians, was ever a riddle; but the French are a people made up of contradictions.

I like the country, but I dislike crowds well or ill dressed. Yet the gates of the *château* in which I lived were thrown open to the crowd on holydays, and a few francs paid for the music, not less than four or five hundred came within the walls of the garden to enjoy the merry dance, grateful for our civility to them. Sometimes all classes danced on the green together, and at others there were many saloon guests. A little orgeat for the ladies was the only expense. The simplicity of the pleasures of the people greatly pleased me, and the real sense of enjoyment they exhibited. Not a flower was plucked in the garden, no fruit gathered,

yet all was open to the humblest villager. Intoxication was never seen, yet wine and brandy were cheap and commonly partaken.

When I quitted Normandy, the people expressed their regret. An old *garde de chasse*, who had often accompanied me in the forest, gave me that species of salute in the fullness of his heart, tears in his eyes, with which ladies only are saluted in England. His chin reminded me of Peter Pindar's comparison of a clown's beard to a bush of gorse. I took leave, too, of the gun and the field at the same time. A day's healthy exercise with the gun, is, I am persuaded, often useful, if followed in a rational manner. I reprobate only those who view animal slaughter as a sport, and nothing else—who immolate the beautiful innocent creatures that have licked their hands just before, and bring up youth in the habit of viewing that bloodshed without regret, which, in the chances of life, may lead them to undervalue the lives of their fellow men.

I was sauntering with a dog and gun along one of those immense sweeps of corn-land, where the eyes glance over a wide space, only interrupted by clumps of verdure, looking like green islets. Something dashed across a path among the high herbage, which I suspected was a fox, and fired. I was not aware I had killed anything, until a bird of a species quite new to me, fluttered along the path. I had mortally wounded it by the merest accident. I sat down, and took it up. Its eyes, bright and beautiful in death, seemed to reproach me. I laid it by my side, and it expired in a few moments. "What right have I to deprive this creature of the light and life I so much enjoy?" became

a bosom question. I do not want it for food. I find fault with no one who takes the same recreation I have done for healthy exercise, but cannot I exercise without animal slaughter? I will do so in future." From that day, I never shot any animal, except a rat or two committing depredations upon the household stores.

I was not aware until afterwards, that this was not a singular instance. Several persons, not in so unknown a station as myself, had come to the same conclusion. Byron was one instance, and the author of *Vathek* another. The brave and unfortunate Sir John Franklin may be added to the list. I condemn none who follow the pursuit; I only state that it ceased to be consonant with my feelings when undertaken as a mere sport.

I took up my quarters in the Hotel de Quinze Vingt, in Paris, now passed away. It stood in the centre of the Place Carroussel, opposite the triumphal arch, and about the same distance from the palisades eastwards, as the Tuileries is to the west, the windows facing the palace. On my first visit to Paris, I had seen the workmen taking down two gilt statues which had been the companions of the Venetian horses representing Fame and Victory. The arch now stood denuded of all ornament on the summit. I saw daily, from my room, the troops drawn up at the morning parade, the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry, and the renowned Marshals of France in attendance upon those poor specimens of princes. The Duke de Berry, afterwards assassinated, was a mediocre looking, little, lively man. The Duke d'Angoulême, an undersized and rather slender imbecile, anything but a hero. His Duchess was by far the best of the Bourbons in appearance, and truly as Bonaparte

characterized her, "the only man of the family." D'Artois was anxious that his son should be able to lead troops, the most desired of royal accomplishments, while the Count d'Artois, and the two dukes in the midst of the French soldiers, were sad caricatures upon fitness of position. Of the whole group, Louis XVIII. was by far the best character, not at all ill-natured, the most accomplished gourmand in Europe, in person truly Louis le Gros. The French marshals were none of them such stiff germanized figures as people in England imagine them. Our old military bearing had been borrowed from Hanover and Prussia. I often saw Marmont, Victor, Macdonald, Suchet, Oudinot, and others. Things always appeared to me much out of place on these occasions; "would the divine right of kings become again an established principle or not?" I asked myself, and common sense replied "never more." The downfall of Charles X. afterwards settled the point, in coincidence with my own ideas upon the subject. I complimented myself on the truth of my anticipation or gift of prescience, whichever it was, when that event was consummated. Old Marshal Mortier, destined afterwards to fall by the assassin's hand, Soult, little swarthy Lamarque, Jourdain, and Viosmenil were often added to the list of officers. All this went on, under the *surveillance* of a hundred and fifty thousand allies northwards, ready to swoop down on Paris if the legitimate principle were questioned. While looking at those parades, I continually asked myself where was the soul that once animated that scene? The grey coat well worn, and three-cornered hat? How awkwardly the post was now occupied! Ambition had overleaped itself. The hero

was on the rock of St. Helena, looking over the broad deep, perhaps reflecting, at last, that he himself was going after those who had preceded him in the hackneyed track of human glory—in the wild dream of conquest. Could Napoleon and Talma have met, the tragedian would have had the advantage of the hero in place of the significant “Bah!” when Talma repeated

“What is that word honour?”

“Air.”

“Who hath it?”

“He that died on Wednesday.”

This has been before told in some of the Memoirs of Napoleon.

The reply of Talma to a question of mine, in regard to the emperor, was highly in his favour as a man.

“Too ambitious,” said the tragedian, “but with the kindest heart in the world. I have known him from his youth. He never forgot the humblest friend amid cares more vast than it was possible for ordinary men to sustain. Our intercourse never abated on his elevation, though we met less frequently, as might be expected—he was a truly great man.”

Talma had been selected arbitrator between two Englishmen whom I knew in Paris, and he acted with rigid impartiality. His friend, Duchenois, was the finest actress I ever saw in France. She was wholly French in her acting, and her personations belonged to a school less within the scope of my comprehension than those of Talma. I saw her in Dido, one of her best characters, and was then, for the first time, fully convinced of the ill adaptation of the French tongue for poetry. The usual monotony in recitation was lessened on the stage,

more by the school of Talma, than any other, but there was still too much. Duchenois possessed great power. She seemed to enter deeply into the author's spirit, and to make that spirit pervade the representation. She put nothing of herself into her characters. The author was her motive power, and she desired to be one with him, and to obtain applause, as it were, in his name. Her feeling was wholly disinterested; all was harmony between herself and the poet's sentiments, and however noble or sublime they might be, she became wholly identified with them. Yet, though Siddons did the same, they bore no resemblance to each other in acting. There is more of nature and the ordinary sequence of incident in the French stage since her time; but she made advances in blending the classic and romantic together, which no female performer had ever before done in France. Talma was her professional guiding-star. I did not agree with the wholesale vituperation of the French theatre, in which too many Englishmen indulged at that period. I remember being much struck with several powerful passages in *Zaïre*, full of noble energy, as that beginning, "*Ma fille, tendre objet de mes dernières peines,*" and ending, "*En ces lieux, où son sang te parle par ma voix.*" Though delightful in acting, her person was so ordinary, I may say ugly, that with any one else it would have destroyed the illusion. Her real name was Rapin. After Talma, she held the first place in tragedy. She was a great favourite with Napoleon, who sent for her to Erfurt to play before a budget of kings and princes. She was a dutiful daughter, and had an excellent heart. She afforded shelter to the mother of the unfortunate Lava-

lette, and performed many charitable actions. The death of Talma drove her from the stage. She died in 1834. I saw her at the Théâtre Français in 1816.

To return to Talma. He has been frequently criticised as an actor, by others more adequate to the task than myself. I speak of him here only in the desultory manner in which I noticed him once before.* I never credited the ability of authors, actors, or artists, only because they were lauded by the great, knowing how much on such occasions is due to fashion or accident, and that there is no royal road to just criticism. I did not form my opinion of Talma's acting in *Britannicus*, because the Archduke Constantine said, "I thank you, M. Talma, for the pleasure you have afforded me, by which I have been enabled to enjoy the company of three emperors together," Napoleon and Alexander being present. Such a compliment would have added a cubit to the stature of ordinary actors. The suffrages of the most competent judges, the length of time he had sustained his reputation, and the knowledge that, as he advanced in years he advanced in excellence, were enough. I should distrust my own impression of his abilities.

"I am half English," he observed one day. "What am I not indebted to Shakspeare?"

He spoke the language so well, he might easily have been taken for a native, having spent his youth in London.

"England is indebted to you, M. Talma, for making her great dramatic poet familiar to the people of

* In the "New Monthly Magazine," No. 288.

France, though you must admit, not exactly in his native dress."

"That may come at some future time. Long established feelings in the French people cannot be altered quickly—Shakspeare must wear our *habit de cérémonie* for a little time. I adopt the spirit of the author in my performances as much as I can, where the French version will hardly bear me out. I studied his works in England in my youth, and I have tried to act after nature as he wrote."

Talma was master of those nice points in the great bard, which even a native of England must study to acquire. As far as any foreigner can be deemed in possession of the scope and depth of the creations of that mighty dramatic writer, Talma was the man. I never knew another, except Augustus Schlegel. His countenance, touched with a melancholy expression, sometimes to deep sadness, was a peculiarly striking one. I was told that the fondness for his professional pursuits, and the mastership it had over him in all times and circumstances, were alone capable of rousing him from some of his fits of mental depression.

He did not like to be chosen umpire in the dispute already mentioned, and strove to evade the task.

"You are both in the wrong," he said, "if I decide I shall make one of you my enemy. I desire to have no enemies; make concessions on both sides."

"We have endeavoured in vain to arrange this affair between ourselves. You are particularly adapted for an umpire. There is no one in Paris capable of judging in the matter as you are."

"I am sorry for it, gentlemen; I am not at all disposed to admit my superior ability."

“But if we are satisfied?”

“It does not matter whether your umpire be English or French, justice is neither of one country nor the other. Reconsider the point in dispute.”

“It will be in vain, M. Talma.”

“They who, in a dispute, think themselves equally in the right, are like religious fanatics, who burn each other to prove the truth of opposite doctrines. Reason a little, gentlemen. If each of you will forget his own part in the matter, and judge as for another, the dispute will not last a minute.”

“We cannot approximate—we differ too widely.”

“No matter how wide the gap, it is only because you will not reason impartially, that it is not closed.”

“But M. Talma—”

“Suffer me—I am always ready to afford my aid to the persecuted, but you persecute each other when you permit passion to rule. Pray reconsider the whole matter, each for the other; you will then arrange without doing injustice to each other's friendship—concede mutually.”

“It is impossible.”

“Nothing that depends upon the will is impossible—delay, reconsider. I cannot afford to be out of favour with either of you.”

“That will not be M. Talma, decide how you may.”

“I know something of the heart, therefore, I do not know that. Make a small concession each of you. In a dispute about money, men of sense cannot be at variance. No sacrifice is required but of the vulgarest feeling; it is a mere shop-keeping subject. Gold is

dross, compared to friendship. I will see you on the subject to-morrow, when you have tried at an arrangement. Adieu!"

On the following day, they met. After the customary compliments, he asked if they had been able to settle their difference. The reply was, that having taken his advice, they had divided the sum in dispute.

"That is wise; when you quarrel, let it be about something worthy of your conflicting humour. A point of honour, an affront, anything save a little vile money. I will tell you another obstacle on my part, complicating the difficulties of my position in allowing myself to be your umpire. If one of you had been pleased with my decision, the other would have felt offended: you may say no, but I feel it would be so. I cannot answer either, how I might have decided. I am a tragedian, not a judge, and I might have leaned to the side I ought not—to his who is ready to follow my advice. I might have been influenced that way, thinking

Ce cœur qui veut bien m'obéir,
N'est pas entre les mains qui puissent trahir.

"We should have thought nothing of the kind, M. Talma."

"You know not how small a matter will bias the mind—it is incredible with the best of us—you see what a hazard you ran."

"We are only more certain from the statement you make, and from the knowledge you must have of the human mind, that you would have been, on the ground of your self-alleged disqualification, the safest umpire between us."

“Bah! now you turn advocate.”

I spent the evening with Madame D——, in the *ci-devant* Rue Bonaparte. There was little opportunity there of enjoying the great tragedian's company, he being taken up with the attentions of the ladies, with whom he was a marked favourite. To women of refinement, his peculiarly melancholy look and staid deportment, made him always welcome; ‘there was something so interesting in M. Talma.’ Easy, grave, with deference, he took a pleasure in pleasing those whom his presence gratified. This always ensures favourable prepossessions. There were in his acting a number of those delicate touches in art, which are particularly responsive to female sensibility, and they told much in his favour in the drawing-room. I never saw him in comedy, though as with Garrick, he was said to be equally excellent in that line of his profession. He reminded me of Cooke, in some parts, I scarcely knew why, and yet there is no personal likeness between them. In both, the representation of ferocious cunning, and tiger-like wary savageness, was admirably sustained. The energy of Kean had much less support, from its connection with physical force. John Kemble never exhibited the precise kind of effect. “I have lived through the excesses of a sanguinary revolution. I have seen extremes of horror and joy, the defeats and triumphs of men of all parties. There are no poetical tragedies deeper in pathos and blood, than I have known pass before my eyes in reality—no changes from sorrow to joy and the reverse, more sudden. If, therefore, tragedy walked the world in my time, it would be singular if I missed the opportunity for study. While keeping to

nature, I did not trust to my own conceptions; when we do, we make false pictures. I asked myself how an individual, under any particular contingency, would demean himself. I then proved my own conceptions by some actual standard, as near as I could obtain it. I paid no attention to other actors whom I had seen in the same part, for we are too apt to copy each other. I searched out the most approximative example; all variety of passion is certain to be displayed every day in a great city like Paris. It was only to develop them in the connection I thought most fitting for any purpose. We must thus prepare by extrinsic aid, as well as by our own conceptions, for that nearer approach to truth, which never fails of effect."

"You must have had moments of intense anxiety when you began your innovations upon the old system of scenic representation?"

"I feared for the result. My friends censured my temerity, prophesying it would be my ruin, as timorous persons are certain to do. I was aware that if I failed I should be censured—be crushed. On the other side, I had a reliance upon truth and nature for being effective among my countrymen, who are as open to slight impressions as you are little susceptible of them. I was to introduce a course of dependent events, inevitable in the action I represented. An audience would not be displeased with pure simplicity of delineation, if preceding custom were against it. I dared and succeeded. The judgment of an enlightened age prevailed over the prejudices of usage."

"Shakspeare and nature, the natural against the artificial—it was a bold venture."

"Yet our versions of your poet are much disguised, for in his native dress he would hardly do for us. Time will make him better comprehended."

"Two nations are obliged to you."

"Not to me—truth will in the end prevail in everything."

"When we have a millenium, M. Talma!"

"Before that comes, or we shall have long to wait."

His voice was of great compass, completely under control. John Kemble was always sepulchral, Talma varied so as to adapt his tone to the want of the moment. His sadness of visual expression responded to a mind of the same cast, and to a remarkable sensibility. Thus the difficulties thrown in his way by his friends delayed the execution of his designs, and he suffered the critics to embarrass him; for they believed there could be no excellence but under a fixed law—a law not to be modified or changed. They perpetually talked to him of "laws sanctioned by time." Since those days, the iconoclasts have made sad havock with the custom-gods of the past.

It was reported that Louis XVIII. had paid Talma some compliments, in imitation, no doubt, of his great predecessor, Napoleon, as the actor bore the lights in attendance upon the king when he left the theatre. I forget the exact words, but the compliment was paid at the expense of the famous tragedian of the old school, Lekain, whom Louis le Gros, as some people called him, in return for the false appellation of Louis le Desirée, told Talma he well remembered having seen.

A lady had privately circulated a remarkable paper, in MS., in which she prophesied the downfall of the Bour-

bons thirteen years before the event. It was the only safe mode to circulate political papers at that period. She compared the former Count d'Artois to James II. of England, for his fanaticism, but acquitted James of the debaucheries of d'Artois.

"So, M. Talma, you acted before the king last night, after you had taken leave of the house?"

"No, Madam, I only 'rehearsed' preparatory to acting under your coming dynasty."

The lady lived to see the fulfilment of her prophecies, which the actor never saw. In politics he was liberal. He had sheltered royalist and republican from danger alike, in his own house. He said that party adulterated the sources of humane feeling, and that charity was due to every man's failings.

"You are aware of the value of appearances, M. Talma?" said a lady to him; "we must learn to respect them."

"When they should not be read hypocrisies—it is better that truth and appearance should agree—that we should appear what we really are."

"Then I fear we should live less happily in society."

"I should not, Madame. I should continually fear self-betrayal."

"Pooh, M. Talma, you judge too nicely; we must live agreeably with those around us."

"Give up money, time, good offices, but not sincerity."

"Ladies give a more liberal meaning to their words than you do—they are well understood."

"Then would it not be better to speak plainly—ambiguity is mischievous."

“ But if you were making love on the stage, you would adopt a different phraseology from that you now advocate.”

“ True, I should be ‘ acting ;’ my professional phraseology is not my own. In making love for myself, I conceive I should succeed best in proportion as the object of my affection credited my sincerity.”

Talma had a great dislike to inconsistency of character. He could not bear to see a priest outrage religion, although the implacable animosity of the church towards him and his profession, made him regard the other with a natural aversion, excommunication being promulgated by the bigots against all actors. He was ever too susceptible of the attacks of the petty journalists, often unjust and malign. These had latterly no effect on the public judgment. It is true, that many years ago, literary works were more respected than in the present day, and, therefore, of more consequence, the editors being always men of learning and reputation. Why the small fry of any class should affect Talma so much, when all the papers of note were in his favour, and honestly supported his ideas, it was difficult to conceive. Now, when in France, as in England, papers are become commercial speculations, criticism a trade, and principles have no concern with proprietaries, the editors going to the wall, the public will neither accept a good nor evil report upon the mere credit of journalism. Talma, too, attempted to conciliate the petty critics, a task as hopeless as the traveller's who got off his horse on his journey, to kill all the grasshoppers. He was accused, I know not with what truth, of listening to flattery with complacency.

I confess the effect of Talma's acting in the pieces of

Shakspeare, altered as they were, was such as I never experienced with any other performer, except Mrs. Siddons. He abandoned the French declamation, substituting the natural intonation. He fixed his characters, like Siddons, with all the terror of their ideal majesty in the heart's core of the spectator. He made the frame thrill, in the gloomy, profound, and energetic, where vengeance, fury, and despair alternately ruled. In Othello, his rage and despair were terrific, electrical—those of the real man, not the actor. He personified age admirably, and not less well the vivacity of youth. He one day, at a dinner-party, recited to us some passages from Richard III. His fearful sardonic laugh in that character was notorious. He accented the passage beginning, “A horse, a horse,” differently from our tragedians, who ridiculously enough, lay the emphasis on the first syllable of “kingdom.” The French tragedian, in accordance with nature, laid the strongest accent upon the thing the tyrant demanded, and of which he was in need—the horse.

“A pretty girl from the provinces, who had heard of Talma's fame, was anxious to be introduced to him. Madame D——, when he entered the room in good spirits, but with his usual sad expression, pointed him out, when the *provinciale* turned to her and said,

“So that is M. Talma ; how melancholy he looks ! I suppose it comes from his playing tragedy too much.”

“No, my dear, it is his natural expression.”

“Why then I suppose his melancholy made him play tragedy, in place of tragedy having made him look melancholy.”

The actor was diverted by this ingenious inference. Talma always discouraged those who desired to make the stage a profession, full of enthusiasm as they generally are, and anxious for a *débüt*. "I tell them they are on the verge of a precipice blindfolded, while they fancy they are strutting in royal robes in the palace gardens."

He said he would choose the life of an actor himself again, having succeeded, but he would not otherwise, knowing how many had failed. He remarked that Napoleon leaned rather to the sentiment, than the perfect representation of the character, that his judgment was sound, though sometimes tinged with a cherished notion. "His successes," said Talma, "strengthened my regard for simplicity in all connected with my profession, for his habits, expressions, combinations, and actions, were governed by the simplest principles possible. Ask any of our generals the character of his military operations."

Of the French dramatic authors, the great tragedian preferred Corneille. I remarked that the French wanted our blank verse as a vehicle for tragedy. He observed, in reply, that the genius of the French language did not admit the freedom of expression allowed in the English, but was hampered by rules that must be followed. French audiences were accustomed to rhyme, and without it the people would hardly think a tragedy sufficiently poetical.

The peculiar manner of this great actor, and many of his delicate touches, stamping him the founder of a school in which he stands alone in his glory, have perished with him, and cannot be submitted to present

or future judgment—but this is the lot of the profession. He died from an obliteration of a portion of the intestinal canal, and bore exquisite sufferings with exemplary patience. The priests besieged the bed of him, towards whom, under the Bourbon restoration, they had hoped to display their former insolent conduct. They had refused the funeral rites, as if under the old *régime*, to a lady who had been an actress, but happily the burial-places were in the hands of the civil power. Talma knew this, and that he was excommunicated as other actors were under Louis le Desirée, a thing Napoleon would not permit. He, therefore, would not suffer the bishops to undesecrate him. He believed that neither hosts, nor mitres, nor ceremonies, had the power of procuring pardon for a sinner before God but a penitent and contrite heart alone.

I am fortunate in having seen almost all the celebrated performers in England and France, from the time of Cook here and of Talma in France.

I was not a great visitor of the theatre after thirty, but I was, as all men are who seek for variety in life, a visitor only upon particular occasions after that age. In Paris, when I became connected with a daily newspaper, I found the necessity of giving theatrical critiques, a task to which I was by no means equal. Among a people so awake to the ludicrous as the French, a foreigner would be certain to lay himself open to censure or satire. A Frenchman, therefore, was obtained for the office of a theatrical critic, who transmitted his criticisms in French, which I turned into English. One day he told me with great confidence, that he could save me the trouble, as he was certain

he could write his criticisms in English fully as well as French. I desired him to write me a specimen. The following is the production alluded to, a rare example of the kind, worthy of record. The play was "*Andromaque*," in which Talma and Duchenois figured, followed by "*L'Ecole des Maris*."

"If the tragedy of *Andromaque* was played to-day for the first time, I doubt that the character of Pyrrhus and his languishing sighs was suffered; but the rich character of the predestinated Orestes, of the furious Hermione, and the immense beauties of style, hungs up again in this work, place him in the first order of the better tragedies. Talma, who is upon his departure for the departements, has played Sunday the character of Orestes with a great perfection, the three latter act an uppercoat, with a despairing superiority for his followers. Never the tragic art had not a so worthy interpreter; the expression of his face, his gesture, his position, and the expressive and dreadful tune of his voice, incite the terror in the mind of the spectator, when he had said:—

Et ne m'avez vous pas,
Vous même, ici, tantôt, ordonné son trépas?

The surprise pictured upon his face, the horror of his portraiture, and the truth of his accent had excited the most quick applause. Mademoiselle Duchesnois, in the second act, had leaved many to desire in his verse:—

Madame le voici—
Ah je ne croyais pas qu'il fut si près d'ici!

This actress, who is pitiful when is not rich, had a voice full of melody and grace. His tunes had so milds, that she sent the accent of the love and sensibility until in the soul. His face even which is disagreeable, had an energetic expression when the passion come enflame his spirit. She had overtake the degree of sublime when she had said, with the accent of the delirium:—

Mais parle de son sort, &c., &c.

Never nothing pictured like the various tunes of actors, the expression of the face of Orestes—Talma, and the admirable picture

which resulted by the harmony of the scene. Michelot obtained gusts applauses in the character of Pyrrhus, whom the type is taken in the mark from the century of Louis Fourteen. This actor merits a peculiar mention, his diction is learned, and he had vanquished the nature which had refused to him the means to play tragedy. Mademoiselle Volnais had psalmed from beginning to end, the beautiful character of Andromaque ; this sung declamation, and this gesture measured by compasses, had goods in a melodrame, but had not received in the simplicity of the French school. Mademoiselle Volnais yet had a great understanding, but the physic means want to him, and this defaults are not compensated by cries and contortions. The voice of the truth can wound Mademoiselle Volnais, but the interest of the art is always that conduct my pen, and it is true to be said that Mademoiselle Volnais cannot play the young princess in the tragedy, because his physic and his age defend it imperiously to her. After the tragedy the charming comedy of L'Ecole des Maris, by the great Molière, had been played. Mademoiselle Volnais played Isabelle, who is a young miss from eighteen years, what mean to have an illusion. Firmin had played Valère with a great art, and Mademoiselle Devin another miss with a great decency ; for Mademoiselle Delattre, she is indeed a glacial nullity. Cartigny, who make always great progresses, had played the comic with a spiritual penetration. This actor had that which is named in the terms of *coulisses de la rondeur*, and the truth. He is dessinated to remplace Michot, in the character of the Paysan, and to play with superiority this part of employ, said *les grandes livres*."

Poor Cartigny, I met him and his daughter at a friend's house in London, long years afterwards, and thought of this critique. How time had changed him—changed all since ! He recalled those gay days mid his country's adversity—gay to the foreigner, to youth, health, and the vision that glances not at the morrow. How ungrateful we are to the past, under the delusions of that future which proves equally fallacious !

Potier, among the comic actors, was then a favourite

with everybody. He was ingrained with his country's habits and feelings. His humour was too delicate for an English audience, thickened by the potations of the mash-tub, in place of being levigated by draughts of Champagne and Volnay. Potier displayed much mind, felt the character he represented, and yet continually varied in playing it. His resources were boundless, and no one approached him here. He revelled in the ludicrous without buffoonery, and while his acting was universal in its range, his spirits never flagged. The audience, kept perpetually on the stretch, was entertained with as little of the rational, as absence of thought and care can make humanity relish, while thrown into a sort of intellectual slumber, in the enjoyment of a merry dream.

Paris presented, at that time, a motley spectacle, particularly of Englishmen, to whom the continent had been so long a novelty. Peers and cits, honest men and knaves, exchanged their own metropolitan cities for that of France. Russians, Austrians, Prussians, some of every European nation, congregated there in uniforms and dresses exceedingly diverse. Of our own countrymen, there were many unworthy examples. Some were inveterately stolid. I knew a French officer who had been several years imprisoned in Malta during the war. He was placed on a half-pay, sufficiently scanty, and as it was not thought *infra dig.* in France, he determined to eke out his means of living by teaching Frenchmen English, and Englishmen French. One day he came to me and said, he was so out of patience with one of my countrymen, that he had 'discharged' him.

"Wherefore," I inquired, "he does not pay you, I suppose?"

"Yes, punctually, I have had him six months."

"Discharged him—a master discharge his scholar?"

"Yes, it is true. I shall not have a grain of patience left, if he does not go."

"I thought you said he was gone?"

"Yes, and has paid me, for I could not undertake to teach him at the expense of all my patience. His name is Hart; he gambles a great deal in the Palais Royal. When he came to me, I said, 'You know the parts of speech, the article, noun, verb, and so on?'"

"No, I don't."

"They are so called in all languages."

"I know nothing about them—you must teach me: I came to you to learn."

"True, Sir, to learn French; but not what the names of the parts of speech are so common everywhere, in all languages—in your own, *par example*."

"I know nothing about them."

"We went on together. I found I could teach him nothing. All my trouble was wasted. Three days after a lesson he had forgotten all about it. We began again; he wanted to learn, but he could not. Nature only made him to look at."

"And you 'discharged' him for dulness."

"I did not like to take his money any longer, and I said, 'Mr. Hart, I have taught you for nearly twice three months. I cannot teach you any further.' So I went no more to Mr. Hart. I think of our proverb, 'à laver la tête d'une âne on y perd sa lessive.'"

This Hart had been in trade in London, and it was reported made some money, but continually visited the gambling-tables both of London and Paris. It was said

he had shares in certain establishments of the kind in both cities, and regulated them personally. He was afterwards made British Consul at Leipsic, or Dresden.

The Americans, in Paris, wore silver eagles in their round hats, "that they might not be mistaken for Englishmen," an incident, not much calculated at that proud moment of English triumph to lessen our country's importance. Talleyrand, who noticed every thing and said little, on observing it, remarked dryly in reply to an observation on the subject:—

That he "had seen many Americans who wished to pass for Englishmen, but had never met an Englishman who wished to pass for an American."

Considering the strange mass congregated, excellent order was maintained. It was only after nightfall that the cry of 'qui vive' was heard passing places where before sunset no sentries were to be seen. Play rallied all the strangers. At the public tables, Russian, Prussian, Greek, Austrian, English, and French met amicably. The sums won and lost were prodigious. Gaming, when under the *surveillance* of the police, was carried on fairly. The display of gold in what were called the 'gold houses,' where that metal only was staked, looked tempting to novices, and men plunged headlong into ruin. There it lay in heaps of glittering Napoleons. Nor were the public tables alone the temptation. The lottery was, if possible, worse, as it admitted the play of the poorer classes, the sum stated being as low as the smallest coin. In certain places like the receiving offices for letters in England, a few sous might be put down on passing by, and so up to a Louis; a ticket was given for the number demanded. The prizes increased according

to the number drawn, if they corresponded with the tickets. Thus, a single number coming up received double what was staked. If two were selected and both came up, it was called an *ambe*, and so on, an equal sum being staked on each, the prize was then greatly increased, if three, still more. It is said that all five of the numbers chosen once came up to the same individual, a thing well nigh incredible, and that the receiver took away an enormous sum besides a government life-annuity. The Russian officers played deepest, and were most ostentatious of their wealth.

A murder at this time in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs was singular both in regard to the position in life of the murderer, and the mystery as to the motive for its committal. A female named Niquet, on coming out of an apartment in the house heard cries, apparently weak, coming from the landing-place of the stairs higher up. There she found a female covered with blood, who was only able to articulate, "O, help, help, I am assassinated!" Niquet, frightened, called the portress, named Piat, and stated the circumstance. In the meantime the unhappy female, Cornelia Kaersmakers, having been repelled from a kitchen she attempted to enter, by the fright of those within, had just strength enough left to ascend to the *entresol*, crying to Madame Piat for help. Here she met Niquet, and those who were hastening to her aid. "Cut, cut, scissors, scissors!" was all she could articulate. They cut open her stays. This, by permitting a greater dilatation of the lungs, hastened her death. She expired as they entered her chamber with her in their arms.

It happened that from her person there fell a fragment

of linen, covered with blood, which had been pressed violently together, and this piece was torn from the shirt bosom of a Captain St. Clair, evidently in the murderous struggle. Her chamber presented no symptoms of disorder. Her bonnet lay upon a stand in the middle of the room on which there was also some china. Her shawl, which she seemed to have just taken off, was carefully hung across the arm of a chair, where, there was no doubt, it had been placed by herself. There was a man's hat on the *commode*; three five-franc pieces, a purse containing money and three rings upon the chimney-piece, all acknowledged to be the property of St. Clair, a captain of Grenadiers in the twenty-second regiment.

The murdered girl had received more than a dozen inconsiderable wounds, besides one on the throat which proved mortal, it having divided the jugular vein. I need not state further particulars. The absence of all motive seemed a singular point in the case. The public accuser and the counsel for the defendant, M. Berryer, after an obstinate charge and defence, under an accusation of the most suspicious nature, left the question to the Council of War, which deliberated an hour and a half; six were against the accused, as having committed the crime, and one against his guilt altogether. Six were of opinion that the crime was committed, but not with premeditation, one that he was not guilty. St. Clair was condemned to be detained in irons for life, and to be degraded. The accused declared his innocence, and asserted it would some day appear, pressed the hand of M. Berryer to his lips, and appeared perfectly calm, the court sat waiting while the proper officer went out to

read the sentence before the assembled guards and returned. The same officer next read St. Clair's degradation from the Legion of Honour. The prisoner looked deadly pale, but moved up with a firm step, between the gens-d'armes. The President then said :

“Condemned prisoner, you have dishonoured yourself!”

“Stop, stay, no, no ; I have never dishonoured myself.”

Then with a movement, too rapid to be arrested, he drew out a dagger and attempted to stab himself in several places, but one alone seemed to have been effective, and the blood ran down over his clothes. The gens-d'armes threw themselves upon him to disarm him. The women in court shrieked frightfully, and several fainted away. Some persons scared ran out of the court, while others pressed forward. The tumult a little subdued, the President repeated the words :

“You have dishonoured yourself, you are no longer a member of the Legion of Honour.”

“No, no,” cried the prisoner, whom it was difficult to constrain, while the blood flowed from him rapidly. “No, I swear before God I am innocent.” He opened his dress, and the wound he had inflicted upon himself was just over the heart. “I am a lost man—I pardon you for being the cause of my death !”

He then inquired if he had hurt any one with the dagger, and on being told he had not, he became more tranquil. They advanced to tear away his decorations, when he said :

“Don't do it. I will give it up myself.”

“Take away the prisoner,” said the President to the gens-d'armes.

He appeared to be growing weaker in the limbs, though his voice retained its fullness. The guards were at last obliged to support him, his knees giving way on passing to a carriage, which awaited him outside.

"I am dying," he faintly said, when he reached the staircase, "is there no priest here to do me the last offices?"

Two medical men offered their services.

"No, I do not want your aid. Soldiers," said he to the gens-d'armes, "take my life, the least blow will suffice."

He thanked M. Berryer for his efforts to save an innocent—"God knew he was so!"

This terrible scene produced a great sensation. There was no doubt of St. Clair's guilt; yet there appeared to be no possible motive for the crime, which he clumsily placed to the account of thieves that had entered the chamber, and had wounded him in defending both himself and the lady. It was altogether a thrilling spectacle.

CHAPTER II.

There was one exhibition in Paris at that time, the dispersion of which, through the priests, was much to be lamented—I refer to the Museum of French Monuments. It possessed great historical value, from being composed of the sepulchral and other monuments belonging to the churches and monasteries destroyed at the revolution. All parts of France, and all ages, contributed to this collection then placed in the Rue de Petits Augustins. There was much fine painted glass, and many noble recumbent effigies. The priests in 1818, obtained the dispersion of this museum to decorate their churches. Lest old dame Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins should be scandalized, the tomb of Abelard and Eloise—the tomb was that which Peter the Venerable erected over Abelard—and the tombs of several distinguished French writers were let alone by the Bourbon monkery, and taken to Père Lachaise, where I saw them placed afterwards. The Château of Father Lachaise was standing in the grounds, when I first entered them—all the young trees and shrubs were cut down; the walls, too, were crenelled in resistance to the Russians, of whom many were killed on the outside, until they brought up artillery. They

bivouacked among the tombs, on the general surrender of the city. I looked with no small interest at the ancient tombs of Dagobert, Clovis his son, Childebert and Fredigonde in that museum. There were the reclining tombs of Pepin and Bertha; Carlomen and Ermentrude; Louis and his brother Eudes; Hugh Capet, Robert le Pieux, and Constance de Arles, Philip de France and Constance de Castile, together with many Roman antiquities.

Speaking of monuments in Père Lachaise, Ney's monument, just erected, had been taken away by the police, in consequence of the pasquinades against the Bourbons that were daily scribbled upon the marble.

I had sat down on a warm day upon a tomb overlooking Vincennes. On rising to come away, and looking at the inscription, I found it to be that of Madame Cottin, authoress of the 'Exiles of Siberia,' which in youth had so often delighted me. Then fresh upon the heart came back the memory of the time when I first read her tales, and where? From a green laurel planted over the grave of the gallant Labédoyère, shot by the Bourbons, I brought away two or three leaves which I still have, in remembrance not only of that officer, but of other events which occurred about the same time. The *fête des morts* had happened one day before I accidentally went there, and I found the tombs covered with 'immortelles'—a name ill agreeing with the fading nature of a flower. So it is, we mock the boundless by the finite, and are not sensible of our inconsistency. That all the Parisians were not content with a solitary visit to the graves of their friends or relations, I was a witness. There were several females

in different parts of the cemetery, whose genuine sorrow could not be mistaken. In the manner of the funerals, there was much ceremony observed, but far less of the useless than with us. The poor were always remembered on such occasions.

I removed from the Place Carrousel to the Hotel Vivienne, Rue Vivienne, where, and at the Hotel de France, I remained during my sojourn. I agreed to become editor of Galignani's paper : for this duty, the Hotel Vivienne was a convenient spot. The elder Galignani was then alive. He had a good business, and had published a useful Italian grammar, after an idea of his own.

The French papers were brought to me every morning about seven o'clock. I selected the articles necessary, and marked those to be taken out of the English papers. We had no censor. The Duke of Wellington had one day returned with great speed, as he was accustomed to do, from a short visit to London. One of his aides brought over an English paper, forbidden to circulate by the minister of police—a "Morning Chronicle." It was of importance to give earlier information than any other paper ; and seeing further a Concordat recently concluded between the courts of France and the Pope, by Blacas, the envoy, I put it in at full length. My morning's task completed, I set off to the Bois de Boulogne, intending to dine at St. Cloud. When I got there something altered my mind, and made me return, but I did not go to my hotel. In the evening, I called on Galignani, and found there the utmost confusion ; old Galignani had posted off to a château he had in the country, and left his eldest son, never to be too

kindly appreciated by Englishmen, and myself to battle the minister. "The gens-d'armes are after you, my dear sir," he said to me when I came into the reading-room; "there is sad work. The minister of police has twice sent, and would hardly believe I did not know where you were to be found. You will have to go to him, but wait till I come back. Where did you get that Concordat? it may save us perhaps to state."

"Get it? why out of the 'Morning Chronicle,' received from some of the Duke of Wellington's suite this morning early. You mean 'The Convention between the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII., and his most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII. King of France, and Navarre, signed by Blacas and Gonsalez?'"

He replied, "Yes, that is the document they mentioned. Stay here, I pray you, till I return."

"I gave it as an article of intelligence, wholly ignorant that it was treasonable—if there be treason in it. State as much, and how I got the paper, which accounts for other papers not having taken it, unless the censor stopped it."

In an hour, Antonio came back, saying, "That matters would be where they stood for the night, and I should wait on the minister in the morning. You *must* go with me. The minister says it is most unaccountable to him how such document should get to England, and that as yet the French papers know nothing about it; besides its being the rule that such documents must be promulgated by the Government that negociated them."

By the next day, the London papers had arrived, and had got the objectionable article. The truth was seen,

and I stood excused. It is not so easy to tell how Perry, of the Chronicle, obtained it from Rome, first and exclusively. The minister was more satisfied when he found I was an Englishman, and the storm blew over. I had gone to Plunket of the Embassy, the head of which was Sir Charles Stuart. I related the facts to him, and that the Duke de Cazes, the minister, was become reasonable on the matter, and he laughed heartily at the affair. Plunket, myself, and two or three other friends at the embassy, used to spend our evenings together cheerfully ; but his career was cut short; he died in the prime of life not long afterwards.

The ratification of the Concordat was to be exchanged in a month, and the stipulations were those established by Francis I. sweeping away the Concordat of 1801, so much more in accordance with the times. The disclosure of this sneaking convention was therefore an annoyance to the government, coming without its remarks and observations ; in fact, without the flummery which makes similar papers go down with the public. What was more, a pamphlet soon followed the promulgation of the document, entitled—"Encore un Concordat," written by General Jubè; it passed through two editions.

The number of duels in Paris, at this time, was considerable, generally between the men of the empire, and the returned royalists. The latter expected to be reinstated in their ancient places, and triumphed in the success of the restoration. Passing through the Palais Royal, a stranger might hear a dispute, and a few high words, and the next morning have to report the death of one of those whom an inconsiderate phrase had

hurried into eternity. A similar trivial matter produced the duel between Count St. Morys and Major Du Fay. The Count was an amiable royalist, not a little sore that some of his former paternal property had got into the Major's hands. A few hasty expressions took them to the ground, and St. Morys fell. I gave as impartial an account of the duel as I was able, but Du Fay did not seem pleased with it, and calling upon me, was shown in at once. I inquired to whom I was indebted for the honour of his call. He replied, "I am Major Du Fay, who killed Count St. Morys the day before yesterday."

I bowed, and asked him what were his commands with me? He replied that he thought I had borne too hard upon him in the account I had given of the duel: he declared he was not the aggressor. I assured him if so, it was unintentionally done, that I had taken the statement from a French paper. Did he understand the English language? He replied, very imperfectly. I said there was nothing in the passage which would admit of a partial construction, and I produced it. Du Fay said it had been remarked to him by a friend. I asked if his friend knew English. He replied that he thought so, but that he was a Frenchman. I replied that no Englishman would apply a partial construction to the statement, and requested him to show it to any other friend well acquainted with the language, which he promised to do, after I had assured him of his mistake. He took his leave, and made no further complaint, parting with great civility. The Major was a distinguished military administrator under Napoleon, and most valued in the service. I believe he was killed in defending the Swiss barracks with a handful of men in 1830; for one

of that name and rank fell there. The position not being longer tenable, he with his scanty body of men sallied out, to force their way to the next post, when a shot wounding him he fell, and one of the mob split his head open with an axe, leaving his body in a pool of blood.

It might be imagined that all the capitals of Europe had poured their titled and untitled black-legs into Paris at this time. I recognised many distinguished London characters among them—many who were at home in that state, described by the poet, who

Look behind
And hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Véry and Beauvilliers led the *mode* among the gourmands. The choicest dishes and wines heralded the march to the Palais Royal tables, where the winner of yesterday was the ruined man of to-day. Those who were inured to play at home, rushed at once to the houses where it was carried on. Others, who approached the capital gradually, staring at the little idols stuck up for worship at the street corners in country towns in their way—idols that priests called the “mother of God”—swallowing the best wines in their leisurable journey, came to the same ruin. The last farthing was raised to try a new scheme of profit, a new martingale, as they phrased it: when that failed, there remained St. Pélagie or the Morgue. Nor must it be supposed the victims were always people of fashion. I discovered some English city men who were sufferers, and who dared not at home, for their credit sake, be supposed adventurers, trusted with the property of others, as they were, to a

considerable amount. They were discreet, however, and did not shoot beyond the mark. They must nearly all have passed off the stage of existence into "cold obstruction," and left no praiseworthy deeds behind them. I remember Lord Yarmouth, Martin Hawke, and Ball Hughes, among the more noted. Your gamblers are always predestinarians, a creed that, perverted, wonderfully lightens a heavy conscience. Those of the tribe who were "done up" in Paris, flocked to Brussels, leaving sums unpaid in the most forgetful manner. Brussels was the only capital of three in which the lost souls could find repose.

Germany, that land of sour-kROUT, and barons, lilliput kingdoms, and heavy vision, poured in its share of stiff and high-bred visitors. Almost all the Teutonic stock are fond of the hazard-table. Many among them were at this time, *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. Some were incorrigible falsifiers. The better class were employed in civil and military affairs, and these were agreeable men. M. Farmbacher, administer-general of the posts for Bavaria, was a friendly and pleasant man. There was a good-natured young Prussian, named Schultz, like many others, a visitor on public business, who used to make one of our little dining parties in the Palais Royal. Schultz was a great metaphysician in his way, and knew how to divide a hair between "South and South-west side." When he found I had turned into English some of Körner's poems, he was much pleased. I know not, from pure want of skill to state, how far he had penetrated into the palpable obscure of Kant. I doubt whether Coleridge could have ascertained it, schooled as he was in German mysticism. The transcendentials of

Kant belong to the system of Gall. A few are favoured with the proper boss, and only a few ; others travel half way with it, being destitute of the entire bump. "My dear Schultz," I used to say, "I have read Kant—pray enlighten me about him."

"O, that is because you don't begin at the beginning—all would then appear clear—so profound a system is not to be acquired off-hand."

"I do not comprehend. I am told that a great scholar of your country crossed the Oder, and went to communicate a knowledge of Kant to the people of Paris ; spent ten years in the effort, and went home unsuccessful, exclaiming against Gallic stupidity."

"Those who jest are little likely to compass so profound a writer—we must be grave of temper to study him—now listen to me—attend—be patient !"

I had then to hear explanations, definitions, and theories, until my patience was exhausted. I was not to expect mathematical demonstration. To which I added, that I could not follow ideas like Job's shadowy spectre without form.

"My dear friend, come to Germany, and we will teach you. There is great delight in the unfolding of spiritual mysteries : call us idealogists if you please."

"I cannot afford to abandon the study of life's realities. Kant's metaphysics are cameleon-entertainment."

"You must take leisure for it, I admit."

"Yes, my good friend, leisure to study shadows in the territory of Whimsies—to follow the reflection of a shade."

How well for his shadowy wages
Works the shade of John Cockenay,
Who labours hard with the shade of a brush
To paint out the shade of a tree!

“Bah! bah! my friend—you are not in the humour for a grave subject,” he would reply; “we will go into it seriously another time.”

The time never came. Schultz was soon afterwards recalled by his government. He was one of the most even tempered men I ever knew.

There was a German baron I used to meet sometimes, whose name I cannot recall, in person and address, what a Munchausen and Cagliostro would be united. I suspect he lived as Frenchmen have it, “*par la grâce de Dieu.*” He drank brandy copiously, and smoked prodigiously. He reminded me of old wood-cuts of Munchausen, tall, stout, with an eagle nose and strong features. He had an antipathy to truthfulness by nature, and would affirm its opposite with all a bandit’s fierceness of aspect. He sometimes reminded me of the character of Tiger Roche, in his mode of speaking, as that Irish bravo is described in his nonchalant address. He said he had been in the service of England in Spain; though I never could learn in what corps, most likely as one of Juan Sanchez’s guerillas. He admitted he had been at one time employed with that partizan, when the governor of Ciudad Rodrigo was captured. He declared that he had pretended he was a deserter, and was received as such by the French. That he got into the good will of the officers in the town, opened a correspondence with his friends outside; and, pretending there was a body of English and Spanish deserters, ready to come in if

they could be assured of security, he was successful in getting the governor to go outside the walls with him, to treat, under a small escort. No party of the enemy was thought to be near the city, the cattle turned out to pasture being still unmolested. The governor, thus tempted, went out of the town, when he and his party were surrounded by a strong body of guerillas, and not one got back. For this exploit, he declared, he had never been even thanked.

“But you were a guerilla, baron, not under Wellington?”

“I was serving your country. Wellington had more than once an understanding with me. I got no reward. Had the governor been there, the town would not have been taken so easily afterwards. I therefore say, I took the place.”

“You did not surround it, baron, did you?—some of my Irish countrymen have taken towns that way.”

“You will not believe what I say—you have little experience in such matters—I excuse you. I should like to see him who will say it is not true,” looking fiercely.

“I do not say so, baron,” I replied, “I only intended to infer that Juan Sanchez and his men robbed you of credit.”

“No matter now, I took the city. Wellington had little more to do than make a demonstration when he arrived.”

“It was unfortunate such services were overlooked.”

“I am an unfortunate man—I might have been now an English General.”

“You have been in every part of Spain?”

"I have, from St. Jean de Luz to Gibraltar."

"Did you ever see the bulls of Guisando?"

"Ay, I have, and many other bulls too. I have rode a bull tame."

"After he came out of the bull fight, baron?"

"You do not say I did not ride him!"

"Not at all, I cannot doubt your word—but the bulls of Guisando?"*

"I know the breed well, those with streaked hides—deadly fierce."

"No, baron, rather a tame breed, for they have not moved for seventeen hundred years, since the Romans placed them where they stand."

"You would not mystify me, I hope," said the baron, beginning to look angry.

One of our party could not help laughing, and fearing the baron might "light up," proposed an adjournment to the Café de Commerce. He told me that he had rode from the Isle of Cadiz to Gibraltar in a forenoon. But his tales deceived nobody, and were thought no sins against truth, according to Loyola's definitions. The baron died of too much *eau-de-vie*, taken in the burning Parisian month of July.

At the Hotel de France, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, at a table-d'hôte where it was necessary to send a card in the morning if you wished to dine, I used to meet many diplomatic characters. I there formed an acquaintance with Joseph Hilpert, colonel of cavalry in the service of Baden, originally from Mannheim. This acquaintance ripened into a friendship that terminated

* Carved in stone at Guisando, supposed to be Roman.

only with his life. He had served Napoleon I. until the defection of the allies of the Emperor in 1813, and had combated in Spain at the siege of Saragossa. He was a well-informed man, and spoke and wrote three or four languages. At six in the morning, I often found him in a dressing-gown smoking a cigar, when, for want of something better to do, I used to make him "fight his battles o'er again." He had come to Paris on a mission relating to the Baden army. A brother of his, in the lancers, fell at the battle of Leipsic, where they separated to meet no more. I had the ring which he took off his brother's finger on that sanguinary battle-field, as a memento, when we parted for the last time, in May 1817. He has been dead many years. He possessed an estate near Heidelberg. He had been more than once wounded, and his wounds had left him weak. In his letter to me in Paris, he regretted quitting that city, as nearly all the inhabitants of the other countries of Europe, who had been visitors there, always did at that time. He still complained of his health, and was to proceed to the Netherlands to try the sea air. He lamented he could not enjoy our old walks in Tivoli any more, then an extensive, wild, pretty spot, since nearly built over. He informed me that the Necker had overflowed and inundated his lands, and that he dreaded to visit them, and witness the devastation. Another letter from Antwerp reproached me that I had refused to visit Heidelberg before the mischief took place, and urged me to come over to that city and see him. This my avocations would not permit. He next wrote me from the Hague, hoping to be soon in Paris again. I expected him in vain. Public business prevented his

being his own master—he did not despair of it by the end of the year.

“How often I wish to see my dear friends in Paris—I have no real comfort here. I have received ‘*Les deux Anglais*,’ a new piece you have seen, at the Odeon, no doubt, from one of my acquaintance. Why don’t you translate it? I should imagine it would succeed in London. I continue ill—I am always ill, and shall never recover here (Carlsruhe). I must come to Paris to get well. I believe I told you my old servant was dead. I have been melancholy ever since; I sometimes wish to die too, for there is no real happiness on earth—all goes over the same way—good, bad, all without distinction. I envy all who are no longer obliged to support this tedious and miserable existence. Farewell, may every happiness in life attend you—again Vale!”

I copy his English writing, which is good, considered as the production of one who had never seen England nor much of its people. I received one letter more from him. He was one of the few men who obtain your regard without your intention. Over a glass of Burgundy, we talked of England and France, Spain and Russia. War had not made him ferocious, for he was one of the gentlest men I ever knew. His many perils and hair-breadth escapes, he related effectively, cheering up the narration, as if his past adventures acted as a temporary stimulant to throw off his habitual sadness.

He had encountered rough adventures in Spain, and used to describe his feelings when sent to escort cannon and ammunition to Saragossa for the besiegers, as arising

from a situation much more alarming than any of the battles in which he had been engaged, The artillery stores and ammunition were intermixed, as they were working up a mountain road, with a steep precipice on one side. The road was too narrow to pass on to the front or back to the rear. He was in the centre, and night approached. Clouds suddenly collected, until the heavens were impenetrably black, and the tokens of a fierce thunder-storm appeared. Iron shot rattling in the waggons, drivers vociferating just as some of the vehicles had come to a stand still—and the war of elements commenced. He was among the waggons containing the powder, on an exposed spot, with a quantity of metal near which seemed certain to attract the electric spark. Lightning of the most vivid kind flashed forth, the thunder responded to the harsh grating of the balls and shells, and thus situated the road on the brink of precipice, the powder-waggons might explode, and destruction be certain. There was nothing to be done but to await the result impassively, let it be what it might. For several hours, while the storm raged, to remain quiescent on so elevated a spot in momentary expectation of being annihilated, was a trial of fortitude of the severest kind. The cold became extreme, and the horses and mules were restless, terrified at the scene, on a narrow road, from which it was wonderful they were not overthrown and dashed to pieces.

The retreat from Moscow he described in all its horrors; for when he pleased he could paint well, and delineate things as if he had poetry in his soul. I spoke lightly to him of the Spanish guerillas, and he corrected me. They were not at all formidable to regular troops

prepared for them ; but notwithstanding this, they were among the most dangerous enemies in the world to the best soldiery. It would require incessant watchfulness to guard against their attacks. They were merciless, destroying all stragglers. Those led by priests were horribly inhuman, more so than the other. He had known them strip French soldiers naked, tie them to trees, and over the heart fix, with a bodkin, a bit of coloured cloth for a bull's eye, and then shoot them to death for amusement. "I saved a French detachment once, several hundreds in number, that had been out foraging, not knowing there were any guerillas worthy of notice in the neighbourhood. They reached a village, which was their destination, unmolested. They had been there but a few moments before they found themselves hemmed in by a numerous body of guerillas, and as an only resource, threw themselves into a stone church in the centre of the place, which was fortunately insulated. They were attacked by fifteen hundred villainous-looking fellows, armed to the teeth. Occupying the church-windows, during that day and all the night, they defended themselves successfully. The next day broke upon them hungry and wearied, parched with thirst, for the weather was dreadfully hot. In vain the Spaniards tried to force the position. They were continually driven back with loss ; but, in the forenoon of the second day, they contrived to fire the roof of the church, and soon the blazing rafters fell, adding to the atmospheric heat. Fortunately the walls were thick, and the lower aisles arched, so that in a state of dreadful suffering they resisted until the evening of the second day, many were scorched, and all so exhausted that they

could not have held out much longer, when I came up with my cavalry and released them, sabreing many of the Spaniards. The Frenchmen were like spectres from suffering, and had lost a fourth of their number."

It was a considerable time, he told me, before recruits could be made steady under fire, because if they are devoid of fear, they are certain to become angry, a thing equally prejudicial to good soldiership. "Some of my old dragoons were the most phlegmatic men alive. They could not move with the rapidity of the French, but in everything done by rule they were excellent soldiers. I had men that would sit their horses and smoke unconcernedly within range of shot and shell. I once saw a shell fall in front of the line, the fuze burning, the explosion threatening death, still the men sat in perfect steadiness. One old trooper smoking his pipe, and glancing at the shell undisturbed, it burst and took off the fore legs of his horse, killing the man nearest to him. He got up, shook himself, and went to the rear grumbling 'curse the shell, it has broke my pipe.' All old soldiers are fatalists; if they are to be hit, they will be hit, and no escape."

Paris being the residence of the chief of the army of occupation, communications were continually making from head-quarters, as well as from the different agents of departments belonging to foreign governments. The Russians whom I met were pleasant, social men, but the Cossack officers were the more gentlemanly. It was a good opportunity for observing the different bearing, both of the European civil and military characters, at a time when war and negotiation were earnest

things, and the era of a long series of fierce battles had been just brought to a conclusion.

I heard some curious traits of the Russian reigning family. Alexander I. had a sort of popularity among a Parisian class, from having interposed on behalf of the city works, in preserving them from destruction on the first occupation of Paris. This popularity originated among the returned emigrants, who hated England, to whom they had been indebted so deeply. From what I could learn, Alexander was a man of no heart. Given to continual amours, he had no real affection for any of their objects. Attached to Madame Nariskin, the wife of the chief huntsman, he had several children by her, and kept a noble house for her in St. Petersburg, with another near the sea. This so mortified the Empress, that she threatened to leave him, and would have done so, had not the queen-mother interposed, and between them made the Emperor send Madame Nariskin out of Russia. She was sent to Paris with her children. The Emperor, thinking little more about them, afterwards turned for consolation to the wives of two Petersburg merchants, one of whom was an Englishwoman. Opera-dancers and ladies of the theatre were among his chosen dames. Madame Nariskin lived in Paris during the time I was there, and was well known to many of the English.

When Alexander quitted Paris, in 1814-15, he took with him four young females, whose friends he pensioned. It was the common topic of conversation. His affection for the sex was purely animal. His brother Constantine, cruel and despotic, as Alexander was mild in disposition, was a faithful husband, exhibiting in that

regard a different character from the Emperor. Yet, when a mere youth, Constantine used to torture animals by making them dance upon hot iron plates. Some stories I heard in relation to his cruelties were scarcely credible, and could only have been the acts of a madman, as, indeed, subsequent events proved him to be.

I attended a review of French troops, because it was the first at which the Bourbons ventured to be present, after the "Hundred Days." It took place in the plain of Neuilly. There was a whisper of a plot to fire at the King, and a great number of people were upon the ground. The King of Prussia, under the appellation of Count de Ruppin, and the Duke of Wellington, were both present mounted and *incog*. There were about twenty-seven thousand men, composed of twelve battalions of French guards, three of Swiss guards, six regiments of infantry, hussars, horse grenadiers, cuirassiers, chasseurs, dragoons, and lancers—in all, about a dozen regiments, with horse and foot artillery. As I had heard the rumours about the threatened firing at the King, I was more than usually curious to observe what went forward. The King, with the Duchess d'Angoulême, took a station on the right of the line, and did not pass down the front at all. During the firing, the royal pair remained stationary. There was a battery of artillery between the King and the line of infantry. All went off well. I was struck with the rapid firing of the French artillery.

Here I met Sir Sidney Smith once more, of whose brother I have already spoken. He had a large acquaintance in Paris, and, strange to say, principally among the Bonapartists who esteemed him for his bravery and

talent. He wore a claret-coloured coat with gilt buttons, and possessed a grey horse, which he oftener led about the streets than rode. He was handsomer in person than his brother Spencer, his carriage fully as simple. He had great notions of honour, and much chivalrous feeling. He was never appreciated by the government at home, which had none of these ideas. Though useful, such men were not supple enough for ministerial favourites, and possessing a consciousness of talent, they carried themselves in a mode too independent for the ruling mediocrity. Nelson, Smith, Cochrane, and others, were not courtiers. Sir Sidney at this time was endeavouring to found an order of anti-slavery knights, and invited the co-operation of all who deemed it a measure of necessity to put down slavery along the Moorish coast. Many hints were sent him, with plans and statements for promoting his design. Some were hoaxes. The gallant simplicity of his nature laid him particularly open to them. One day, he put into my hands a letter headed with "Captain S——'s compliments to Sir Sidney Smith." It purported to be an extract of a letter from Barcelona, stating that the British consul at Alicante announced the almost incredible intelligence from Algiers, that the Dey had, in a fit of rage, decapitated the English, Dutch, and Spanish consuls, together with every member of their respective families, and put into prison all the private individuals of those nations who were in his dominions. It stated further, that the news had been confirmed by another arrival from the same quarter. I expressed my doubts of the truth of the tale. Sir Sidney believed it correct. He declared he could not doubt information sent him

by an open-hearted, generous man. "Here," said he, "is a proof how useful my contemplated order of knighthood would be in keeping down such barbarians." As I expected, the news turned out not to be true; they knew nothing even of the rumour at the embassy. At another time, after Lord Exmouth's expedition to Algiers, a packet was delivered to Sir Sidney as coming from Rome, commending his efforts to form an order of knighthood for the extirpation of slavery, and expressing the high gratification his Holiness, the Pope, entertained at learning the design of the gallant officer, who had made such great efforts in the cause of humanity. It further stated that his Holiness had had the honour done him by Lord Exmouth of the presentation of the key of the dungeons of Algiers, where so many unhappy captives had pined away in misery. His Holiness, on consideration, thought he could not do better than beg Sir Sidney's acceptance of this key, to be preserved among the archives of the new order, and, at the same time, requested the gallant knight's acceptance of three orders of the Golden Spur, one for himself, the other two for such individuals as Sir Sidney might think worthy of the decoration. Pius IV., in 1559, had really created such an order, as Sir Sidney knew—how, then, could he doubt! The Duke de Richelieu—the same who, during his emigration, entering the Russian service, planned the city of Odessa—had now become Prime Minister of France under the Bourbons. To the Duke's hotel, Sir Sidney at once posted with one of the orders, delighted to present it to the minister, who was really a clever man. The Duke was out. The order was left for him, and on receiving it, he saw at once that Sir Sidney

had been hoaxed, and called upon him to express his doubts of the genuine character of the order, which, as it turned out afterwards, had never passed the barriers of the French capital. Sir Sidney died in Paris long after I quitted it. Few of his compatriots attended him to his last home in Père Lachaise. Such is popular regard to worth among Englishmen. Those who most honoured him in life and death, were the old Bonapartist officers, many of whom, respecting valour in an old enemy, followed the remains of the hero of Acre to the church where the funeral service was performed. He was a member of the Legion of Honour. No stone, no monument in his native land, records the name of one of the kindest, noblest-hearted of British seamen, and it may almost be said, soldier as well; for, like the Athenian Cymon, he knew how to conquer both on sea and land.

The King of Prussia, Frederic William III., lived as a private individual, during his last visit, and few knew him personally. I should judge him to have been a stolid man, hardly either good or bad, a dull neutral in character, plain in person and manner. There stood, in those days, in the garden of the Tuilleries, near the Place Louis XV., upon the terrace, a pretty kiosk, originally erected for the accommodation of the young king of Rome, who when drawn about the garden in a little goat-cart, used to rest there with his attendant. The horror of a Bourbon at any thing connected with the great name of the Empire, was shown by its immediate desecration on their party coming into power. The kiosk was let to a *restaurateur*. Breakfasts were to be had there by anybody. I had gone into the garden at eight o'clock in

the morning, and found only one individual besides myself. He had nearly completed his breakfast. It was the King of Prussia, who, soon after finishing his repasts walked away. The same day, I saw the workmen chipping out the letter N. which was enclosed in the wreath of laurel over each of the piers of the Bridge of Jena, leaving the wreath entire—from whom did the bridge derive its name? There was an order, too, from the Bourbon minister of instruction, that the name of Napoleon should not be spoken or taught in any of the public schools. The Emperor was to be consigned to oblivion, with the column in the Place Vendôme standing. A white flag had been substituted for the Emperor's statue on the summit, but his figure was plainly to be seen in the spiral works on the shaft. The millions of francs in coin throughout the kingdom bore the image of the great man. What the people really thought of the resuscitated Bourbons, many squibs exhibited. Here is one :—

RESURREXIT.

BOBÈCHE SERA ENTERRÉ !

Le vingt de mars, le gros papa,
Sans bruit ni tambours, décampa :
Savez-vous bien pourquoi cela ?

Alleluia !

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia !

C'est qu'un grand héros débarqua
En Provence, et puis chemina,
Tant qu'à Paris il arriva.

Alleluia ! etc.

En le voyant, chacun claqua,
Criant : Bravo ! c'est bien cela !
C'est BONAPARTE ! le voilà !

Alleluia ! etc.

Depuis les noces de Cana,
Chronique jamais n'offrira
Miracle valant celui-là.

Alleluia ! etc.

Messieurs les nobles, halte-la !
Calotins, chantez *libera*.
Car votre règne est à-quia.

Alleluia ! etc.

Notre ami Bobèche pourra
Mourir comme et quand il voudra :
Maintenant on l'enterrera.

Alleluia ! etc.

Le Pape se lamentera ;
Possible est qu'il fulminera :
Mais il est sûr qu'on en rira.

Alleluia ! etc.

Musard dit qu'on bataillera.
Moi, j'espère qu'il mentira :
La France en paix cemeurera.

Alleluia ! etc.

Berry quitte Virginia ;
A Londres il retrouvera
Sa tendre nymphe d'opéra.

Alleluia ! etc.

Le d'Angoulême chassera.
Suivi de sa Dolorosa,
A qui bien ou mal il fera.

Alleluia ! etc.

De bleu d'Artois habillera
Valets, piqueurs *et cætera*,
Et dans les rangs se montrera.

Alleluia ! etc.

Le Désiré conversera
Avec son clergé, qui dira :
Sire ! cela se passera.

Alleluia ! etc.

NAPOLEON nous restera,
Et dans l'histoire on écrira :
Resurrexit cum gloria.
Alleluia ! etc.

I once or twice got so out of humour with the foolery of the followers of the returned family, that I declared openly I was a Napoleonist only to annoy them. It was soon discovered by this, my candid avowal, that I was no great friend to the restored dynasty, and it obtained for me a confidence in many quarters which I little expected. I asked one of the Garde de Corps, so foolishly replaced, as if to show that the Bourbons distrusted the old French soldiery of the guard, if the king were not fond of reading, particularly the classics, and Horace above all, and that I heard he had a good library ?

"Yes, a noble one," he replied, "in the Rue Richelieu, if you mean that."

"No, I mean his private library ; he is a tolerable classic, I am told."

"Indeed I never heard it before."

"In the Tuilleries where he sometimes reads Horace ?"

"Bah ! my dear friend, but stay. I shall be on guard in the Tuilleries to-morrow. I will be looking out for you at noon or a little after. Ask for the Garde de Corps : I will show you the library of his majesty and the librarians as well." Now the Garde de Corps was supposed to be devotedly loyal, full of the afflatus of the divine right and holiness of kingship.

I was punctual, entered the palace, and we mounted on the leads, walking along by the parapet, till we came

to a square court. "There, look down, that is the king's library; he has no better in this building," said my companion. The remark was a symptom of a radical change in feeling, and that the time of the old respect for a grand old-fashioned Bourbon king could never return. I looked down, and saw five or six cooks in white caps, spitting larks. "There," said my companion, "that is the king's private library; I know of no other." This would be thought a disrespectful remark in relation to majesty, by older emigrants who were evidences that the talent of seeing with their own eyes is not given to everybody. While thus in Paris, I found that a grandee of the olden time, who loved good eating, as well as the king, used occasionally to dine with his majesty for the mutual solace of their palates. I think it was a duke, and a Rohan, I am not certain who. Their enjoyment was great. Both eat as if their last hour was near, and they wished to eat themselves into death. The duke succeeded, but the king, with his pine-apple head, survived, after a short attack of illness, getting the better of the surfeit. When he used to come to London or from Hatfield into Albemarle Street, during his exile, he had live fowls brought to him at breakfast-time, that he might feel if they were plump enough for his palate. A dozen mutton-chops, a single snap at each, was said to be a common breakfast with him. Yet he was much in advance of his courtiers, and would not always as they desired, adhere rigidly to the palace rules in use before the revolution. Gluttons are seldom ill-natured men, and Louis was on the whole a good-natured man not inclined, as his friends were, to see everything replaced as it was before an event which had little respect for

monarchs. He was told he must have a mistress as he had no queen, that being essential to legitimacy, particularly as in Germany right or left-handed wives were customary, and were part and parcel of several of the Teutonic establishments—German morgianic matrimony so styled. Louis, who would gladly, as the clown says in the play, “eat his pudding and hold his tongue,” gave way for the sake of honouring precedent, and Zoe Talon, was the favorite or rather Madame de Cayla. This gladdened the hearts of those who loved the ancient time. It was of no moment that Louis’s loving days were past: a step in ceremony towards the ancient dignity was something gained in the sight of the infatuated old courtiers. They were delighted when they saw the important advance of a king’s mistress, and when the king, not to appear too arctic in an affair so important, in order to entertain his courtiers and himself in a rational manner, threw sugar-plums into the bosom of the lady’s dress, the more zealous emigrants could not restrain their approbation. Like their brethren in the East, ready to cry:—“Karamat! Karamat! marvellous, marvellous!” All, in fact, were prompt, dreaming they saw old times returned to realize the Persian, “S’il le roi dit, en plein midi, qu’il est nuit, il faut dire que voilà la lune et les étoiles!”

Such was the state of things restored by twenty years of war, and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives. The last time I ever saw Louis, was in the Place Vendôme, in an open carriage, near the foot of the brazen column. His bloated figure upwards, and legs small in proportion to the bulk above, which was exceedingly unwholesome and distended in appearance, made him look like any thing but the ideal of a king. When he

escaped from France at the revolution, and ran away trembling for his life, he took care to notice daily, in a journal he kept of his escape, how much he was in fear, and what he had for dinner. Talleyrand called it the "journal of his fear and his appetite, his appetite and his fear." Yet, as a man, he was worth all the rest of his family put together. The Count d'Artois indulged the same feeling as the most bigotted of the emigrants. Thus the men who had returned with the Bourbons and the people of the empire, were always in opposition. The conduct of those around the king became so out of order, that the Duke of Wellington, in writing to his Majesty upon the subject, told him that the greatest enemies to the tranquillity of his house and throne were in his own place.

The Duke of Wellington had invited the Count de Ruffin to dine with him, and when Louis XVIII. heard of it, he sent word to the Duke that he would come and dine with him also, in order to meet the Prussian King. The Duke spoke of the honour his most Christian Majesty would confer upon him; and all appeared arranged. On the day appointed, an hour or two before dinner-time, an officer of the Palace came in state from the Tuilleries to see that every thing was *en règle* before the king left for the repast. It was likely enough that Louis knew nothing of his *avant-courier*, simply thinking, according to custom, of his prospective gustatory enjoyment. When the dinner herald arrived at the Duke's hotel, and saw the Major-domo, he stated his errand, and requested to be shown into the dining apartment. Seeing six covers, he asked who the guests were, and the place each was to occupy.

The reply was that the entertainment was private, and that the arrangements depended upon the master of the feast when the dinner-hour arrived.

“They could not be, the Kings of France and Navarre could not dispense with the customary formalities of the ancient Court. Who were the guests? There were six covers?”

“There was his most Christian Majesty the King of France, the King of Prussia, the Duke de Richelieu, Sir Charles Stuart, the English Ambassador, the Captain of the Guard, and the Duke of Wellington. A French Captain’s Guard of Honour had always been in attendance at the Duke’s residence, and the officer had a cover at the table every day, whoever dined.”

“O it could not be! His most Christian Majesty could not sit down to dinner with the Captain of the Guard, a man of no rank. It was out of all ancient precedent.”

The appeal was at once made to the Duke, who said he could not alter the order of his private table. The officer of the Guard dined with him daily—he was not in the habit of breaking a standing rule. The emissary went back full of importance to the palace to report that the King would be subjected to the unheard of humiliation of dining with a Captain of the Guard, a nobody. There was a consultation of the people of the old *régime*, and it was agreed upon to request the King not to go. Louis, who was not so ceremonious, and had good plain common sense, declared he would go, notwithstanding, and did go to the horror of his friends, who deemed their ‘belle France’ deprived of another ray of glory.

The Duke of Wellington rode out daily along the Boulevards, attended only by a boy-groom on a chestnut horse. I had not seen him for six years, when he was Sir Arthur, at Plymouth, in 1809, until I met him in Paris, if anything, a little thinner for his campaigns. He was not a graceful rider, and sat his horse with great stiffness. He used often to stop and speak with his countrymen, and though recognised by most Frenchmen, I never heard of his receiving any insult, beyond M. Godam, applied to all Englishmen. The conduct of the French, in this respect, was decorous and manly. The Bonapartist officers were gallant men, who had a high idea of what the conduct of their profession should be, in such an intercourse. Nor did I find, after a short acquaintance, that I failed, in my humble sphere, to gain the confidence of many of them.

It was forbidden to sell snuff-boxes, engravings, songs, or anything in the way of trade which made an allusion to the great man of the Empire. Yet, when the dealers in such things found I was an Englishman, and that their secret was safe, I soon had their concealed treasures laid open before me. It was necessary to one object of my residence in Paris, that I should receive information upon one or two rather delicate matters to transmit elsewhere. I succeeded admirably in this respect. I knew of things that went on in some departments which were of the most secret character: nor was I ever deceived; but, to prevent deception, I devised a check upon my informants which effectually served me. I kept two sources of information open, the one unknown to the other, and used them as counter-checks.

I once or twice met the Duke of Wellington at Sir Henry Blackwood's in the Rue de Mont Thabor. I have mentioned Sir Henry before as being at Rouen. Going down to the Rue de Rivoli with Robert Heathcote, who, in those days was well known to all the world, we often saw the great General on horseback. He was then, apparently, of a humour much less saturnine and reserved than in his later years.

"Ah, Bob, how are you—come to my ball to-morrow night?"

Heathcote held up his gouty foot.

"Can't dance upon that, I think."

"Ah Bob, hell table—hell table, Bob! good-bye!"

Thus as he rode off, hitting at poor Heathcote's failing of play, into which he had been initiated as one of the companions of George IV. when Prince of Wales.

It was about this time that the Duke is said to have been smitten with Mademoiselle Mars, who treated him with disdain.

"He gave my countrymen a good moral lesson—I will give him one—let him go home to his wife."

The story of the 'Little Red Man,' a familiar demon of Bonaparte, was revived at that moment by the Bourbonists, if not originally of their invention. The ex-Emperor first formed an intimacy with the 'Little Red Man' during his exploration of one of the Egyptian Pyramids, in the centre, perhaps, of the room where stands the sarcophagus of some renowned Pharoah. Amid masses of impenetrable granite Napoleon held mysterious meetings with his new friend, and as well in the ruins of Egyptian Temples, in the bituminous odour of Catacombs, not yet half explored, and while walking

in the refulgence of the glowing moon of a brilliant firmament over the ruins of Heliopolis. After several of these mysterious meetings, at the earnest solicitation of the 'Little Red Man,' the ex-Emperor gave way to certain conditions, at a moment, when the promised ripeness of his designs overcame every other object of his mental vision, and he agreed to bestow his lofty soul upon his nether mundane visitor in return for their realization. The 'Little Red Man' was also seen with the Emperor, by numbers of persons, on the field of battle in the time of his successes. He had been observed walking up and down outside the Conservatory at St. Cloud, when Napoleon dissolved the Convention. At Marengo, at Austerlitz, and on other occasions he was present; but when the fortune of the Emperor changed in 1814, he was seen no more, having abandoned his friend because Napoleon violated the pledge he had given the personage, who had obtained for him all his wonderful victories. The 'Little Red Man,' from the colour of his skin, was evidently of the ancient Egyptian stock. At the greatest of all the Emperor's victories, those in 1796, he had not made the 'Little Red Man's' acquaintance, for he had not then seen the Pyramids. Thus consistent and clever was the tale. It is hardly credible, but true, that I heard this story argued upon as if it were a fact, by some of the Bourbon party.

Having the *entrée* at the house of the Countess of R——, I used to mingle with the company there. The forms and ceremonies dispensed with after the first or second visit, knowing what evenings the head of the house was 'at home,' rendered society remarkably

pleasant. There were assembled individuals of almost every country. Orders and decorations made the room resplendent; but a German friend, who had served under Napoleon, complained grievously of the double character played by many who were present. He said that it sickened him of human nature to see men who owed every thing to the late Emperor, belying the most solemn avowals of service and gratitude to a great man, and violating those avowals in the most open and needless manner.

“True, my good friend,” I replied, “but it is the return conduct of sovereign to subject. Crowns only reward the gratification of their own selfishness. Those persons were useful to Napoleon, and he rewarded them. They can obtain nothing more from him, and they worship the Bourbon—it is the history of all time.”

“True, but does not the heart revolt at such conduct—tell us it is wrong, immoral.”

“No doubt—it is dishonourable; but we live in an age when dishonour is only second in the reckoning.”

“Rien n'est beau que le vrai; that is my opinion.”

“Yes, but the many will never subscribe to that doctrine by deeds, if applauding it in words. You expect this medley life of good and evil to be much more in advance towards virtue than it will be for the next thousand years.”

“I hope not—look, there is a *girouette* the man who always turns the right way. He, too, supports the Bourbon.”

“Was the main instrument in bringing him back,” I remarked. “How marble-faced—how bloodless his

cheeks are ! Yet his blood is scarlet for all that ; he never blushes, the arterial or venal vessels were, no doubt, thickened in his composition."

It was Prince Talleyrand pale as ashes, seated just opposite to where we stood. His looks seemed then to approach the hue of his countenance. His cold impassive features were not so corrugated as when he last visited England, for he was younger. His resemblance to his portraits at that time was sufficient to make him known, for his countenance was unique and masked every mental expression. To me, he was the beau-ideal of a diplomatist.

Calm, callous, apparently untroubled by virtuous or vicious considerations, patient, far-seeing, penetrating into motive while apparently careless, or engaged in thought, almost always anticipating correctly the result of an opposition to those who thought differently from himself, having credit for more acumen than he merited, and during the working out of his anticipations, as unmoved as a dead body by intervening successes or reverses, which being foreseen, did not surprise him, he stood alone in Europe, the political seer of his day. He reflected deeply and philosophically, ever far in advance of those around him. His discretion was masterly. The statesmen of the other countries of Europe, as they servilely copied the low arts of the old French monarchical diplomatists, kept to their complications when dealing with him, and were always mastered. His motives and determinations apparently impenetrable, were, no doubt, simple enough, but there was an idea that his mind was vast, and his reflections profound. His conclusions appeared to come out of an intellectual labyrinth, from a

complicated series of decisions to those who had no power of gathering results from simply combined causes. He was well abused ; it did not move him ; he was charged with the most weighty offences, he neither denied nor admitted them, for he knew all that could be proved ; he smiled at his enemies sometimes, though but rarely, much oftener not regarding them at all. His emotions, he stifled, for they were all internal ; externally, he was unmoved by good or evil, calumny or praise. His feelings seemed so entirely his own, that any concern about them in another, would seem an intrusion.

I found few had so high an opinion of the prince's talent as I had, but I believe them in the wrong. In regard to his heart and its affections, I cannot judge at all. I scarcely knew him but by sight, and what is more, lost the opportunity I had of an introduction. In person he was plain, and disappointed my previous expectations. His carriage was easy, the gentleman not marked by much dignity. His countenance and bearing spoke an extraordinary man—yet I cannot tell why—a man indefinable. He was lame, but when sitting, this was not perceptible. I stood scrutinising his serene, heart-hiding countenance, and waiting for Colonel H——, who was to introduce me.

Talleyrand conversed in a pleasing, and even elegant manner, with not the least assumption, or affectation. I was not a little vexed to see several of his friends surround, and draw him into a game at cards in another room, in the midst of which it would not have been good manners to interrupt him. Indeed, I would not consent to it myself, when Colonel H—— rejoined me. It would have been besides, only a momentary

recognition. I confess that, as far as sight alone was concerned, I lost a share of my former prejudice against the *ci-devant* Bishop of Autun. He must have acquired some lessons from adversity, and no doubt considered from his early sacrifices, for what he deemed the public good, he had afterwards a right to make the world the means of his individual advancement. No one knew better the worthlessness of popular gratitude. A bold front, an air of mystery, and a paradoxical argument, prevail more with mankind, than the wisdom of Solomon, the justice of Aristides, or the most praiseworthy experience of a protracted existence. "Ce n'est pas la science que fait la médecin heureux, c'est l'effronterie et le jargon," observes Molière.

At this party appeared Benjamin Constant, the friend of Madame de Stael, several other literati, and a sprinkling of the marshals of France, who had so recently "on the neck of crowned fortune rode." The society of the Parisian capital was at that time exceedingly interesting. Individuals met as if it were a point to guard against the smallest slight on account of any political colour.

Cuvier, the delightful naturalist, and his daughter, I met here; Borbier, the librarian; tasteful old Denon, approaching eighty years of age, bland and cheerful; Cuvier I met again, twelve years afterwards, in London; Suard was then on the scene, but died while I was there, far gone in years, I think at the close of 1817. I have a catalogue of his library, a large part of which was composed of English books. He was a link connecting the past and present at that time. He had known Fontenelle, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Rousseau,

Montesquieu, Duclos, Diderot, Thomas, Boufflers, Buffon, Marmontel, La Harpe, and Helvetius. He was eighty-five at his death in 1817. Fontenelle was born in 1657, a hundred and sixty years before this. I did not meet La Fayette; he came little to Paris just then.

Links of being are singular. Dr. Wollcot had told me that he knew Mrs. Burr, who died at Bath in 1790, at the age of seventy-nine, a grand niece of Sir I. Newton, with whom she had passed some time in his house in St. Martin's Street, "because he loved the company of children." She was but sixteen when he died. At Abingdon, I recollect, in 1832, there was a mason who then mounted a ladder at eighty, whose father was fifteen years old at the death of Charles II.

I used, among other celebrated men, to visit the Chevalier Langlés at the Royal Library. He was an excellent Oriental scholar. It was at the sale of his effects, that Beckford bought the 'Ayeen Ackbary,' (date 1584), giving for the MS. sixteen thousand francs, as he told me himself, being determined to possess it from having belonged to the great Ackbar. Langlés' first publication was a 'Memoir of the Writings of the Mantchous,' and he published a dictionary of the same language. He incurred the displeasure of Bonaparte because he refused to go with him to Egypt. His works are erudite, and numerous. He was a kind man, covered with titles of scholarship and foreign orders. His evening parties were delightful, and were visited by the English distinguished for their learning, particularly our oriental scholars. I shall ever retain a sense of his kindness to myself. He had passed unscathed through all the storms of the Revolution, and contrived to secrete

the MS. genealogies of families, with various charters which he was commanded to destroy, substituting for them heaps of Jesuitical tracts, the writings of Molina and his followers. Langlés one day took me into the ground apartments of the Great Library, and showed me in progress in different stages, the magnificent works undertaken by order of Napoleon. There was, indeed, the most splendid printing ever seen. Several works as large, in the page, as Denon's 'Egypt,' were nearly completed from the celebrated press of Didot. I heard some years afterwards that the works advanced but a little way had been destroyed, and the others, locked up in holes and corners of the library cellars, would, it is probable, never again be exhumed. This was done by order of Louis XVIII. There was, after all, something great and redeeming in many of the acts of Napoleon.

Visiting the Château of Vincennes, and going to the spot where the Duke d'Enghien was shot, I confess I did not feel quite as much inclined to magnify that violence as many of my countrymen. The hurried way in which the execution took place, was the worst part of the affair. The continual plottings of the French princes and exiles against Napoleon were disgraceful. His authority was borne by the nation that had no relish for a restoration of the Bourbons, and the prince had placed himself as near to the French frontier as he could do with safety. This was his own act, knowing, that his family had once respected no neutral territory, under circumstances far less weighty against persons who had given them offence. Nay, even as far off as Amsterdam, people had been kidnapped, carried into France, and suffered under Louis XIV. It, therefore, seemed to me

a sort of retribution. I had already stood on the little hat then remained of the Bastille; but here was its counterpart yet entire. Here literati, courtiers, artists, any whom court harlots desired to imprison, were accommodated by a *lettre de cachet* from royalty. Here Louis XI. outdid the late Emperor Francis of Austria in his unrelenting vengeance. His good Bishop of Verdun having invented an iron cage to secure his victims, Louis imprisoned the holy father himself in it for ten years. The same king shut up here the Princes of Armagnac, while yet boys, in dungeons formed like inverted sugar-loaves, that their feet might not have rest, nor their bodies repose. They were taken out to be scourged twice a week, and a tooth was drawn from each of them every three months. This was done after this Bourbon had made the poor youths stand under the scaffold, while executing the father, that the parental blood might fall through upon the tender children's heads. One of the poor youths died, the other survived his tormentor. The walls of the dungeon are thirteen feet thick; the windows high to preclude all view. Such are my recollections of the history of Vincennes, and of much more connected with it. The Duke d'Enghien seemed an expiatory sacrifice.

As to the *lettres de cachet*, a Frenchman once remarked to me, pertinently enough: "We have now des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets, but we have no more *lettres de cachet*."

It was on my return from Vincennes that I first saw three women placed *au carcan*. In London, such ladies would have passed their time in heaping Billingsgate upon the officers of justice. It was not so here.

The criminals uttered not a word, but contrived to pull their caps over their eyes, and down to the tips of their noses. It was a simple exposure, with an iron collar round the neck, fastened to an upright post, standing elevated about three feet above the ground; the back was, of course, towards the post. The nature of the offence was fastened on a placard over the head of each. There were no great number of spectators. The prevalent feeling of these women was evidently that of shame, from their endeavour not to be recognised, which I was pleased to observe. Where shame is felt, reclaim is not impossible. Not a word of abuse was directed towards the culprits, "*Ah, mon Dieu, les coupables!*" from the passers-by was all the remark heard. Some little larceny had constituted the offence. This punishment was sometimes inflicted on notorious offenders, previous to branding and taking them off to the galleys for life.

There was a singular character living while I was in Paris, and acting as porter at a private house. He had escaped the guillotine at the fall of Robespierre. He was seen by many English besides myself. He was one of the jury during the Reign of Terror under Fouquier Tinville, the public prosecutor; and consequently one composing the machinery of his horrible tribunal. He had only numbered fifty-five years, but he looked seventy. He had mild blue eyes, seldom seen, for it was rarely he would look up when addressed by a stranger, never, if he had an excuse for looking downwards. Remorse had had possession of him for years. It was not known how he escaped the vengeance which overtook all besides connected with the tribunal. Hour

after hour his chin rested on his bosom, as if the lights of heaven were distasteful. He never spoke but in monosyllables. Blood was upon his conscience. For the paltry sum of six francs per day, he had caused the words *à la mort* to be pronounced against youth and age, innocence and guilt, without discrimination, and now life had become a misery.

I knew a man who had lived through the revolutionary times as a sort of messenger. He had to take confidential letters from and to the different persons in power. He was one day told to take a letter above stairs to Robespierre. Going up, he saw no one in the ante-room. He, in consequence, proceeded to find the great man of the hour, and passed on until he came to a door which was ajar. Pushing it open, he saw Robespierre sitting at a table, his chin resting upon his hands, to appearance wholly abstracted. All at once, the tyrant started up and asked :—

“What do you do here?”

“A letter for you, Citizen Robespierre.”

The tyrant took the note, beat it on the table as if he wished to ascertain whether there was anything noxious within, and then asked how the messenger had found his way to that apartment. The latter replied, that no one had challenged him. Robespierre desired he should be searched. Fortunately, he had not even a pen-knife in his pocket, or he might have been suspected of a bad design. At another time, he was sent with a message to the same personage, and met him going out, muffled up in a cloak. He bade the messenger follow him, because he evidently did not desire to take the letter in public, or indeed to be

recognised at all. He proceeded to the Rue St. Denis, the messenger after him. There they entered a miserable-looking house on the outside, and mounting one flight of stairs were received with the 'Qui vive' of a sentinel. Robespierre passed on: the messenger was stopped. He then said,

"A letter for Citizen Robespierre."

The sentinel took the letter and entered a room, the door of which being opened for the soldier's admission, enabled the bearer to observe that the apartment was large, and that it contained a table laid out with elegance for a considerable number of persons, ill-assorting with the external appearance of the place. The sentinel brought out the reply that Citizen Robespierre would send an answer the next day. This dinner, or supper, which ever it happened to be, was, probably, one of those orgies at which the dominant party leaders, then deluging France in blood, secretly met for a hideous conviviality. I saw many who had witnessed most painful scenes during the Revolution. Time must now have swept away nearly all old enough to give any account of them. Of these, I remember Count Scipion du Roure, whose mother was a Bolingbroke; he was advanced in life, a man of considerable attainments. He had belonged to the Orleanist party, and in early years had been as dissipated as most of the French courtiers. He inherited property, through his mother, consisting of houses in Bond Street, on the west side running towards Albemarle Street. When the war of 1793 took place, the Count was cut off from any benefit out of this property by the war, for between twenty and thirty years, during which a large sum must

have accumulated. The whole was confided to the care of Mr. Oliver Cromwell of Cheshunt, descended from the Protector's son Henry, whose daughter married a Mr. Russell.

I ascertained these facts for the Count, and I learned that Mr. Oliver Cromwell, being the last of the name, Mr. Russell had applied to Lord Castlereagh for a license to take the name and arms of Cromwell, which his lordship flatly refused. I communicated the facts to the Count. I learned afterwards that Mr. Cromwell had most honourably secured every shilling of the property, and two or three years afterwards resigned his charge. Du Roure came over to take possession, and died in Arundel Street, Strand, when, I presume, the property fell to his son. The Count told me that he was placed in the prison of St. Lazare, and escaped by the execution of Robespierre, when he had no hope of saving his life. The Duke of Orleans was hated by the reigning family, but was not half as bad a man as he was made out by the princes. They caballed against each other, and cared little about the poor king. Orleans took a part with Neckar at the beginning of the Revolution. The friendliness of Orleans to change was acquired in England. He used to say: "It is hard that while the English princes can ride about or travel at their pleasure, I cannot take a horse and ride out of Paris without sending to ask leave of the crown, even when the king is at Versailles."

Louis' irresolute and vacillating conduct was owing to the princes and queen. This generated doubts of the regal sincerity, which, coupled with the incitements to foreign invasion by the runaway princes, were quite

enough to account for all that followed. The Duke of Orleans had, at first, no object beyond obtaining freedom of action for himself, to which, with all his vast property, he was a stranger. The flight to Varennes, and the intrigues abroad which ruined the monarchy, the result of d'Artois' interferences, principally led the feeble-minded king to the scaffold—it was fratricide. Du Roure was in prison, when the younger Robespierre was brought in there. The noted Baron Trenck was executed only two days before Robespierre's downfall. His death was his own fault. He was a busy, officious man, and an intolerable liar. The hope of escape, by remaining unnoticed, was all the prospect of safety that remained to any prisoner. Above all things, it was wise not to attract the gaoler's attention by any offensive action, for in that case, the prisoner was at once sent to the tribunal with a complaint, and death was the result. There had been a rumour in the prison that the Prussians were marching upon Paris, and that all the prisoners would be set free.

Fresh statements of this kind had been circulated one morning before the gates had been unlocked, and the reports, therefore, must have originated within the walls. They were traced to Trenck, fertile in mendacity. The gaoler complained of his circulating false rumours. He was taken to the tribunal, condemned, and beheaded near the Barrier du Trone. His body was deposited in the corner of the garden of the canonesses of St. Augustine, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where, in a spot of ground not more than forty feet square, a thousand bodies and more had been interred with layers of quicklime during a few months of 1794. Du Roure

possessed considerable literary talent. He was a stout, thick-set man, ordinary in dress, and still more ordinary in person. He was proud of his relationship with the Bolingbrokes, regarding whom I knew nothing, never having heard but of one, the first and last of any fame. He, indeed, is justly renowned as one of the best writers in the English language, however his political principles may be impugned.

Madam Gaçon du Four was another whom I knew, who had been before the revolutionary tribunal. She had escaped twice. She was the wife of an ex-judge, of the departmental tribunal of the Seine, known for his works on jurisprudence, living in the Rue Cimetière, St. André des Arts. She was seldom to be seen without company, and was an authoress of considerable judgment and talent. Her favourite subjects were history and rural economy. She possessed a fund of anecdote regarding the stormy time of the Revolution, and, as might be expected, had no love for the restored dynasty. She had been once or twice narrowly watched by Fouché when minister, for it was known she possessed some curious documents relative to the Bourbons, and so cautious was she obliged to be in her own behalf, that she was careful never to keep a sheet of paper in the house which could compromise her. Among other papers, she possessed a copy of the documents found in the iron chest in the Tuilleries in 1793 or '94, relative to the royal family, which compromised so many persons of the court, as well as the royal brothers. There were also intercepted letters of the Duke of Orleans. She promised me a sight of them. I was once in attendance, and the party despatched to fetch them did not arrive.

She was more than ever guarded after 1814, when the Allies entered Paris to restore the old family. Fouché knew she had a copy of the documents, and as his services had recommended him to the Bourbons, so might other acts of officiousness strengthen their favour towards him.

The documents in question were of no moment to the Bonaparte dynasty, but damnatory to Louis XVIII. and his brother. I was astonished at the hesitation and precaution in regard to these and some other papers which this lady possessed. We sat down and began to dip into them, when the announcement of some company, attended by a devoted gentleman of the restored family, made her shuffle the papers away ; nor had I an opportunity, leaving Paris shortly afterwards, of once more seeing them. There were copies of letters from Count d'Artois, from Egalité, and the princes, all of which seem to have been intercepted, and to have proved the intrigues and complications which hastened the king's end.

Confidence existed nowhere for a long time after the Revolution. I wanted to bring the letters to England ; but such was the timidity of the owner, to whose possession they would infallibly have been traced, and I imagine, too, her husband's dependance on the government, that she did not dare the hazard of such a measure.

"The police know I have the copies, and I should be persecuted—I must not."

We used often to talk of the revolutionary tribunal before which she had been twice cited.

"Were you afraid?"

“No, because I had made up my mind to the worst, as all people did then. They had nothing to do but to outvie each other, if possible, in dying firmly. I had nothing for the actors in that horrible tragedy, in the way of property; and some of my neighbours, considered good citizens, vouched for my conduct being all that was required.”

She said her astonishment was, that so large a city should have been paralyzed by the few persons really concerned; but then they acted in concert. Panic, terror, struck down the many, and caused a want of combination in the well-disposed. All being new, fearful in aspect, and distrustful, none rose up to lead. There were enough disposed, heart and soul, to have crushed the Terrorists in a moment, could they have understood one another. “The press would do it now,” she said, “furtively or openly. I do not believe more than five hundred persons in this great city were the supporters of the massacres, including those who planned and executed them—if it was a planned thing at all. I do not include the mere mob who might have witnessed them, and will follow anything going forward. I doubt even if three hundred acted in concert on that occasion. We had just emerged from the old police and *espionage* under the Bourbons. We were bewildered. No system reigned, good or bad, and any bold persons seizing the helm might temporarily rule. A proof of this truth is seen in the moment of reaction, the feebleness of the Terrorists in resistance, and the great facility with which the faction was annihilated. People seemed then to have come to themselves, after being stunned. It is

the way of us French to be elated of a sudden beyond bounds, and as rapidly depressed."

I asked her if she remembered a Mr. Huskisson being often present during the sittings of the sanguinary tribunal. She replied, she did not know the name, but she well remembered there was an Englishman sat there, wearing the *bonnet-rouge*, for it was the subject of remark. Whoever he was, he remained in great favour with the members of the tribunal. I have no doubt myself it was Huskisson, who eloped afterwards in the suite of our ambassador. I could mention some other circumstances connected with this matter, but they are now out of date. Not so the circumstance of an Englishman having sat and applauded the guilt of a tribunal, to which poor Madame Roland alluded when on the scaffold; she exclaimed: "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Many are the painful anecdotes I heard of that portentous era. The conduct of the doomed to death was characteristic in victims of all parties and opinions. Some would have their jest to the last. On one occasion, a Robespierrian general made his appearance at one of the prisons, in height four feet seven, with a gay uniform and plumed hat. He had been a touter to a travelling menagerie. One of the prisoners recognised the little touter at once, and though it was his own sentence of death, called out to his fellow prisoners:—

"Ho! here, come and see the great Talala from La Vendée, an African animal, with teeth that will munch stones. Come and see—come and see—only two sous a head! Walk in, ladies and gentlemen—walk

in. This is the great general of the woods, who has just come in a balloon from the deserts of Arabia, and descended at the Bombe (the name of the prison). Walk in—walk in, ladies and gentlemen ! here he is in black breeches and white *chemisette*. Come and see this wonderful animal !”

A common soldier being jeered by some of the Robespierrian canaille, turned round to them and exclaimed ; “ You miserable blackguards, would one of you go to your death with the calmness I meet mine ?”

Biron, the descendant of a great family, being condemned, said to his fellow-prisoner on his return, “ Faith, it is all up with me—I must go !”

“ What is death ?” said a third, “ an accident against which we should all be prepared. What is the guillotine ? a tap on the neck, that’s all.”

“ It is nothing,” said M. Nicolai, going to the scaffold, “ the dropping of a scale—no pain.” He had complained of a pain in the shoulder, and a doctor was recommended : “ No, no, my friends, the complaint is in my head, that will carry the other off with it.”

The following is an extract from the Journal, with which I was privately favoured, of Major James, so well known as the friend of Lord Moira, Sir F. Burdett, and Horne Tooke. He left home in November, 1792, after the massacre in the prisons. It gives some insight into the doings at that moment after the French princes had stirred up the continental states against the country, and promised portions of her territory, if they would invade it and march to Paris. Dumourier had driven out the Prussians with disgrace, after they had committed the

most atrocious cruelties, roused all France to arms, and seen their own designs signally defeated.

“ Oct. 28. Left Dover in the evening, got to Calais at 11 P.M., went to the Croix de St. Louis, was taken from thence to the municipality, and a mob collected. Went on through St. Omer; slept at Lillers; reached Lille at 2 P.M. Went to see the ruins, not long before made by the Austrians; was told the gens-d’armes, 30,000 strong, had sworn neither to give nor receive quarter. Custine, who commanded the allied troops, fired the first cannon at the town on the feast of St. Francis, in honour of the Emperor of Austria, and played *ça ira*, in derision of the French. They got a huge mortar to carry a shell of five hundred weight: it burst, and killed thirty of their own men. In the now abandoned trenches, I saw a soldier digging, find the body of a young officer with a pair of new boots on; he transferred them to his own feet. He also found the body of a priest. The sign of the Hôtel de Bourbon was taken down and burned in the market-place. The devastation committed by the Austrians was horrible, and the number of shells they threw during the investment of eight days, was enormous, while they made no progress against the works, the destruction of innocent people seeming their only object. Two sisters standing at the entrance of a cellar, one had an eye cut out, and the other lost her arm at the shoulder, by the splinter of a shell. The Austrians did not aim a shot at the aristocratic part of the town, directed no doubt by the emigrants, in the invading army, fighting against their country. The indignation of the people was roused to the highest pitch of fury

against the Austrians, who had so cruelly invaded them without the slightest provocation.

“Dumourier is a middle-sized man, with a dark complexion, about fifty-two years of age. He had been on the staff of the army before the Revolution. He is vigorous, and the tendency of his mind leads to daring enterprizes. We passed a heavy train of artillery. With these marched most of the Parisians and Marseillois, who were at the taking of the Bastile. They seemed awkward enough as soldiers, but vengeance against the Austrians was in every face, and a strong determination to avenge the barbarity of the invaders before Lille. The Hulans, those savage troops, had crossed the frontier, and committed horrible devastations. The French troops were very civil to us Englishmen.

“On the 18th of November, dined at White’s Hotel in Paris: there were at dinner General Arthur Dillon, Thomas Paine, Merry, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Sir B. Smith, Mr. Herries, and Cook of the German Legion.

“I saw Santerre, who commanded on the noted 10th of August. The abolition of titles was proposed. A committee was formed to address the National Convention relative to England. I refused to be of it. Thomas Paine refused to belong to it. Colonel Oswald, Mr. Merry, and Mr. Jackson were named. November 19th, a report was current that the king was dead; it was false. Saw the porter, De Sac, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who was reported to have killed the greatest number in the prisons. This miscreant was said to have torn out the entrails of the Princess Lamballe, and, as some reported, gnawed her liver. He was a robust tall man, with whiskers, about thirty-five years of age.

Visited the comedy at the Varieties. The Duke of Orleans and Thomas Paine lived retired. The prices at the theatres were nominally the same as before the Revolution, but the currency depreciated made the value less. Dined at Perrigaux, the bankers, in the Rue Mirabeau. Met Mr. Martin. I find Marat getting into the popular esteem. Saw General Kellermann at the Opera, a tall good-looking man. They tell me the Duke of Orleans imposes a fine of five sous on all who forget to call him Egalité. The rumour of the king's death was sent forth to sound the people, and had a different effect from what was expected by his friends. Roland produced papers which had been in his possession some time, and thus roused suspicion against himself. The Parisians murmur at the taxes. A man with only one room, paid before only three livres per annum to the *contribution mobilière*, and now pays seventeen.

“The guard over the king consists of fifty men, mounting at noon. They draw lots who shall be within, and who remain out. They are placed in all the passages where the king passes, and at the doors of the different rooms. Four municipal officers attend. They do not sit down in the royal presence. The apartments are very elegant. The king has endeavoured to talk with the different persons he meets. He cannot see the people outside, the windows being too high. There is a garden, but it is highly walled round. The Temple belonged to the Count d'Artois. The king makes his son read to him frequently. Tacitus is, in general, the book he reads. The king conducts himself with perfect good humour, and the queen is polite and affable, but Madame Elizabeth, to use the words of a municipal

officer who had been on guard twenty-four hours in the apartments, is as bad as a *mauvaise poissarde*. The royal dinner consists of two courses of six dishes each.

“Nov. 22. I was with Rabaut de St. Etienne, and saw Charles de Rohan, a violent democrat, nephew to the cardinal. The Pantheon in the Rue de Chartres is converted into a theatre. The foundation of the Bastille and the subterraneous passages alone remain. The walls of the Temple have been raised, and the towers are blocked up. The Hôtel de la Force, is within the inner gate. There are two low doors at the entrance, a sentinel outside, and two turnkeys. Louis was in bed, when the officer last called. He complained of not being left alone. These people remark when the king talks to the masons at work there.

“The English met at White’s to consult about an address, but very few attended. I did not go because I disapproved of any interference by or with England. Barlow and Frost arrived here on the 22nd. A report prevalent that disturbances had commenced in London. An ass led about the streets, with a paper crown on its head, a purple robe, and ribbons tied to its tail. The decorations were then burned.

“On the 21st, Egalité submitted his reasons, and the petition from his daughter to the nation not to be numbered among the emigrants. On the 24th, I saw Rabaut St. Etienne, and had a great deal of conversation with him relative to England. He agreed with me, that any interference on the part of France in the politics of Great Britain, would be highly reprehensible. He was not satisfied with White’s translation of his ‘History of the Revolution.’ His ‘Letters to the English’

were translated by Mrs. Barbauld. The king's trial probably postponed. I went from St. Etienne to the War-Office, and appointed to meet Mr. Parke to-morrow. There was a disturbance at the Caisse, from the number of persons who went to have their large assignats changed for smaller ones, and a crowd endeavoured to overpower the National Guard. A body of cavalry called in to restore order.

“Three bankers were connected with the English in Paris. Sir R. Herries' house, Mr. Cary's, a republican, and Mr. Boyd's, these besides Perrigaux. Invited to a dinner, at which Thomas Paine, Lord E. Fitzgerald, Martin, Merry, and others were to be present; I declined the invitation.

“In consequence of the discovery of the papers* in the Tuilleries by Roland, the minister of the interior, twenty-two persons were arrested, among them, La Costa, St. Leon, and Dufresne. St. Leon was director-general of the pay office. A misunderstanding between Anacharsis Clootz, the Prussian, and Roland; the latter treated him most contemptuously. I saw a red cross on the door of the Abbaye prison to-day.

“Orders given to all the sections to be at their posts on the 26th, for the trial of the king, Wednesdays and Saturdays the appointed days. There was a dinner at White's to take into consideration the motions made in the committee there present, Paine, Barlow, Frost, Lord E. Fitzgerald. I did not go. A violent party is forming here. Egalité is suspected to be at the bottom of it, supported by others. The design is to restore the king

* The papers found there in the iron chest.

and destroy the Convention—much mischief anticipated. On the 26th, saw Rabaut de St. Etienne; he agreed that there was a strong party forming. A deputation met at White's to present the address at eleven o'clock. I left Paris on the 28th. Upon the way back, dined at Cuvilly, when they told me potatoes were not known in that part of the country until about eighteen months before. Dumourier, I hear, has declared, in returning from the army, he will hang his hat and sword upon a nail and retire. The opinion still prevails in Paris that some attempt will be made to restore the king. All seem unanimously to agree in keeping the princes out of the country. Saw the gens-d'armes returning, they appeared more composed than before. Five thousand of them are said to have fallen at Jemappes. The hospitals were still full. Dumourier had three horses shot under him there. A rumour ran through the army that he was killed, and he hastily rode along the front, crying out: 'Me voilà, mes enfans, n'ayez pas peur; nous gagnerons.' He was in his shirt, and led the first Parisian battalion when it dashed into the Austrian entrenchments. The regiment of Auvergne alone lost 700 men. I asked a soldier how he escaped so well, and he smilingly replied: 'Par pur hasard, car je ne pensais jamais être où je suis.' The volunteers made sad mistakes, and fired through fear or ignorance on their own men. The Austrians fought hard, 'Ces b— se battent bien,' said the Frenchman."

What displays of human nature—what virtues and baseness—what contradictions marked the character of the time! The scene is passed, or I could multiply proofs I heard without end, how nature assumed her noblest

aspect in the midst of the most flagitious perversions. The more touching as well as heroic scenes were observed. I must mention one I was told of a poor little girl eight years of age, who had every morning visited the spot where her mother was guillotined, only to cry. She went early not to be noticed, fearing to attract attention from the myrmidons of the Terrorists prowling about. She repeated her visits for six weeks after the event, gradually pining away till life became extinct. How deeply must nature have engraved the love of the parent in that child's heart !

I brought over with me a paper written by Madame Dufour, in 1816, which I still possess. I thought I should get some one to publish it, but I was not able. It was a remarkable prophecy of what subsequently took place in France after the death of Louis XVIII. It stated that the Bourbon dynasty would not survive long, and would terminate as that of the Stuarts did here. "The title was a parallel between Edward the English prince, and Louis Stanislaus Xavier de Bourbon, the French prince, both having the title of ' Pretenders ' to the throne of their ancestors."

CHAPTER III.

There was an old secretary or clerk in the French department for foreign affairs, by birth an Irishman, named Madgett. He was known to Herbert Croft who died in Paris, having been one of the travellers detained there after the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. Croft was the brother of the *accoucheur* of the Princess Charlotte, and furnished Dr. Johnson with his "Life of Young," in the great lexicographer's edition of the poets, or rather of their lives. Madgett was a good classical scholar. There is no doubt this personage corresponded with the disaffected in Ireland during Lord Castlereagh's employment there, and subsequently, though for this an Irishman in those times of oppression in his own country might not be very highly censured. I heard he once sent a person, named Jackson, over upon a political mission. Madgett is still more remarkable as the individual, who, when Napoleon ordered a magnificent Life of the Duke of Marlborough to be compiled, was employed for that purpose, and completed a work not quite worthy the patron and his design. In England, the tide of prejudice that once ran so strong against the Corsican son of a cobbler, as Jew Goldsmith declared Napoleon to be, if it had been the

Bible emanating from him, it would have been condemned. I do not think it was ever translated. Madgett, of whose correspondence I once possessed three or four letters, had some judgment in the classics. I know not if in Cambridge and Oxford his observations on one point may be deemed worthy of notice.

He is speaking of one of the 'Odes of Horace,' which Croft thought might be cleared up by a stop. He considered a stumbling-block, the copulation of an infinitive and a nominative referred to one and the same verb. "I have read in some old grammarian, that it would be tackling a wolf and a lamb to drag the same cart. This blunder, if I am not mistaken, proceeds from false and absurd definitions, and consequently the erroneous principles we are impressed with from our infancy, which, as you so justly say of the modern system of punctuation might, perhaps, as well if not better be applied to our grammarians' classification of the different parts of speech. If instead of their very unintelligible definition of the infinitive, they had represented it as a concrete term, denoting an action without any determination of the agent, they would have seen that it may be frequently employed as the subject of a preposition, that is as a substantive in what they call so improperly the nominative case, 'in velle suum cuique est,' for example. Now is not 'velle suum' the same thing as 'voluntas sua?' 'Scire tuum' the same as 'scientia tua?' 'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori—mori patriâ est dulcis et decorum?' In most of the modern European languages, the infinitive is often considered as a substantive. It is more particularly so in Greek, and Horace's great predilection for that language in his

lyric poetry (*Spiritus Graiae*, &c.) made him adopt such a phraseology more frequently than any of his cotemporaries. They, as well as he, always considered an infinitive as a real, or if you will, an equivalent for a substantive whether in the direct or the oblique cases. Thus Ovid says, "*ingenuas didicisse fideliter, artes emollit mores, &c.*" who can deny that *didicisse* is the subject of the phrase, and consequent equivalent of a substantive, or the nominative case? Must not, therefore, "*collegisse pulverem Olympicum, &c.*," be considered in the same light? I have been so long, to my great regret, severed from the Greek language, that no example occurs to me just now of an infinitive and substantive employed as subjects of the same verb, but I have not the least doubt such instances are very frequent in it. That this was the case in Latin, is beyond all dispute from innumerable examples, and particularly from that which you quote so *à propos*—" *me nec foemina nec puear, &c.*" He further contended that the point was not an hellenism, a *licentia poetica*, as some supposed, and he urged his correspondent at work upon a dictionary, which I believe came to nothing in the end, to seek further authority to settle the point. This spy upon "*ould Ireland*," as some call it, was therefore a man of some education.

In alluding to education, a friend of mine recently deceased, so I imagine from missing his name in the navy list, Captain Oldrey, R.N., lodged in the Rue Pigarre, in Paris, taking lessons from an eminent mathematician, told me, if I would call at his lodgings some day, he would introduce me to an Hungarian, a man of extraordinary acquirements, who had travelled all over

Europe, and lived in a summer-house in the garden where he resided. I went accordingly, and entering the garden—everybody knows what kind of a house is called 'garden house' in Paris—I traversed the whole length, not more than a couple of hundred feet, to a glazed room, about ten feet square. There I was introduced to M. Mentelle, who did not, like Diogenes, live in a tub, it is true, but was almost as much of a philosopher. He was a handsome man, aged about thirty-four or five, well made, his complexion florid, his hair and eyes brown, with a beard which reached his breast, and became him well. He was insatiate in his thirst after knowledge, and that had placed him where I met him, for he resided free of cost, giving a lesson once a week, to buy himself food.

I entered his cell, occupied by himself and his books, nearly to repletion, together with a long box or chest, in which were several blankets, and across it a plank on which he was sitting, his feet and legs in the box for the sake of warmth, his back against the wall which received the sashes on both sides, some of which had a pane or two fractured, and mended with paper, on which I observed closely written Greek characters. Before him was a tilted board which served him for a table, and by the side of the box, an old arm-chair on which several folio volumes lay open, one upon another. From the ceiling, suspended by a rusty wire, just over his primitive table, hung a piece of tin plate bent into the form of a lamp with a wick and oil in it. A small can stood in one corner, and in another an earthen pitcher of water.

A brown loaf appeared on a shelf, and a coarse thread-bare brown cloak hung on the back of the old

chair. On addressing him in French, he replied in English as pure and as well pronounced as that of any native, yet I was only the second Englishman he had seen. He had no hesitation, no foreign accent, but delivered his words with a softness which I thought our tongue incapable of expressing. His intonation was more pleasing to my ear than any I had before heard. He could converse with the same fluency in the ancient and modern Greek, the Latin, Italian, German, Slavonic and Arabic tongues, and of some was master of the several dialects, as well as of the pure language. He could read other tongues so as to comprehend them well, and had acquired three thousand of the Chinese characters. He was an excellent mathematician, and well acquainted with the outlines of several of the sciences. He gave a lesson once a week at three francs, which he said was all he required for his support. With this, he bought at one time enough coarse ammunition bread to last him the week, that by growing stale it might not digest too fast. Three or four potatoes boiled in a can, at night, over his lamp, and a little oil twice or thrice a week were his extra luxuries. He slept five or six hours at a time, and studied much in the night. If the weather was mild, he did not lie down; if it was severe, he slept in his box, covered with his blankets. He said he had thus lived the best part of twenty years, and found no ill effect from it. The luxuries of life would be welcome in a moderate degree—he was no anchorite, but he could not, in his conscience, waste precious time when he had so much more to acquire; study was his mistress, and with that he was happy, as he had no means but by labour to obtain the good things

of life. Custom had made his mode of living no inconvenience to him. He had travelled on foot over nearly all the countries in Europe, except England. He was on intimate terms with the members of the French Institute, and the principal men of science in Paris; and a curious figure he cut walking with some of them arm in arm in a soiled flannel-jacket and trousers, without stockings, through the fashionable Boulevards, as was often the case. Such a scene might startle our dandy professors of all sorts, but it was not so over the Channel; hear this, chartered societies and mitred universities!

He told me, laughingly, that some gentlemen of the Institute had supplied him with a profusion of clothing, and he wore it once or twice, but being in great want of some books, he could not resist the temptation of selling their presents that he might procure the works he wanted. Taking some of his clothes, thus presented, to sell one day, having on his shabby jacket, the shopkeeper, fearing he had stolen them, handed him over to the police, and he was lodged in prison. Not liking at first to write to any friend, he remained in custody an entire week, and employed himself in instructing some of the younger prisoners in reading; but though he lived luxuriously in custody, to what he did when he was his own master, he could not bear the idea of wasting his time, and wrote to a party by whom he obtained his liberation immediately. Could he have been alone without noise, he remarked, the prison would have been a pleasant place with a comfortable living, and the time lost in giving his weekly lesson, saved. Captain Oldrey invited him into the dwelling-house to dine with him. He went once, but would go no more,

two or three glasses of wine, which he did not dislike, set him in a fever, being opposed to his low system of diet. He was a delightful companion, a fountain of knowledge; but when he pleased, a great sophist. He told me he should like to visit England, that he had read our best writers, and wished to know what it would cost him. He thought for a hundred and fifty francs he might take a pretty long excursion, observing he had travelled over three times the superficies of England at a less cost than that. He knew it was an expensive country, but he said he should molest no one, be always on foot, see the public buildings, the great works, and superficies of the land. "I should carry a few letters of introduction from learned men on whom I should call. I should sleep on the ground at night in my cloak when travelling, or in the first wood I came to. Your climate is milder than this. In the towns, I should lie in the humblest inns. My fare would be bread and water, perhaps an egg or two added now and then—I think it could be done."

"Yours is a Utopian scheme, M. Mentelle; you have read the Chevalier More, and know what I mean—it is a scheme *in nubibus*. You would be seen to be miserably poor, that in England is only not as great a crime as robbery. Then it is not necessary to commit any act against the law, though they pretend no man shall be punished without a trial by his peers for any criminal act, but that principle does not extend to poverty. Your innocent sleep by the woodside would be deemed a crime. The *Juge de Paix* would send you to prison for that alone, and, if money were found upon you, it would aggravate the offence. He would ask why you

did not get a bed, if you were an honest man. He would say you were a beggar, or were hunting game. In many cases, in which you might allege you had letters of introduction, and you showed a letter to some literary man, the justice would say he knew no such person, stare at you, tell you that you could not be honest with such a coat on your back, and if he did not imprison you, tell you to get out of the parish, or he will do so. Country magistrates in England were not men learned in the law, and paid by the state, but persons who made interest to be magistrates. Your knowledge, if displayed, would be treated as an aggravation of your offence, 'for one who knew so much must be an idler who would not work for his bread.' Do not come to England unless you have money, and a good coat. Intellect is of no value there, in any rank, except among highly-cultivated minds. Besides, you must pay treble or quadruple the value for what you eat on the road. Do not come, I beseech you, for your learning and good intentions will not pass current, and letters to literary men, or even nobles, will only be effective in their localities.

Poor Mentelle never did see England. Had he come over upon his own notion, he would have imbibed bad ideas of the country. He would hardly credit me. "Such great minds have appeared in your country—how strange!"

"True, some of the greatest men the world ever saw, M. Mentelle, but they were those of whom the world there, when alive, cared little." I promised to send him a Sanscrit work, for he was preparing to enter upon that language. I succeeded in preventing his coming

over. His power of reasoning was great. He involved you in a maze, in a mode I never remember to have found any one do before. He would take up the wrong side of an argument, and almost overcome you against conviction. His manners were mild, simple, even engaging; his countenance full of expression, and placid, like some old Italian pictures of saints. I never thought his life could be a protracted one, and though he appeared vigorous and healthy, he could not, so dieted, have been strong. Nature vindicates herself. He told me that knowing Slavonic and Greek rendered the acquirement of any modern tongue an easy thing. He loved to acquire and to impart knowledge to any who would visit him, when he was inclined to rest an hour or two from his studies. He was fond of society, if those who composed it were intellectual persons. He died four or five years after my meeting with him, under forty years of age. I remember that his Greek characters were the most beautifully written I ever saw.

I was amused by an order from Louis XVIII., to transfer the bones of St. Denis, from the church-yard of St. Margaret to the Abbey of St. Denis. The king gave three shrines for the purpose. Relics were treated so scurvily in this church at the Revolution, that somehow or another they must be made up. A few old bones, belonging to anybody, were got together for the purpose. I had a list of the curiosities of this sort once here as well as at Rouen.

The emigrants and priests who did these things were a worn out ungrateful race to England that had sheltered them. They recollected the old animosity between the two nations, and it became again a part of their system

to bring back everything old, if possible, even to vices and superstitions. The French, under the rule of Napoleon, were a different race. They remembered what it was to be ruled by the "divine will" of the Bourbons. They had obtained equal rights, a just code of laws, and a free expression of opinion, unless the latter contravened a lofty ambition. The worst of Napoleon's domestic rule was many times better than the Bourbon best. The feudal will, the taxation, the poverty and misery of the Bourbon reign, were always present in remembrance. I found these men endeavouring to restore all sorts of religious mummary. Never did men labour more to exhibit their own imbecility. They allowed no advance to the existing age. They took no lesson from the calamities their house had sustained. Ever eager to grasp at office, without any knowledge of the duties, the leading men, placed in power under the princes, were deservedly the jests of the imperial officials.

Lacretelle was then living, a writer in the 'Mercure de France:' he had concealed himself until the fall of Robespierre. He had also written in the 'Minerve.' His historical characters put to shame the biographies of public men as drawn on this side of the channel. He made the whole truth his guide, and never permitted imagination to distort his portraits. This noble and generous-spirited man died six years after I quitted Paris, and left no equal in biography behind him. Although I saw the majority of the French marshals, so celebrated in the wars of Napoleon, Suchet was the only one of these renowned characters I ever knew in private society. He was, perhaps, the most remarkable of them all. His conduct,

on the Var and the Mincio, established his fame. In Spain, he was uniformly successful. Bonaparte said, if he had two or three more such commanders, he should have held Spain, for though this marshal took the shortest means to his end, he was conciliatory, impartial in his conduct, and a first-rate administrator; under which last head of duty, as Governor of Arragon, he so pleased the Spaniards, by his equal dealing, that he won their good graces, and they remained tranquil under his government. Suchet was never worsted in action. He was a little above the middle stature, stoutly made, exhibiting no military stiffness. He was affable, his features were exceedingly good, bespeaking talent with firmness, his countenance indicating a remarkable character. His lank hair, dark and coarse, contrasted with his pale complexion, and the broad forehead, and dark eyes it shaded. His nose was aquiline, lips wavy, and inclined to thickness, with a short space between them and the nose. His chin was nearly as long as his forehead. His physiognomy indicated great energy. He was remarkable for attaching his soldiers to himself. He entered freely into conversation at the first moment of introduction, and said he had been calling that morning on the Duke of Wellington, and asked me what I thought of the forty thousand men I had seen reviewed the day before, belonging to the National Guard. I observed that they resembled the troops of the line much more than any of our soldiers of a similar class. He alluded to the aptitude of the French for military service, and asked where I was stationed. I told him commanding the Place Vendôme, and he observed that the position commanded all the troops when they

moved. He called the Duke of Wellington a compatriot. I remarked that I was an Englishman, the duke was Irish. He smiled, observing it was all the same, a native of Alsace was a Frenchman. Suchet died at fifty-four years of age.

The death and funeral of Massena—considered the first of all the marshals for his achievements, possessing a fortitude nothing could shake—took place while I was at Paris. He resided at Ruel near by, and was interred in the cemetery d'Est. A double line of *gens-d'armes* flanked the procession, which last was headed by above a hundred poor men and women in black cloaks, each carrying a wax-light. A man mounted, with a black flag, preceded the funeral-car and four horses. There was a coronet upon the coffin, Massena being Prince of Essling. Three men followed, bearing the heraldic decorations of the deceased upon velvet cushions. Next came the horse of the marshal, dressed in crape. Then followed the late marshal's domestics, and, lastly, the son of the deceased, as chief mourner. A galaxy of great men closed the procession of the hero of Zurich and Genoa, so often "baptized in fire," to use his master's expression. There were the Dukes of Valmy, Dantzic, Conegliano, Treviso, Tarento, Reggio, Belluna, Ragusa, Albufera, Coigny, De Feltre, and other names of renown that lived, and are not. There were thirty mourning-coaches, and a great mass of military. The service was performed in the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, and thence the body was taken and deposited in the cemetery, drums rolling, and the music playing a funeral air. "There lies," thought I, at that moment much struck with reflecting on the

instability of human glory, "for evermore, the 'spoiled child of victory.' These are the last honours his old friends in arms will pay him. They, too, will soon make up their reckoning with time."

I had found an excellent dining-house, but too costly, in the Trois Frères Provençaux, and returning from thence, I unexpectedly encountered Caleb Colton, just arrived from London. He was proceeding to the Rue du Bac, along the Quay Voltaire, and I turned and walked with him. His ashen countenance and sharp twinkling eyes, his hard features, and smile seldom acknowledged by the heart, all bespoke the divine of Tiverton.

"Have you dined?" said he. I replied in the affirmative.

"Where are you going? How long have you been in Paris?"

"I don't know where I am going—been here a fortnight. Come with me, I will give you the best bottle of Beaune in the city—fell in with an old French priest—clever fellow, spoke English admirably. I don't speak French, you know. He recommended me to a lodging at a wine merchant's, who has capital Beaune, not far off in the Rue de Bourgogne. The old priest is a fine Greek scholar, too, so we agree."

We soon arrived at the entrance of a dark passage, and mounting the first flight of stairs, entered a room of moderate size, the floor of which had not been touched by the *frotteur* for half a century, and it had a dingy alcove filled by a bed with green stuff furniture. In one corner of the room was a double-barrelled fowling-piece; in another, a fishing-rod or two; on a

round table in the centre, books, pens, and paper. On one chair lay a neckerchief, on another a coat, while a nest of drawers, against the wall, between the windows, bore a coffee-pot, gloves, a lack-lustre candlestick, and a dozen small articles in admired confusion. The things on one of the chairs were turned off on the floor, and I was requested to be seated. Off ran the parson without an apology, and presently returned with a bottle under each arm, and some borrowed wine-glasses. "I have not dined; you have the advantage of me—no matter." He then drew a cork, placed the bottle and glass before me, and bade me fill; he would join me in a minute or two. He next lit a spirit-lamp, and just covering a couple of eggs with water, boiled them hard as stones, and eating them with a little bread and salt, said "this is dinner enough for me on a pinch."

"Old Cambridge habits," I observed.

"No, I don't know that; I have dined less expensively than you, and am fully as well off."

He now filled his glass, and got agreeable and instructive, often ingenious, sometimes more than commonly subtle. It required a thorough knowledge of the man's two faces to comprehend him aright. He had no Parisian society except the last man it might be supposed he would assort with, the celebrated Abbé Siéyes. Colton understood the declination of Greek verbs much better than the weak or strong points in political constitutions. Collegian and scholar, before the Abbé, he acquitted himself as the author of *Lacon* might be expected to do, often speaking in Latin. Siéyes was not a brilliant man, but conversed readily;

was fertile in political discussions, and imagined his theories all practicable, under every variety of human perversity. The simplicity and purity of such theories were at once an obstacle to their adoption with any chance of success. Mystery and complexity in politics, as in religion, are merits with the ignorant. Faith is useless improbability. The parson soon returned to London. He had come to take "a Pisgah view of the promised land," and was returning to his "Egyptian bondage."

He had ventured into the gold galleries of the Palais Royal, where he had won a few Napoleons. He played out of sheer avarice, not from the love of excitement, as most gamblers do. He loved to hoard money without making interest of it, to drink wine without excess, and to be metaphysical without the desire of argumentative conquest, but rather to perplex. Reasoning admirably, he was rarely under the rule of reason in his actions, and laughed when I told him the anxieties of the *rouge et noir* table would soon put an end to my existence. What a suit of motley is man's nature! I had been indebted to him, I remember, for an introduction to the celebrated walking Stewart, or John Stewart, as great an oddity as Colton himself. I never could make anything of "Stewart's Travels" to discover the source of moral motion. The "man of nature," as he called himself, had a mind filled with a strange medley of incomprehensible ideas, unlicked, shapeless. His notions departed to the customary limbo of first-rate metaphysical inconclusions. He was an agreeable companion from having seen much of the world.

Catalani had now the Italian Theatre in Paris; the

admired and almost worshipped Catalani. The French said "*elle jouait de la voix.*" Turning over some papers thirty-five years afterwards, I found the ticket of one of the nights I neglected to go, dated May 19, 1817, signed by herself, and thus fixing a date. Attached to it, by accident, I found my ticket of admission to Pitt's funeral. I reflected,—I could not help it,—on what changes have occurred since those dates—is the world amended—it is doubtful. Béranger writes :

“ Les jeunes gens me disent : “ Tout chemine :
A petit bruit chacun lime ses fers !
La presse éclaire, et le gaz illumine,
Et la vapeur vole aplanir les mers :
Vingt ans, au plus, bon homme, attends encore,
L'œuf éclorra sous un rayon des cieux ! ”

I can remember thirty, forty, and more years passed away since similar hopes were born and died into the same conclusion. Who that reflects will not recognise that feeling of deluded expectation which makes life, after all, a huge cheat.

In the Italian Boulevard one morning, with a smile on my face, I was passing the Neapolitan coffee-house, where ices were served up well-disguised as fruit. On a warm day, a gallant sea captain had taken a large solid plum into his capacious mouth, without thinking of its effect, to the no small amusement of the lookers-on, as he dropped it on the table with tears in his eyes—thinking of this incident, and laughing to myself, I overtook Lord Boringdon going, he told me, to Galignani's, whither I was also bound. His lordship said he was staying at St. Maude, near Vincennes, and invited me over. I was on the point of going two days afterwards,

when I found that his only son, by the first Lady Boringdon, a youth I knew in the home of his parents, had died from swallowing an ear of rye, which unfortunately got fixed in the æsophagus, and baffled medical aid. I never saw the father afterwards. At dinner, the same day, I met that upright nobleman, Lord William Bentinck, a sound man in judgment, but not brilliant.

M. Royer Collard, an eminent physician, was one of the most engaging of men in Paris at this time. There was enough of the polish of the old French school to impart, in his case, great amenity of manner to the new, and blend both in his carriage and address. Turlot, of the Royal Library, another character of eminence, I met, then nearly eighty years old. Many of the learned in France lived to advanced years. It was a public object that they should be in such a position as to have no care for pressing wants, and thus be able to devote themselves to their studies. How different the feeling towards them in England! To do them justice, they did not resile from their duties, or look upon their studies in a money-light alone. They were fired with the desire of distinction. To return to Turlot, when far advanced in life, he wrote upon public instruction. He had once been tutor to an illegitimate son of Louis XV., who died early, and to whom he was so much attached, that his pupil's death saddened the future years of his existence. His manners were those of the old French school, though not to such a marked excess as sometimes met the stranger's eyes in those later days. His appointment in the Royal Library was another part of that system, which I have mentioned

already, of appointing literary men to situations which, not sinecures, still left them ample leisure for studies that might be of public utility.

Felix Bodin was then alive, who brought forward M. Thiers, a pleasant and accomplished little man, whom I knew, and whom two or three years afterwards, in England, I introduced to Campbell. M. Thiers had not 'come out,' as they say of young ladies at court. The little bustling man of Aix, now the far-read historian, commenced his career on the, 'Constitutionnel,' when I forget; but it was not until 1830, that he had advanced "to be Editor of the *Pilote* as an Orleanist, or I believe any other, iste" that looked promising. Barbe Marbois, whom I mentioned when speaking of the country, who married the daughter of the third Consul Lebrun, had now lost all influence. M. Guizot was then a busy politician, and was in office, or had only just quitted it about the time I vexed the Count de Cazes by promulgating the Concordat with Rome so unexpectedly.

It was the fashion to compare Talleyrand and Metternich, in the conversational circles, as rival politicians. About this time, the French declared for Talleyrand, because Metternich was thought to be somewhat of a Jesuit, and was enamoured of a lady possessed of every virtue that a man could wish to see in the wife of another. Husbands were unaccountably elevated to governorships in Austria, who had complaisant wives. Talleyrand, the French said, was free from all those imputations, "not on the ground of immorality, but worse, of its bad policy." Metternich, it was decided, would not have been so arbitrary in his measures, nor so oppressive in the provinces by his proscription as he was, had it not been for

his master, Francis, who was heart and soul a despot, never to be relied upon even by friends.

The royal library, at this time, was actively superintended by M. Van Praet, a personage of the most obliging manners, and the most extraordinary memory. He was an oracle at his desk, and seemed to know every book or pamphlet which the passing age had forgotten. I wanted to see the *Moniteur* during the revolutionary period, when it was shut out from England, and English papers from France. Highly as Pitt is praised by his friends for his acumen, it showed little knowledge of the true state of things to make it penal, to the extent of five hundred pounds, to part with an English newspaper to a Frenchman, on the ground that our enemies would this way become acquainted with what was doing in England. A few years afterwards, the *Times* paper kept a light cutter to procure an exchange of French papers from fishermen. Bonaparte said, that he encouraged the smuggler at a particular spot for the same end. The *Moniteur* of the time to which I allude, contained the debates in the Convention, on the unfortunate people who had acted as agents in raising money for the Prince of Wales in France, a tale already told, not credited, then denied and declared a take in, and that no moneys were received by the prince, when the reverse was the fact. The Amsterdam bonds were at last paid without interest; every shilling was received upon them. The house of Hope and Co. was well acquainted with the transaction there. The Parisian statement I sought to support by the *Moniteur* as far as it went, and I succeeded. I found the debates on the appeal of one of the unhappy victims. M. Van Praet,

at first, thought the numbers were not extant : by a diligent search he found them, and I made extracts which I now possess. Such was the vast acquaintance of M. Van Praet with books, that when he knew what subject you were looking for, he would inform you of a list of works upon the topic you sought, his prodigious memory supplying every deficiency with an urbanity and kindness I never saw equalled. There did not appear to be so many readers in the royal library as in the British Museum. The royal library was more regarded, as a place of reference, as it should be, not to fill the place with readers who attend, to save expense at common libraries. The printed volumes are about a million. In the British Museum, I imagine not above half that number. M. Van Praet had a MS. folio always open before him. I saw no other catalogue. You told him what you wanted, and it was quickly supplied. In attention and civility, there is nothing to complain of in the British Museum. I have never seen greater facilities, anywhere, but the books seem chance collections. Two out of three works I have wanted were not there at all—at least, the books it has been my lot to want. It is not costly books so much, as those which are not common that are wanted, and particularly the works of our neighbours. The French collection in the British Museum is very stinted, nor does there seem one person there, who has an extensive knowledge of the subject, or feels any deep interest in it. This comes of filling places with persons through interest, without regard to qualifications from love of the pursuit. I found it different in Paris ; all knew their business, not in their own department alone, but as to the general scope of the establishment. M.

Van Praet paid the debt of nature some years ago. He knew Sir John Bowring well, and at Brussels I found the same gentleman was well recognised at the public library. I was indebted to Sir John for a letter of introduction there.

The Garden of Plants was another delightful resource for the curious. How many spare hours have I passed sitting on the mount, and thinking over the scenes that had occurred around me! Cuvier was there, and some of the first men of science of the day, always affable and ready to impart information. Fourcroy was dead; he was once, I believe, a lecturer there. Haüy, Portal, Lacepède, and others, gave lectures, and still followed their pursuits with ardour. Frenchmen after the revolution were no longer to be recognised as the men of five signs, as they were said to be before that time, by the mode of putting a query, managing a promise, and telling love-stories—or demanding the hour, performing what they did not promise, expecting an answer before putting a query, and being more pleased in publishing the favours of a mistress than in receiving them. There were still much gaiety and dissipation, great light-heartedness, and sufficient vices, which the Parisians called *pecadilloes*. The Englishman indulging his more loose inclinations, never admitted that he sinned; he abhorred immorality; even at Madame D——s, he only went to hunt temptation.

I found a card on my table, one morning, from Le Commandeur de Sodré, Hotel Boston. I was much puzzled to know who the stranger might be. I had never heard his name before. He was well known to many English officers, and was seen occasionally at the Duke of Wellington's.

I was at breakfast the next day, when a dark-complexioned, black-eyed, thick-set personage, in a green coat, came into my room with an air of perfect ease. He could not stay to sit—had called only to make my acquaintance, and to state that he had something particular to communicate. Would I breakfast with him *a-la-fourchette* the next day, at the Hotel de Boston, just opposite? He told me he was the Commandeur de Sodré, the private Portuguese secretary of the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular war. I agreed to meet him, and about noon the next day, mounted to his apartments. I had, in the interim, found his statement correct. He had accompanied the Duke, and lived with him from the time of the campaign opening in Portugal, to the first occupation of Paris. During breakfast, he told me he was surprised I had never heard his name before, as he was so constantly with the commander-in-chief. I wondered to what all this would lead, when he entered upon the subject of the dispute between Portugal and Spain, relative to Monte Video. He alluded to the letters on the subject appearing in the "Times" on the part of Spain. He told me he wanted them answered, and put into my hands some heads for such a purpose. I remarked that they wanted strength in the arguments. The correspondence had begun by a letter signed "Philo-justitiæ," in the "Times," in reply to "A Brazilian established in London."

Whether the "Times" had refused the insertion of a reply from De Sodré, I could not tell. I suspect it was so. He wanted me to justify the occupation of Monte Video by the Portuguese government. My communications went to the "Morning Chronicle," not very con-

clusive in argument. Perry demanded and received twenty guineas for the insertion of each letter, about a column, or a little more. Negotiations were then pending in Paris, between the courts of Rio and Madrid. The former felt galled at the letters, which might not have been much to the purpose. I had no remuneration for my labours. I had, as I have done unfortunately too many times in my life, left the question, "What am I indebted to you?" to be put—it remains so to this hour. I consoled myself with the repetition of the true saying, as far as I have known the Portuguese.—"Strip a Spaniard of his virtues, he will make a good Portuguese."

But this was not the only subject upon which I had the honour of dealing with M. de Sodr . Sitting, on the evening of a burning day at Tortoni's, when the concourse of persons was great, De Sodr  came in, and turning to his private affairs, said he had a MS. he wanted me to peruse. I promised to call and see it. He placed before me a goodly heap of paper.

"That," said he, "is the private life of the Duke of Wellington, from the time I first joined him. No one knew so much of him. I was always with him in his quarters up to the treaty of Paris. I have lived in the same tent with him. I noted down everything, and there is much here of which you little dream. I think of publishing it."

"What will the Duke of Wellington say to that?"

"O, I don't care! I have no more to do with him just now. There will be no more Portuguese wars where he will be concerned."

I opened the MS., written in a difficult Portuguese

hand, not easy to decipher. It would have required leisure for me to go through the whole, and even then, not having studied the language, I might be in error in many things; but I could understand enough to see that the tittle-tattle of which it consisted, and one or two passages, would not have reflected credit on the Duke, and have furnished the enemies of that great man with something at which to throw stones. I discovered, too, that there must have been some lurking motive for desiring such a publication. I stated frankly my opinion. The Duke was, at that moment, at the head of a large army; he was a countryman who had made his way by talent and perseverance to high honours. De Sodr  had been in his confidence, and was now ready to betray it. England and the world looked upon the Duke with respect, and all Englishmen felt honoured in finding such a man in his existing position. Was it not base or worse, to endeavour to lessen the character of a great general—none being a hero to his valet. Why did De Sodr  seek to do this? Such thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, after glancing at the MS. I therefore said without preface:

“M. de Sodr , why do you wish this to be published—it seems to me there are great objections to it?”

What I imagined followed.

“The Duke has used me ill. He has refused to do me a piece of service, which a single word from him would do at any moment. A sequestration has been put upon my property at Lisbon, most wrongfully. I cannot venture there to seek redress. The French ambassador at Madrid has made his brother envoy, at Lisbon, act upon that government illegally. No in-

dividual has a chance in Portugal in such a case. I fell in love with a pretty girl here in Paris, who returned my passion. Her father was a French officer, then quartered in Corsica. He might not consent to my addresses, and the girl was not quite of age. The mother, with whom she lived, did not object, but that would not do. Finding she had not too much money, I entered into a bond to secure to the mother five thousand francs per annum for life, if she would part with her daughter. I could have married her in Portugal if I chose, not in France. She agreed, and her daughter and myself set off for Lisbon, through Spain."

They had not been many days on their journey, when the father returned from Corsica on leave, and discovered what had occurred. He immediately applied to the police for an officer to pursue his daughter, and bring her back. The officer had no authority or right to cross the Pyrenees, but he did so, perhaps secretly instructed, for it was well known who De Sodr  was. There the agent applied to the Duke de Montmorency, in Madrid, who was then the French Ambassador to Spain, and the Duke applied to the Spanish government, who ordered the young lady to be restored. Nor was this all, which shews the animus of the emigrant officials of the French government towards any one connected with the English. The Duke de Montmorency, who had no right of interference at all in any point of view, wrote to Lisbon, and got the French envoy or ambassador there, to obtain a sequestration of De Sodr 's property, without the shadow of law or justice for the act. The latter, therefore, had no resource but to return to Paris.

On his arrival, he commenced an action against the mother for breach of her agreement, and recovered his bond and expenses. He also commenced an action against the Duke de Montmorency, which was then pending ; but the Duke being absent, it was not known when the suit would be concluded, so that De Sodr  was compelled to remain in Paris, owing to acts which were clearly illegal. His return to Lisbon would be followed up by personal mischief, and a protracted suit there, which would end in the waste of nearly all the property he possessed, and might not terminate for years, with such influence against him.

The Duke of Wellington's refusal to interfere, prompted De Sodr  to publish the notes which, for four or five years, he had taken of what he had heard and seen around him in the Peninsular war. I determined that I would be no aid in what appeared at best a mean piece of revenge. I asked if the Duke knew of the existence of such a MS.

"Of course not." No man of high honour, circumstanced as the ex-secretary was, would permit himself to do such an act of revenge.

"M. de Sodr ," I observed, "the moral effect of attempting to depreciate the Duke at such a moment as the present, will fall back upon yourself. He is at the head of a hundred and fifty thousand men, potentially lord of all France, the confidant of all the sovereigns of Europe, representing England here, and crowned with hard-earned successes. He has, no doubt, his errors, as all men have, but his great actions must predominate, for they are the fruit of real talent, which is always respected. No one will credit you so much, as they will

esteem him an object of your resentment, and become incredulous, even if what you relate is all true. You will be considered a betrayer of a long confidence. Have you thought of this? Charge immoralities upon the Duke, for example, you cannot do it successfully; people will say it is not with untainted hands, and that you have not, therefore, done it with a right motive. The press which attacks, must, in such respects, be pure."

"People may call my conduct inimical. I could not marry the girl in France. After all, the Duke cannot plead my immorality in making love to one I could call my own. People in the Duke's sphere don't think much of these things. The Emperor of Russia, you and all Paris know, took off four ladies for his harem. Why will not the Duke say a word for me at Lisbon; he knows all done to my property is unlawful?"

"But recollect, M. de Sodré, the minister of police here will stop the publication of these papers. There is a strict censorship on all in the French language, and this must be translated to be published. Give out, you are going to publish such a work, and the Duke's friends may hear of it, and prevail upon him to aid you."

The truth was, I did not like to hear so great a man depreciated, if not calumniated, for things, perhaps, with which the world had nothing to do. Every true Englishman was interested in supporting the Duke's reputation, even under the weaknesses of our common nature, when his great qualities were admitted into the balance. The publication was never heard of to this hour. I found, on coming home, that De Sodré had not misrepresented himself. The Duke I learned, too, used

to make a butt of him in Spain, at table some times, for his rhodomontade stories.

“What is that you are saying, De Sodr  : another of your humbugs?”

I was present some years after this in England, when the Duke of Wellington, and a number of officers of the Artillery and Engineers, visited the premises in which the steam-gun of Perkins was first exhibited to the professional men of the army. The Duke was struck with the tremendous effect of the shot, but had not the smallest curiosity to see how the effect was produced.

“Won't your Grace walk in, and see the simple means by which the balls are thus projected?”

“No, no, I only want to see the effect. These gentlemen,” pointing to the artillery-officers, “will look to that part of the business.”

This was a trait, I have no doubt, in the Duke's character. His judgment, consummate professionally, was of a centralizing nature, and the grasp of his mind limited. He had little variety of knowledge, acquired by that sort of intuition which distinguishes some men, Bonaparte, for example, who would have looked into the principle of the machinery, and have learned it all in a moment. The Duke's mental tendency demanded that he should study, with some pains, what he wished to acquire. His mind was not so universal as that of Napoleon. It was of a narrower scope, confined to his professional career, except when he applied himself to master any particular subject, which his powerful determination soon completed. He had nothing tortuous in his character, or dealing; all was

plain and simple, marking the great mind. His perception was clear upon what he had studied, full of sound good sense in everything. He learned the Spanish language in the course of his campaigns, but in speaking French, he sometimes committed ludicrous errors, and yet he had visited France early in life. There can be no doubt that the Duke discharged the office of every great character, "mainly," as Milton says, "to raise the idea of man in the minds of his cotemporaries and posterity."

Apropos of Napoleon I., I was informed by one who well remembered him, of a characteristic anecdote. When he was of an age at which most youths think only of dress and gaiety, the following dialogue, related of him, is illustrative of his mind and manner in after years. He went to a tailor's, and addressed the man of shears with the following pithy brevity:—

"Des Culottes, mon ami?"

"Yes, Monsieur! you do me great honour. I do not think there is a tailor in the town or faubourgs that will suit you better than myself. I have made for the Count de——, for the Marshal de * * *, and for the most illustrious Effendi who lately visited us from Turkey. I had his custom (*pratique*). He required *culottes* of a vast and truly magnificent size; all the articles from my magazine fitted his excellency to a tittle; no one else could have managed as well; he declared they were superb, grand—"

"Eh, bien! je vois que vous êtes le roi des tailleurs: mais des Culottes, mon ami, à dix heures demain, et point de verbiage!"

"Monsieur will allow me to take his measure?"

"A la bonne heure."

"Very good, Monsieur! and of what stuff would Monsieur please to have them made, of what quality, and—"

"Ne vous ai-je pas dit, point de verbiage? Des Culottes, mon ami, demain à dix heures; et voilà tout."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, but the colour?"

"Tenez, Monsieur. J'ai d'autres choses à faire que de m'occuper de mes Culottes. Prenez le couleur, que vous avez donné à votre 'pratique l'Effendi,' ou sans couleur, ou toutes les couleurs; cela m'est parfaitement égal. Mais des Culottes, à dix heures demain; pas un mot de plus; ou j'envoie chercher un autre tailleur qui a peut-être moins de 'pratique,' mais certainement moins de verbiage. Je ne suis pas né pour faire la guerre avec un aussi brave tailleur que toi sur les différentes modes des Culottes. Bon jour! demain à dix heures."

Accident brought me acquainted with the individual who was despatched by Massena to Napoleon during the siege of Genoa in 1800, to give him information of his distressed situation.

"I was," said he, "in Genoa with Massena. Thirty-five thousand Austrians blockaded us by land, and the English by sea. The inhabitants were starving. Mutiny was ready to break forth. We had fed on the most disgusting food; and the garrison, consisting of twelve thousand men, was worn out with service and famine. Nothing could exceed the strictness of the blockade, and frequently the British ships came so close as to throw shells into the port. Infants expired from hunger, not able to draw nourishment from the dried-

up sources of the mother's bosom. Massena was firm ; his situation was well nigh hopeless, and were he certain of not receiving relief, would willingly spare further misery by a surrender. Courier after courier made vain attempts to pass the enemy, but both by water and land, they failed to effect a communication with Bonaparte, to convey to him the desperate situation of the garrison. Massena one day addressed me. ' Our lives depend on a communication with the First Consul. We can subsist a certain number of days, and no longer—try your best.' I set out, believing that to hold out even so long as the general said was impossible. ' Tell the First Consul,' said Massena, ' that we have beaten and foiled our enemies in a state of famine and misery—there are nine of their colours.' He pointed at them with an air of triumph that had an effect upon my ardent feelings I shall never forget. I caught a portion of his enthusiasm, and declared my determination to try my fortune. In the dead of a gloomy night, I succeeded in getting beyond the enemy's lines, creeping on all fours, close to a sentinel ; and, by a circuitous route, I ultimately reached Lausanne, where Bonaparte then was. ' How long can he hold out ?' he asked me, hastily. I told him what Massena had said, but that I did not conceive it possible. ' But he will,' said the First Consul ; ' very well. By the 29 Prairial, I shall have beaten the enemy, and Genoa will be free.' At this moment, Bonaparte was at Lausanne ; he had to pass the Alps by St. Bernard, the strong fortress of Bar, the Tesin, and the Po, swollen by the melting of the snows—in short, what to my mind and those of any other man, were obstacles no skill could surmount in

the time. Feeling for the misery of the garrison, I ventured to say, 'General Consul, you have heretofore made us familiar with miracles, but I fear for the truth of your prediction that Genoa will have fallen.' He replied, 'That is my affair, Sir; you may retire.' I saw Massena and his attenuated garrison, scarcely captived, and then set free within the time above-named."

My visits to the environs of Paris were early. I saw Versailles and St. Cloud unchanged, exactly as Louis XVI. had left the former, since furnished. The marble court was desolate, the noble apartments empty. The opera-house coloured purple and gold, was left as when visited by the dissipated Marie Antoinette and her weak-minded consort. Babylon was not more deserted. The marble court, looking up to the balcony, where the queen appeared with the dauphin, when La Fayette kissed her hand before the mob beneath, and hushed it into respect, looked solitary and forsaken. In the desolate, dusty, void, apartments where I trod, echo, speaking from the naked walls of the immense edifice, told of the ball and supper so imprudently given there, to stimulate the guards against the Parisians, to the music of "*O, Richard! O, mon Roi!*" all coloured with the madness that blinds before destruction.

I spent many lone hours thinking of human destinies even among the highest on that celebrated spot. One day, I had walked for an hour on the terrace; the weather was sultry, the clouds portended a thunder-storm, and large rain-drops were falling. Being near the bronze statues and water-pipes, I thought the electric fluid might be attracted to them, and sought security in the deserted palace. They let me into the

beautiful chapel, where, leaning on the white marble balustrades which encircle the higher part, and thinking how time had swept away the arrogant founder, the most tremendous thunder I ever heard shook the palace to its foundations. The lightning, backed by clouds as black as ebony, illumined the building, and shrieks were heard along the passages. These proceeded from several terrified ladies, driven in for shelter. Some had fainted :—my reverie on the past became lost in the present. The storm soon subsided, and in an hour or two the atmosphere was perfectly serene. “A faithful picture of the revolution,” thought I, as I took leave of Versailles for the last time.

I found the catacombs open at that period, which have been since closed for so many years. They were the excavations formed when the stone was cut of which Paris is built. I cannot describe the impression they made on my mind. Millions of human remains, the population of Paris thrice told, were there. What was the history of each individual, his passions, hopes, fears, pleasures, pains, virtues, vices, actions in life, and circumstances in death—who could tell, yet such things must have concerned them all ! The selfish interests of the ecclesiastics had been made to yield to the revolution. Dreadful fevers haunted the vicinity of the church burying-places. They were shut up, and the remains of the dead removed here. I descended a stone staircase, near the Barrier d’Enfer, to the depth of sixty feet. Proceeding a short distance, “l’Empire de la mort” met my sight engraved in plain letters. The relics of mortality had been thrown in promiscuously, and afterwards arranged. Thousands of skulls grinned in the

ace of the spectator, piled in rows upon either side, and others formed altars and columns. The sides of the passages were panelled with bones. Some pillars had capitals or crowns, in which were the hollows, "where eyes did once inhabit," of the young and beautiful, of the decrepid and aged, of those who had loved and hated, and all senseless. Room after room, passage after passage, were thus passed by torchlight. It was a most striking scene, sufficiently humiliating to human pride. The allied princes, who led the invading armies, descended here—did it not strike them how dear they must be to the King of Terrors at their favourite game of strewing the earth with similar remains; it was a natural site for them. The ghastliness of these gloomy abodes must have made them feel this; unless, indeed, princes are the most obdurate of mortals. There was an album kept for inscriptions and names. It was remarked that few Parisian names were found in it; it did not please the citizens. A Frenchman observed, that they only loved what was pleasing, "*Ce peuple léger n'aime à voir que ce qui lui fait naître l'idée du plaisir.*" Why these chambers of death were closed up, I believe in 1819 or 1820, I have never heard explained.

Napoleon encouraged everything connected with science. There were numerous little theatres where philosophical experiments were shown, such as we have, on a larger scale, at the Polytechnic in Regent Street. It was in one of these I first saw a galvanic pendulum, which had vacillated for two years without interruption, and an automaton bugle-horn blower. I imagined a pipe through the floor communicated with the instru-

ment, but it was not so. The figure was removed to convince me. It blew on a bugle a military call with perfect correctness at the full pitch of the instrument.

Balloons, too, were the rage. Madame Garnerin made ascents from Tivoli. I saw a man ascend on a platform of wicker-work astride upon a tame stag, called Azof, which they had also taught to walk the tight-rope. I met with Madame Garnerin, superintending the repair of her balloon in one of the lower halls of the Louvre. She was a pleasant, communicative woman. I had the week before been sipping wine with a friend, near an open window, on the south side of the Boulevards. The sky was perfectly clear. I saw a balloon high in the air, and attached to it below, an appendage I could not make out. I had scarcely called my friend's attention to it, when something fell, I should imagine two or three hundred yards, and then came to the earth gradually. It was the first parachute-descent I ever saw. I asked Madame Garnerin if she did not feel nervous and fearful that the parachute might not unfold. She replied not the least, and that the descent was agreeable rather than otherwise. Poor lady! she ascended one evening with fireworks, which in exploding, set the balloon in a blaze. She was precipitated on the roof of a house in one of the streets under Montmartre, and rebounding from the elasticity of the roofing under her weight, falling from such a height, was thrown over the parapet of a high house upon the pavement in front, mangled and dead. Some persons reported that she shrieked when she came upon the roof.

How many pleasant hours, in those times, have I spent in the Louvre, where, in spite of the cross-lights,

the pictorial sentiment is always clear, if the colour is seen to no advantage ! How often I stood, forty years ago, before Poussins's "Deluge," and admired the adaptation of the idea to the subject, a point in which so many artists fail ! How different from the artist who represented the Magi presenting the infant Saviour with a Dutch seventy-four ! The serpent creeping up the rocks to escape the inundation, I thought was a happy accessory. The whole tone of the picture, so suited to the subject, that it seemed the exact hue of a great tragedy—like the gloom of the human mind under some calamitous pressure. I was not partial to the Luxembourg Rubens placed here ; they have all too much manner. I am not skilled enough to judge the merit of this artist's high colouring. Few of my countrymen, I observed, noticed the "Deluge." The paintings of Rubens were the fancy of nine-tenths of them. High art is not for the many, and never will be. It may vanish from the world as the standard of taste lowers, until it is past all hope of revival. The taste of the multitude must have a corresponding art, and this might not be mischievous, but that it stifles all which rises beyond the same mediocre level. Horace Vernet was then a favourite ; the French David was an exile in Belgium—but his name belongs to perished years.

"What is the Holy Ampoule?" I said one day to a friend, as we were promenading the Louvre, "the papers are filled with references to it, and lamentations about its loss."

"Oh," he replied, "one of those Bourbon fooleries which render priestcraft so ridiculous. The Ampoule is a sort of holy bottle, not for wine, but oil. It was

used in crowning our kings, from time immemorial. There was oil enough and to spare, though where it came from nobody could tell. At the Revolution, the Holy bottle was thrown away ; fractured in short, with other miserable relics of superstition."

"How are we to anoint the king?" became the ecclesiastical difficulty.

At Rheims, the bishops laid their heads together, because the oil should be of the right sort, some of that which had anointed a long succession from Charlemagne. At length, it was discovered, or affirmed to be so, which is all the same, that when the precious relics at Rheims were demolished, a fragment of the Holy bottle was picked up with a drop or two of oil, of the time of Charlemagne, adhering to it, by a pious antiquary of Rheims. This fragment, the oil miraculously fluid still, was placed at the disposal of the mitres to whose care the religious part of the ceremony was attached. They settled in conclave that it was a special interference of Heaven that the fragment and drops had been preserved for so many years for the coronation of such a saint as Louis XVIII. of the name. They agreed, after much discussion, that the two drops of the genuine should be mingled with fresh oil, to which it would impart its traditional virtue. Then arose the question whether the added oil should be consecrated or not, or whether it did not rather derive sufficient virtue from the original particles thus introduced into it. How this was settled, nobody knows. The ancestral virtue of the oil was, at all events, restored to gladden the hearts of the good citizens of Rheims, and to enable the church to shew how miracles are yet worked in its favour. How the Emperor Napoleon

managed his bedaubing, I never heard ; perhaps he was contented with the pure oil of the south of his realm, instead of the miraculous drops which anointed Charlemagne. Such doings as these may be truly called the comedy of religion.

Old Mezeray has a curious passage from which it would appear we too had a hand either in that Holy bottle, or one of the same kind. He writes, "the English said this Ampoule, with the holy oil, was of lapis lazuli, and was brought by the Virgin Mary to St. Thomas of Canterbury, while he took refuge in France, and on the top was a golden eagle enriched with pearls and diamonds."

I have alluded to the enactment regarding the transmission of English newspapers into French hands, and mentioned it as penal. On the other hand, I made inquiry as to the reported forgery of assignats in this country, another notable scheme concocted here to embarrass the French finances. I found it true. Nor is this all. Accident revealed to me the name of the agent in the transaction, a Birmingham solicitor, who is but recently deceased, at a very advanced age. The forged assignats were made by a man called Obadiah Westwood, who was pensioned, died, and is interred at Litchfield. Thus, while we were executing people here for forging or uttering forged notes to the value of twenty shillings, we were committing a crime to distress innocent people, for the loss would in no way fall on the French government. Nor is this all ; the instrument of the forgery of the assignats, it was desirable should not be enabled to testify to the fact, and in order to keep him to secrecy, the same Birmingham agent under-

took to get Westwood to forge a Bank of England note for fifty pounds, under the pretence of showing with what ease so clumsy a note might be imitated. The thing was easily done, and taken by the unsuspecting tool to his employer. Westwood's life was now in the power of that agent, and it was proposed to prosecute him to conviction, when the partner of the agent declared, that if so monstrous a thing were attempted, he would dissolve partnership and proclaim the facts to the whole world. Then Westwood was pensioned. I knew the principal in the affair by sight. I had seen him, the prosecutor to death of poor miserable creatures in Warwickshire on government account, and had I known the whole tale of the assignats at the time, I should have seen him with still more distaste—he died rich, and what many call “respectable.”

The political state of France, at this time, when occupied by foreign armies, it would be difficult to describe, besides that now it would be a matter of small interest. I observed on the part of the people, none of that implacable hatred, I had been led to believe they bore towards England, a notion, carefully inculcated here, keep alive the spirit which commenced with the Duke of Brunswick's invasion, to support the princes and obtain, in return, a portion of the French territory. I saw that, while tired of war, and the harassing effect of the conscription through the ambition of Napoleon, the French people never would be reconciled to the Bourbon rule. They viewed the princes of that house with contempt, and there was then so large a portion of the population alive, that had lived under the old *régime*, and remembered its inflictions, that the equal laws and social

rights, introduced subsequently, were too precious to be resigned for that power in the ruler, which, unlike the grasp of Napoleon for his belligerent objects, would be felt in the remotest privacy of domestic life.

France was too far advanced to be governed by mockery again. She had a large enlightened manufacturing population, the creation of the revolution. Purchasers of the national domains feared for their property, and all who were not immediate gainers by Napoleon, desired only peace, security from heavy conscriptions, and that even distribution of justice between man and man, which then existed. I visited the cotton-manufactories, as well as those of silk and woollen, the latter at Elbœuf. Their products, much dearer than our own, were excellent in quality; and at Darnetal, in Normandy, I found the progress in some branches of the manufacture, as in dying, superior to our own productions. Normandy was exceedingly well cultivated, but in most other parts of France, agriculture was much behind that province, and in some places very primitive in the eyes of one accustomed to English neatness and economy. The vineyards were, of course, a new feature to me, and a source of great profit as well as employment to the rural population. In both manufactures and agriculture, the present state of things must be greatly in advance of that time.

The Duke de Richelieu was then minister, one of the most enlightened of the returned nobles, with much more enlarged views than any of the other emigrants. The Duke de Cazes was at the head of the police, with which the hostile armies in no way interfered. The names of Grammont and Dillon recalled individuals of the olden time, who now passed in the world little noted.

Marbois, and some other political characters, who had a share in the existing government just before, were still on the scene, but many then, near the horizon of existence, had soon afterwards set for ever. On looking back at the waste and devastation caused by the attempt to force back the Bourbons on France, the treasure and lives, squandered in that unjustifiable operation, and its ultimate ill success, one is more than ever convinced that an immoral cause, no matter how speciously enveloped in the sophistry of politicians who live upon untenable precedent, is certain, in the end, to be defeated, and to bring calamity, or humiliation, upon those who uphold it.

Finally, I quitted France with regret. I had gone over with many of the prejudices of my countrymen. I returned without any. I was fully persuaded that France and England had much to learn from each other to mutual advantage ; that we had commenced an unjust war in 1793 ; that it was not a war of the people, but of rulers in defence of unhallowed power, of passive obedience to kings against the people, however that motive might latterly be disclaimed. I had no doubt, too, that with all its horrors exacerbated so pressingly from without the Gallic borders, by those who lusted for parts of her territories, France gained by her revolution in better rule and freedom from the law of a single will, by the security of property to the humblest, and in those general lights of which, under the Bourbons, they had not a vestige. Despite all the restless changes of the last thirty years, there had been an invincible revulsion against the Bourbon family, inherited from past recollections, and for ever fatal to its future hopes.

I returned by Dieppe, where I was wind-bound four or five days. I have spoken of meeting Spencer Smith, then on his way to Caen. There, too, I met General Arabin, after returning from an early morning visit to the Chateau d'Arques, full of the wars of the League. All was silent there now. No cannon projected from the shattered walls to thunder upon another League. Calm and smiling peace existed where "despair and honourable death" had strewed the ensanguined valley. The birds were singing sweetly. It was difficult to conceive that cannon making gaps there in the forces of the League, could ever have been more than a poet's dream. A brother of Colonel Congreve, who was the rocket improver, lodged at Arques. His servant wanted me to call upon him, but I declined. General Arabin I knew as one who had long vegetated in the fashionable world. He was then in the vale of years. No one acquainted with the history of George III. and Queen Charlotte's court, or with the Prince of Wales's later years, but must remember the general, who wrote prologues and epilogues for Lord and Lady performers, and was ever at the royal parties. He told me he hardly knew where he was going—anywhere for a change. At breakfast, I learned from him that the Prince Regent and he were no longer friends. Being an older General than the Duke of Wellington, he had applied to go to Belgium, and serve under the Duke, but met with a refusal, which, had the Prince Regent been as fine a character as Prince Hal, would have reminded me of the treatment of Falstaff by the latter ; but George IV. was no equal to Prince Hal, while the General was somewhat of a better character than Falstaff. One thing led

to another ; I told him I had been nearly three years in France, what I had been about, and that I was going home. He then told me he was composing his own memoirs, and the history of his intercourse with the Prince of Wales. I could discover there was much bitterness in his observations upon the Prince's conduct towards him, and as Brummel termed it that he had "cut the prince entirely." The friendship of princes, he said, was no more than a figure of speech. I told him that was a lesson three thousand years old.

"Yes," said he, "but all men hope they are exceptions to all men." He told me he had gone closely into the prince's character, public and private, and given many curious anecdotes of his royal highness and his brothers. He had filled a pretty thick MS. volume, which he showed me. If never published, and I do not recollect seeing it advertised, the work must still be in existence, perhaps in the hands of the General's executors. The passage, he read, gave no more exalted character of princely morals than was already known.

I sailed from Dieppe one evening. It came on to blow so hard after a stormy night, that the passengers could not get into the boat to land at Brighton. I contrived to scramble into that of the Customs, in a tumbling sea, and we were hauled up through the surf, which drenched us to the skin. The packet with the rest of the passengers and my baggage, bore away for Newhaven. On approaching London, the wind blowing from that quarter, I smelled the London odour tainted with the coal-smoke some miles distant, having been so long in a purer air. When a boy in the West of England, I could always distinguish a London letter

by the same kind of odour on putting it to the nose. I left town in a few days for Clifton, and then went into Warwickshire. I found that in my notes, on the continent, tourists had anticipated me during my absence as already stated, and I laid them by as useless. Cares now seemed at once to come upon me on the English side of the channel, from which for three years I had been free. My diurnal task, for two years, completed in Paris, I was as light-hearted as a Frenchman. Even my pillow, seemed harder in England when I happened to lie sleepless. I began to glide into the sombre. Hopes seemed less bright, and pleasures more alloyed. There must be really something in our atmosphere more heavy and joy-killing than in that on the continent.

CHAPTER IV.

ON my return to England, I first called on Dr. Wolcot. I found him little, if anything, altered; his faculties unclouded, and his conversation as piquant as ever. He once pulled off his wig, when I happened to be there. His head might have well served Gall and Spurzheim for the study of their whimsicalities. It was exceedingly fine. When young, he must have been very handsome. One of his sisters, whom I well remember, had the same fine features; both were of dark complexion.

I went into Warwickshire, after publishing one or two translations from Körner; the song, "Men and Boys," was one of them. Leamington was then rising into notice. A fine hotel was building, and having an invitation to dine on the opening of the Bedford Arms, to meet Dr. Parr, he invited me to Hatton, of which invitation I did not hesitate to avail myself. I stopped a gap perchance here, in default of an editorship, filling that office for some months. There was an election at Warwick. The interest of the Warwick family could only return one member in place of two, the liberals having succeeded in getting in their nominee. Dr. Parr rode in from Hatton in the most extraordinary costume I ever remember, a dressing-gown under his coat, a

large wig and clerical hat over all, with one spur, boot, stockings, and his servant well-mounted riding before, in place of behind his master.

“Well, Mr. Redding, it is all right. I think it useful that the aristocracy should not have it all their own way. Now my friend, Jack Toms, is returned for the borough with Sir Charles Greville; things are as they should be. I have no objection to the castle interest returning one member. I respect our old families.” He added, “It is a triumph no doubt for the people here, who can hardly be said to have been represented before. Who are you going to dine with to-morrow?”

“I don't know. I have invitations from both members.”

“Come with me; we will dine with Sir Charles Greville. I wish him to see that there is nothing personal towards himself in the course we have pursued. He is an excellent man.”

“He should have been Lord Warwick, in place of his brother; he would have been a very popular Tory nobleman.”

The next day, we both dined with Sir Charles. The party under twenty. As we were going, the Doctor said, “the Castle has had a proper lesson in the return; I like the aristocracy if it will keep within its proper limits.” When dinner was over, and two or three glasses of wine had gone round, the Doctor asked permission to have his pipe, saying he would go and sit by the chimney and take care the smoke went up; the Prince of Wales had allowed him his pipe at Carlton House. He was in one of his best humours. Parr's appearance, when dressed for dinner,

was well becoming a divine of the old school. His huge cauliflower-wig overshadowed his bushy eyebrows, and his cheeks swelled out at times when retaining the smoke, while he paused to make a rejoinder to some remark from another. Then the smoke was puffed forth in a volcanic cloud, and the doctor replied, or gave a learned dissertation upon the subject agitated. His mind was a vast magazine of information;—it was overfilled. Politics, of course, were not the topic on such an occasion at Sir Charles's table, but the antiquities of the vicinity. The Avon, which the doctor classed with the more celebrated rivers of antiquity, and the information that the name signified only a river in the old language of the country, and therefore that it should have the prefix of Shakspeare to discriminate it, as there were several Avons. Quotations from Horace, in relation to his repasts, and the pleasure derived from knowing how our species lived in private life two thousand years ago, were touched upon. A love of the classics was second nature to Parr. He infused that love into his friends and pupils—that love which is now fast dying away among us. When a nation begins to descend in literature, it commences by neglecting that of the past, until it comes to regard it with revulsion, tolerating only the present, as most congenial to its own descent. When Parr talked, all were eager listeners. His manner, when overbearing, most probably arose from his early occupation of instructing youth, but his general manner was mild, and even condescending. That he could thunder upon an occasion is well known, but I never saw a specimen of his excitement. At Hatton, he did not dress until dinner-time. I often found him in

his library of a morning, in complete *dishabille*, in a dressing-gown and slippers, a velvet cap on his head, and his everlasting pipe. Though utterly regardless of his toilet on getting up, he prepared for dinner with care. His last operation was to take, or order his favourite servant, Sam, to bring his awful wig. Three or four of those wigs stood ready dressed in a line near the foot of the stairs at Hatton, upon stands, or blocks. When dressed, the change from his *dishabille* wonderfully altered his appearance. I have seen him with his pipe at five o'clock in the morning in his garden during summer. There was a summer-house in which he smoked, when some one read to him, and if the weather was warm, one side of this house, looking upon a grassy spot where his horses fed, the animals would often push in their heads if the window were open, as if to inhale a little of the smoke. The people used to call that summer-house the "Lion's den." Sheridan, Fox, Erskine, Mackintosh, Burdett, the Bishop of Cloyne, and a host of great names, had been received in that little place. I found there once a son of the Bishop of Durham, reading latin to the doctor. When I came in, he ordered the youth away, saying, "Mr. R. and I are going to have a little talk on politics."

His love of the simple manners of the old days was strong. He would go into the kitchen about once in a month, and smoke his pipe by the fire, making Jack Bartlam, as he called the Rev. John Bartlam, of Alcester, go with him—"now this is the way our old-fashioned clergy lived." He would not let the servants go away. Another custom of his was, never to let a beggar pass his door without giving him something. When with

out small change, he would go to his cook, and send out a hearty luncheon by her hands. The livery of his servants was unostentatious, but made of the best material. If an inferior sort were offered by the tradesman, he would often buy it for himself, but his servants must have the best. His favourite servant, Sam, he told me was a high Tory in politics; "he is a good servant, what a pity we should differ?" Sam was not overstocked with wisdom, and would debate stoutly with his master at times, when he knew he might do so to the Doctor's amusement. Parr was under the middle height in stature, square and strongly built, his body large in proportion to his lower limbs. His eyes were grey, of the middling size, and sparkled to the last when animated in conversation. The back part of his head was massy and capacious, his forehead full. His characteristic benevolence appeared most in his mode of life. He was remarkable for his kindness to his friends, neighbours, and servants, rendering them all the good in his power. He lisped a little in speaking. He drank seldom more than half a dozen glasses of wine, but he fed largely, rather than choicely, when at a dinner-party, or with a friend. It was singular that when alone, he scarcely eat at all, or satisfied himself with a mouthful of any thing that fell in his way. His stomach was strong, and his digestive powers excellent. When fish was on the table, where there was shrimp-sauce, the moment the fish was removed, he would pour out the sauce on his plate and eat it, and this down to the last years of his life. Six or eight persons were his favourite number at table. It was seldom known at Hatton how many would dine. I have sat down with

eight or nine, when he imagined Mrs. Parr and myself were to be his only guests. The copiousness of his information, the clearness, and order of his language, were remarkable, but the latter was too formal. He was not a mere "verb and noun man," as some have erroneously said, nor did he parade his learning ostentatiously. He had read almost every English writer of note, besides the ancient classics, which he knew so critically. He did not display his classical knowledge in mixed society. With the right kind of company, he overflowed with this knowledge and learned lore. His manner of speaking, and putting things was peculiar, and more remarkable than his matter; those of course died with him, and cannot be described. He regarded our sanguinary law with indignation. Placed in the witness-box at the assizes, on a life and death case, when he had given his evidence, he began to lecture the judge and court. "Go down, Dr. Parr, go down!" said the judge. "I will go down, my lord, I will go down, I will go out of this slaughter-house as fast as I can." Preaching the assize-sermon, he took for his text, "God shall smite thee thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law." He partook, with his friend Romilly, in the condemnation of our sanguinary code, now so wisely ameliorated. I mentioned to him a trial then coming on for seditious libel. He said "Mr. Redding, they might as well try to scare the thunder with the attorney-general's parchments, as think to suppress obnoxious truths with penalties." A storm was passing at the time. "The pen must conquer. I have made men tremble with it—I made Windham. You remember the fate of poor

Joseph Gerald, tried for sedition by slavish Scotchmen. He had been a pupil of mine. Poor Gerald acted unwisely, imprudently. Those Scotch judges would have done anything acceptable to power. Gerald was at large on bail, but I knew from high quarters, and from some of my friends, that he must expect no mercy. I knew how to get money to save his bail. I urged him to leave the country, and suffer me to manage the rest. He knew he might depend upon me. Had I reduced myself to pauperism, I would have saved him. Our conversation took place at the residence of Sir James Mackintosh. Gerald hesitated, and replied, "No, there are others who must stand at the bar with me—I led them into it. Did I stand alone in the matter, I would fly. Honour forbids my doing so." He went to trial, and you know the result. I raised some money for him, but he was needlessly, and without reason, hurried on shipboard. I, and one or two others of his friends wished to communicate with him, and to send him some necessaries, but even a communication by letter was denied us. When I found such atrocious conduct, so useless in every way to the ends of justice, if the sentence had been just, such a ferocious determination to be barbarous, I sate up all night and wrote a letter six sides long to Windham. I never wrote anything so severe before or since. You know I can do this. I sent off the letter, to which I never got a reply, but an order to permit a communication was given. Windham and I were never friends afterwards. It was the last thing I could do in Gerald's behalf. Windham must have felt I stung him—I hope he did feel—if he could ever feel anything, for he was a hard-hearted man. A

trait in this opprobrious persecution must be mentioned in one of the counsel for the prosecution. When the trial was over, the crown prosecutor went to Gerald, and asked him if he had done or said anything to complain of, in regard to his conduct in the proceedings. Gerald replied in the negative, that he could not have acted in a less offensive manner. On retiring, he put his purse into Gerald's hand, but though moneyless, Gerald was too proud to accept the tender.

It was in the library at Hatton the Doctor related the circumstances. I remember standing with my elbow on the chimney-place, and the fire scorched me, but I could not move away I was so interested by the peculiar mode in which Parr told the tale, by his indignant manner, and reprobation of the Scotch judges. One of these had notoriously prejudged the case, by saying in a public company before the trial that, besides fourteen years' transportation, the offenders ought to be publicly flogged. This person's name was Clerk. The crime was advocating Parliamentary Reform.

Parr drew my attention very awkwardly on entering his church one Sunday morning, while he was reading the lessons ; for he stopped and fixed the eyes of the whole congregation upon myself and a lady, who was my companion, by saying to his servant, " Sam, show that lady and gentleman into my pew." In reading the lessons, when he came to a wrong translation in a passage, he would stop and say, this is not correctly translated ; it should have been rendered so and so, or " This passage has a different meaning from the original. I would not have you in error about anything, my good parishioners." In reading the proclamation against

vice and immorality, he began—it was about the time of Queen Caroline's prosecution—"My beloved brethren, you must not be deceived in anything. I am going to read the king's proclamation against vice and immorality. You will take notice that it is not issued in his Majesty's private character, but in that of a ruler and king; it has nothing to do with his Majesty as a private individual."

He rebuked me for calling the Athanasian creed damnable—"damnatory, you mean, Mr. Redding, that we say, perhaps we mean the same." He was much attached to his little church, and loved to sit and listen to the bells. He was only a perpetual curate. When the owner of the living came, for a short time annually, who was a Bristol clergyman, the doctor contrived to be absent on a journey; and, when he returned, he would address his parishioners: "If you have heard any peculiar religious opinions during my absence, forget them." He would have common names used, in place of the more refined. I heard a lady ask for asparagus, "No Madam," said Parr, "sparrowgrass if you please." I observed that he pronounced some old words in both the recognised modes *Alexandria*, and *Alexandriā*, *Euphrātēs*, and *Euphrātēs*, but he had Milton for an authority in the latter case. He told me to see Italy, he had often wished it, but could never find leisure. No one should die without seeing it—go, go! I was acquainted with his friends the Bartlams, one of whom, the Rev. John, died suddenly in Harley-street, an excellent divine and good scholar. After his death, Parr had an empty chair put in his old place at the table, on the days he used to come over from Alcester to dine. Bartlam's

death was a great shock to him; he never resumed his former cheerfulness afterwards. I attended what he called his "Maypole day." It began at one o'clock, and terminated between eight and nine. The ladies, who were visitors, dined with him in his library.

I knew the Rev. Mr. Field, who wrote Parr's life, and attended his funeral; he died at the age of eighty-five, in August, 1851, near Leamington. He was a descendant of the Cromwell family, and a dissenting clergyman, whom Parr desired might be one of his pall-bearers, and "no high church pride to be shown on the occasion." I believe I was a kind of favourite with Parr. Not a year before he died, I had agreed to spend ten days with him at Hatton. The first Mrs. Parr I never knew, nor had any desire to know; she was a dreadful vixen. The second was a quiet, agreeable lady, of amiable manners, without any extraordinary intellectual pretensions.

Parr was a good economist. If there were to be only four at table, he ordered his cook to prepare, for that number, something plain and good. A friend or two would drop in, and then he would go to his cook and order something additional, and was often obliged to do this two or three times. The turnpike-tolls fell off after his decease, on that part of the road, so numerous were those who called at Hatton to visit or compliment its curate. Some came from America, France, and the German states. In the course of a conversation about Arius and Athanasius, in which I said that the latter had killed Arius, or something like it, Parr went into the whole affair at once, but had not proceeded far before he recollected he must visit the cook, for the day was drawing on. While he was absent, I scrawled the following lines. Dr. Parr in soliloquy :

“More coming to dine?” Then a pipe-puff and wink—
“There’s Cormouls from Tanworth—there’s you—
I must step to the cook—there’s Jack Bartlam, I think,
And there’s whimsical Arthur, that’s two—
There’s Kendal* from Warwick; we shall eight be at table.
I must punish economy harder,
I must! Yes, to the cook, and see if she’s able
To add a fresh dish from the larder—
I’ll be back in a moment, and end the dispute
About Athanasius, whom you make a brute!”

The doctor laughed. Then puffed away, gave a whole history of Athanasius and Arius off-hand. He then reproved me for speaking disrespectfully of some of the fathers, [but all in good humour, and we had an uncommonly pleasant day. When I quitted the county, to go to Hatton and take leave was an imperious duty. I found Parr from home. I left a note, as I expected to have gone again to the continent. He wrote me in his illegible hand.

“Hatton, June 18, 1820.

“Dear Mr. Redding,

“I thank you much for sending me the ‘Globe.’ I haven’t had time yet to read the correspondence between Murat and Talleyrand, and during the confusion of preparing a catalogue of my library, I have put it by in some place where, in my present hurry, I know not the place to look for them. I must thank you for giving them to me, and they shall be treasured as a keepsake.

* Rev. Mr. Kendall.

Most heartily do I wish health and happiness to you. If I am alive when you return to England, I hope you will come and spend a week or ten days with me.

“ I am,

“ Dear Sir,

“ S. PARR.

“ To Mr. Redding, with Dr. Parr's best respects and kindest wishes.”

I saw him for the last time, in that row of low brick houses, a little westward of St. George's Hospital, facing Hyde Park. I sat an hour or two with him, talking of the change of the times, from those when Priestly was persecuted at Birmingham, and the walls were chalked with “ no philosophers.” I asked if he was not afraid, especially as the mob was directed in its outrages by those who knew better. He said that he had a horse ready in his stable, and some friends who would have given him timely information. Twenty miles, even for a mad mob, were rather a long march to burn a poor parson's house. He should have lost his library, and that would have been a sad thing, but it could not be helped. The mob only ‘ talked ’ of proceeding to Hatton. He was the friend of Priestly, and they could never make him otherwise by intimidation. If Priestly's political or religious tenets were opposed to those of the church of England, his great scientific attainments and their utility, should have saved him from such usage. He said he dared the storm. If they burned his house, so far from changing his sentiments by that, they would have strengthened them. I promised to visit Warwickshire again, and bidding him farewell, saw him no

more. With many little weaknesses, he was the most Christian man I ever knew; charity was his prominent virtue.

The Reverend Robert Bland, of Kenilworth, that excellent scholar, editor of the Greek anthology, I used to meet at Hatton, but his duties prevented frequent visits. He died in the prime of life, about the same time as Parr.

The Reverend Mr. Cormouls was another clergyman with whom I was acquainted there. He lived at Tanworth, and had in early life been in the service of the East India Company. His parish was retired, and he was much attached to it. The church was on the summit of a hill. He was like a father to his parishioners, and his knowledge, acquired in the world and abroad, enabled him to render kind services to the poor. He made up and supplied them with simple medicines, and put an end to their quarrels and disputes. He was an excellent horticulturist. He published a book containing some crotchety ideas of his own respecting the laws of motion. Robust of constitution, he used to plunge into a deep pond in one of his fields every morning, and dive from end to end. His sermons were plain and practical, well adapted to the capacity of his country hearers. He abhorred polemical discussions and theological hair-splitting. Parr declared him one of the most honest and useful clergymen he knew. "He loves his parish as well as I do mine." I published two letters to the doctor on the game laws, while I was in the country. The following communication from that worthy clergyman makes mention of them I had promised to visit him.

“Dear Sir,

I do not lament your non-arrival, because I have the pleasure to come, and should now, perhaps, have been on the point of losing it; beside, possibly each may have more and more interesting matter to communicate next Saturday I hope.

“I admire your just and manly compliment to our friend, Dr. Parr, and your luminous and able law history and deductions from the game-laws. Your remedy is certainly an improvement upon the existing laws. But there is now an additional grievance upon the community in some districts, that I think will be likely, like many other grievances, to supply the means of its own cure. The game on some estates is eating a fourth of the husbandman's crop, to his own ruin and the public privation. The question will arise whether the land is to be considered as the supporter of game or man, and which shall be reckoned the most valuable creature. If the philosophers carry the point, of the equal animality of the two species, I vote for the preservation of the game and the destruction of man, who if more powerful, is the more miserable of the two, and, therefore, it is but wise to kill off as many of the species as are unnecessary to the preservation of hares, partridges, and pheasants from foxes and weasels. This being the employ to which the great so willingly devote themselves, and they of necessity being the wisest, because they are the first of their kind, the earth should be appropriated to the support of game alone, and a suitable number of sportsmen. Seriously, however, think all game beyond the precincts of a gentleman's own demesne, which ought not to be more than from five

hundred to two thousand acres, should be of public right. All game captured within these limits, which should be publicly marked by notices, should be a felony *ad valorem*.

“I have been thinking of, but have not yet matured my plan, of fowl and game-farms. Perhaps the latter may be impracticable; if not, it may come to the price per weight of the former, for it costs no more to rear. The other and heavier business I have just now on the anvil, may overthrow my consideration of this subject entirely. But I have no objection to communicate my conceptions to any who may think it an object worth pursuit.

“My best respects to Mr. S.; I shall be happy if the old gentleman, or any of the young ones will accompany you and your horse or horses. If you come on horseback, when you reach Hockley, turn down the road for Stratford, and the first lane or turn to the right, about three hundred yards from Hockley House, is the turn for Tanworth. Keep that lane for about a quarter of a mile, and turn down the greater and plainer road to the left, and it will bring you to Umberslade Park gate. Skirt the outside of the park till, through an opening, you see the church, which will be your guide. This opening is about a mile and a quarter from the park lower gate.

“If you come on foot, make the most practicable way you can see from Umberslade House, a large house like Stoneleigh Abbey. Having attained that, the church will guide you.

“Your ever well wisher, and much obliged servant,
Tanworth, June 5, 1820. THOMAS CORMOULS.”

While at Tanworth, we had some conversation on what concerns all men in every nation, that of which so many only talk. In that day, there was less clerical priggery, little Roman tendency, no sermonising nor authorship on walls placarded with play-bills and quack advertisements—that is, there was less religious and literary trading, and I believe more disinterested principle. We had often discussions on religious topics, on differences in creeds, and the various dogmas put forth. His last note to me concluded thus:—

“With respect to the life to come, the notices of it are clear in Socrates and Pythagoras, in the Chinese and Gentoo moralists also, independent of Scripture. Indeed, those of the two last are but the old patriarchal religion or that of tradition, at least of the *consensus hominum*. For the greatest question that lies against Scripture is not whether its generals of hopes are sound and its duties right, but whether its histories were not compiled and suited to the principles. Now, prophecy and the sublime character of the completer of Scripture, answer this; but more on this subject at another time and occasion.

“In the mean time, to live happily, live within your power, keep money in your pocket, live as in the Lord’s flock and pasture, and the knowledge of His presence and intentions will come of their own accord, and increase to your last day.”

I well remember neither he nor Parr would tolerate the Pagan introduction of the word altar, as applied to the communion-table. “It was a table, Madam, a

table," said Parr to a lady, "it was such a thing as a supper is taken upon—led to the altar, Madam, led to the fiddlestick. Led to the altar, Madam, is not a proper phrase to describe marriage, although marriage is in our church a Christian rite, we have no Pagan altars."

Dr. Wade, called afterwards in London, the "radical Doctor," vicar of St. Nicolas, Warwick, was a pupil of Parr's, who designated him as "whimsical Arthur," a term which was exemplified in his subsequent life. I became acquainted with him in Warwickshire. His family was one of reputation. His father I well recollect, a respectable justice of the peace, who executed his duties in a considerate and honourable manner. He healed disputes, and never bore hard upon the poor. He had two sons, the elder brought up to the church, died several years before the Doctor, having a living in Shropshire. Dr. Wade was sent to sea in early life, as a midshipman, and was in the *Immortalité* frigate, Commodore Owen, in active service off Boulogne, while the flotilla was preparing; the frigate was often a mark for French shells. One burst over Wade's head among the rigging, and getting leave to come home soon afterwards, he brought with him a couple of the jagged ugly-looking splinters. His mother, most attached to her younger son, would not let him go again to sea, and it was determined to fabricate a clergyman out of the incipient middy. In a little time, when sufficiently advanced, he was placed under Parr's tuition, and became a good scholar. He was a little restless in temper, and odd, whence the name Parr conferred upon him. He lived at the vicarage, which was kept for him by his

aunt. He was temperate, judicious in many things, but apt at times to break through the rules of clerical correctness. He grew fond of ease, and sometimes of a little self-indulgence. I had often gone with him to Hatton, where he was of course a welcome guest, though sometimes he would keep away for a long time, nobody knew why. We went together to Parr's Mayday fêtes, and on one occasion he had there one of those fits of odd temper peculiar to himself. How he became a champion of the Chartists, I do not know. From 1833 to 1840, I was absent from London, when he resided there, keeping a curate in the country. After I returned, we met as we had done before. I happened to say to him one day, that I had some expectation of an appointment I should like, under Lord Melbourne's administration. At once, he broke forth in a tirade against the government, Whigs, Tories, all together. I said "if Dr. Parr was alive, he would hear you with astonishment, and call you something more than 'whimsical.' " He ran on so strangely, that I could not tell what to make of it. At last, he told me that any one who would take anything under such a government, was not acquainted with his duty to the people.

"Dr Wade," I replied, "I have never changed my principles. I am a moderate man, but a liberal at setting out in life, and am so still. We have a liberal ministry. I am no Chartist, nor abettor of Chartists." We parted. In a few days, I met him in St. James's Park. "Good morning, Doctor," I addressed him, as usual. He made no reply, though I halted. I then passed on, determined that an acquaintance of twenty years should not be broken off by me. Again I saw

him by accident, and the same thing occurred. This closed our intimacy for ever. At the funeral of my old friend Campbell, I met him, in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. He saw me, and muttered something about a "melancholy occasion." I was not, at such a moment, in a humour to think of Dr. Wade, after four or five years of such unwarrantable estrangement. Poor Campbell, our twelve years' literary connection, past scenes, conversations, meetings, recollections of him who shared them all, recalled by the pall before me, took from my mind every care about one who had treated me rudely. I had introduced him to the poet fifteen years before. At any other time, it might have been different. It was not my fault for I have that clinging to the past, rather than the present, which is common to us all, and love old friends. I am seldom lured by the illusions of hope as to future friendships.

The Doctor I never saw again. In person, he was strongly made, and took little exercise. He wrote with perspicuity, and could preach as good a sermon as any bishop on the bench. I imagine he had a great desire of notoriety, but would not be at the pains to work it out, and like many public characters not more clever, sought it through supporting some popular predilection of the hour where he could be regarded as a man of influence. The love of clerical ease which fattens, is neither the temperament for the divine, nor for the politician under the sable garb. The doctor championed extreme opinions *à l'outrance*. Poor Lord Melbourne, the kindest and most gentlemanly of men, he abused mercilessly.

It is singular, and a trait for which I cannot account,

that the ease and polished manners of the gentleman displease a certain class of persons in trade, and one genus of politicians is composed entirely of these. It might be thought that amenity of manner, and a shrinking sense of what is due to those around as a feeling, would rather be applauded. I doubt whether our Manchester politicians like a well-bred, gentlemanly man. Accustomed to business and those arts, which, despite denial, render the mind callous to delicate impressions in the never-ending pursuit and preference of gain over all other considerations, lofty feelings must be absent, with those impulses which give birth to real greatness of soul. The mental standard falls to the level of that to which it has been habituated as the most desirable, and perfect of all things. The following is one of the doctor's letters :—

Warwick Vicarage, Oct. 5.

“ My dear Sir,

“ Your letter ‘refreshed’ me in this region of dulness and stupidity, more than perhaps you will suppose. Your dialogue between Brandenburgh House and Carlton House (in the *Times*), has excited attention here, though party-feeling may qualify the term with some. You write in such good spirits, that I conclude you have leisure. If so, I should be inexpressibly happy if you would come and stay a few weeks at St. Nicholas Vicarage. I sometimes wish I had never known the pleasure of your society here (in Warwickshire). I feel so much regret at the loss of it. I am happy to hear of your determination to come down to the Maypole (Dr. Parr's), but you must take up your quarters with me. The doctor is in good health and spirits. I

intend going over to dine in a few days, when I shall be happy to be the bearer of your respects to him. The dandy still flutters about the hospital, but his fortune is not so great as was at first represented. K. however, has built a new room upon the strength of the unexpected alliance.

“Mr. Greathead’s house at Guy’s Cliff, when you come down, will be worthy your notice. I am not sufficiently versed in architecture to characterize the ornaments and decorations he is adding.

“I think of going to the continent next May. Permit me to thank you for the compliment with respect to my undertaking some literary occupation for the attainment of honest fame. It is my sincere wish to do so, but how to begin, and what to exercise my feeble efforts upon, is as much as ever a puzzle. Perhaps, in more leisure moments, you may assist me to a subject. I sometimes think of collecting as many materials of the political state and general feeling of the modern French and their king as I can, also of the state of the Italians and Spaniards, and then institute comparisons between them and ourselves, so as to mark the gradations of their advancement and decline, politically and individually.

“But, my dear Sir, you must be tired of reading my crude suggestions to myself. However, believe me to be most happy to hear from you. My house-keeping is supported from my father’s purse, so don’t think of my narrow income, if you will but come down. It will be a source of real happiness to me to have your company.

“Your sincere friend,

“A. S. WADE.

“P.S. Mrs. F. desires to be remembered to you.”

Mrs. F. was his father's sister, who resided at the vicarage with him.

I had many letters in a style totally at variance with the political tenets of his latter years, but they are not of interest to the reader. He had become D.D. His Latin sermon was thought excellent. He wrote me from St. John's on that occasion.

June 1.

"My dear Sir,

"I told you I intended to be at Cambridge about this time, and here I am. You told me you would run down and see me. I expect you will be as good as your word. All the choice I allow you as a man of honour is to fix your own time for coming. As an opera-goer, you will not care about Madame Sontag, nor would you derive any great craniological or physionomical satisfaction by the study of the Duke of Gloucester's head or countenance, who is Chancellor. Not that his head would look bad among the "Heads" of the University, but you may perhaps call to mind the soliloquy of the Fox in the statuary's shop—'Tis a pity so fine a head should have so little brains.' From all such considerations, I think you would see more of the real modern Cambridge if you come at a quiet time; and as you are now at liberty, I shall be most happy and proud to see you any day or hour (for I am a fixture) you please. You will be at no expense here but a bed, and perhaps I can get you that in college, as all the men are going, and of course the place is getting thin. If you prefer a festivity at the commencement of July, you can please yourself. You must dine in hall. We

will ramble about the Fitzwilliam Museum, the colleges, library, and pleasure-grounds, and at three attend cathedral-service and King's College Chapel, &c., with much more, so pray do come.

“Ever, my dear Sir,

“Most faithfully yours,

“A. S. WADE.”

After twenty years' acquaintance, even under Parr's definition of Dr. Wade's character of “whimsical,” our acquaintance could hardly have been supposed to terminate in such a manner. Parr's voluminous wig would have experienced earthquake tremulousness on hearing of his pupil's new-fangled ideas. He would never have passed it over. Deeply indebted to Sir Francis Burdett personally, yet when Sir Francis abused Fox for his Whiggery in 1806, as he had abused Pitt for his Toryism, Parr wrote him as follows :

Oct. 31.

“Dear Sir Francis Burdett,

“My heart aches for you. I cannot assent to the principles, or approve of the spirit which appears in your advertisement. I do not forget that you were in the most disinterested manner my patron. I shall never cease to keep in view the noble qualities of your mind. Much I lament your errors, and I tremble at the prospect of their consequences. I think it is my private duty to tell you so, and my public duty to support the administration, which you, to my surprise and sorrow, have determined to oppose. From the

bottom of my soul, dear Sir Francis, I wish you health and every worldly blessing, and I pray God Almighty to deliver you from your counsellors, who mean little good to you, and will do less to their country. I shall strive to give my vote for you and Mr. Byng on Monday: Farewell! Heaven is witness to my sincerity, when I subscribe myself, with great respect, your well-wisher.

“ S. PARR.”

This letter was given me by the Reverend Dr. Harwood, the venerable historian of Lichfield, at that city, when Sir Francis wound up his career by turning his coat, ten or a dozen years after Parr's decease. I have not seen it in his Memoirs. It broke off the intercourse between Parr and Burdett for a considerable time, but they finally became reconciled. In 1838, in Staffordshire, when the baronet took the chair to uphold a Tory working man's association, to show how inconsistent Sir Francis had been, I published the letter in my possession, and received a message from some of his tenantry at Formark in Derbyshire, an estate belonging to Sir Francis, that if they caught me there, they would hang me; to which I merely replied, that I'd be hanged then if they should catch me there.

While I was in Warwickshire, the Prince Regent paid a visit to Ragley, the fine estate of the marquis, whose lady was such a favourite of his royal highness. The daughter of a wealthy tenant of the marquis had an uncommon desire to see the Prince, and told Lady

Hertford of it. Her ladyship said, "to be sure, poor girl, she shall see him."

She stationed the girl and a companion female in the ante-room, through which the Prince would pass to the drawing-room. Unfortunately, Lady Hertford told her princely guest that the girls had a wonderful inclination to see him, and where she had placed them. The Prince, on passing through the room, went up to the ladies and addressed them, when one fell on the carpet, having fainted away, and the other stood speechless as a statue. The Prince quickened his pace out of the room, and sent Lady Hertford to operate for their restoration. I turned the affair into rhyme, in the shape of a letter descriptive of the scene from a rustic lass to her friend at Birmingham. I fear it made a laugh at the expense of the poor girls, but really such rustic manners ought not to have been extant in those times, especially when the affability of the Regent was remarkable. Ladies do not think so much of the awfulness of a prince just now. The country people of Warwickshire were a duller race than in the manufacturing districts, as they then were, and I believe generally are, in the agricultural.

I had been only eight or nine miles from the grave of Shakspeare, and had not visited it. The subject was started at breakfast one day, when a friend was with me.

"Will you go now?" he said; "it is a fine morning the walk of eight or nine miles over a beautiful road is nothing."

We set out accordingly, glanced at Lucy's place, on the left hand, where the same family resides still in its

descendants, and went straight into Stratford Church. There we lingered at the poet's tomb without perceiving that a congregation had assembled, almost as scanty, it is true, as that of Swift, when no one but his clerk was present, and he addressed him, "dearly beloved Roger." We hastened away from the church, the service being begun before we were clear of the door, and left his ashes who wanted no memorial of his glory, no weak witness of his name:—

"Who, so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die!"

There appears no certainty that the house in which Shakspeare is said to have been born is the real place. I never met with any satisfactory evidence to show it was so. On what ground the tradition rests, I am unaware. Tradition is, in most things, a very fallacious guide. I have read that there was somewhere a stile in a field called Julius Cæsar's stile. A noted antiquary insisted that it was a proof of there having been some work of the Romans near by. The first countryman passing was asked if he knew why that was called Julius Cæsar's Stile. He replied, "Yes, it was put up by old Julius Cæsar of this here neighbourhood. I can remember old Julius Cæsar when I was a child."

The head of the Lucy family, at that time, was a little insignificant man, ambitious of parliamentary honours. He paid dearly for an estate near Fowey in Cornwall, which before the Reform Act returned two members, but lost both after the act passed.

The light way in which human life was treated in those days disgusted me with the assizes. There were then a hundred and sixty offences punishable with death, from high treason to picking a pocket of one shilling. I once or twice attended them. Reporters were not always to be had in the country. I never was a reporter, and could do no more than write off the heads of the cases, but this was generally sufficient. I have seen prisoners acquitted by accident, who were so certain of being found guilty, that the minds of the members of the bar present, and of the spectators were made up from the evidence for the prosecution. Prisoners, too stupid to make the most inefficient defence for themselves, were often sacrificed. As to the judge being the prisoner's advocate, it is impossible. My belief is, that this was one of those empty saws current in the time the judges were little more than instruments of the crown, to engender a false reliance upon them, and thus render convictions more facile where the crown was interested. It is a laborious thing to hunt out evidence, arrange it, and put it in a proper state for a defence. How could a judge defend a prisoner, without being supplied with facts to meet the one-sided knowledge brought to bear against the criminal when at the bar? A judge can only see fair play in relation to what comes before him. He cannot know what is kept back, or may be wanting for the defence. A girl possessed of tolerable confidence swore a rape against one of the most stupid clownish young fellows ever arraigned. Her story was clearly told, and there seemed no chance for the life of the prisoner. A solicitor present, whispered to Reader, the counsel, "that poor fellow is as innocent of the charge

as I am ; he lives near me—he will be convicted.” It is true, the rustic scarcely knew whether he was on his head, or his heels—death would have been his doom, but for this accident. Reader, on the young woman attempting to leave the witness-box, said, “Stay my girl, I want to talk to you a little.” He cross-examined her, and in five minutes the table was turned by her brazen effrontery, and the prisoner was a free man, in place of being unknowingly on the verge of a finished existence. A defence by counsel was not then permitted. This practice of the law, in regard to human life, generated hard-heartedness in the assize-courts, and robbed capital punishment of its terrors.

I remember sitting once with the counsel close to a servant girl, in the prime of life, who had murdered her mistress, as a learned Irish judge used always to say : ‘under the immediate instigation of the devil.’ She did not attempt a justification. She only said her young mistresses had gone out for a walk, and she was below cutting up a cucumber, when something came into her head that she must kill her. She went up stairs, and cut the old lady’s throat with the knife she had in her hand. Her mistress was kind ; “she had no complaint to make against her, she said. While the jury were out, I threw a note to the solicitor for the prosecution. “They say, if found guilty, she will be executed where the murder was committed?” I took care that the prisoner, who could see the table over my shoulder, should not observe what I wrote.

The solicitor threw me a piece of paper open. “No ; she will be executed here, and cut up at Mr. —— the surgeon, on Tuesday.”

The prisoner was alive in the full flush of health, not yet found guilty, only the wood panel of the partition between us. In regard to a fellow-creature's doom, such was the light way in which life was spoken about, in a case of essential madness as one can hardly doubt.

"Two men to be hung to-day, gentlemen, at twelve o'clock," the gaoler would say, coming into the magistrates' room; "the time is approaching."

The chairman would then propose an adjournment until half-past two, to lunch in the interim, when the men would have been strangled, and cut down after hanging an hour, for passing a pound-note, or stealing to the value of a few shillings. I remember men for small offences comparatively, who were executed with few spectators present. In those days, it was the criminal of magnitude, that drew the sympathy of crowds. Two convicts, I remember, behaved well, until the chaplain began a practice of endeavouring to worm out a confession as to an accomplice. From that moment, they would have no more communication with him, not even on the scaffold, and so they died. How greatly is all this changed since! How nobly is the spirit and letter of justice carried out now! It is well nigh the difference between civilization and barbarism.

On returning to town, I sent some articles to the New Monthly Magazine, a publication originally in double columns, like the Gentleman's, a strange medley of politics and chance articles. It belonged to Mr. Colburn, who determined to improve it. Talfourd, the late judge, and myself, both commenced writing in it about 1820. Talfourd was studying the law in the Temple. He contributed several papers, principally on

the lake style poetry. He was at that time, a great devotee to Charles Lamb's school of authorship, and all he then wrote had a tint of its peculiarities. Colburn had set his magazine to high Tory principles, speculating for success on a rivalry with Sir Richard Phillips, who had carried on the Monthly Magazine for some years before, on the opposite side. The New Monthly was, at first, rampant in its politics. It had existed about five or six years, low enough in literary merit. William Grenville Graham, already mentioned, introduced me to Talfourd, both belonging to the Temple. Talfourd and Graham were forensic rivals at the academics in Chancery Lane. The former and myself were to aid in the improved work, which had then no ostensible editor, the papers being sent to the printer, with some arrangement as to order of place, but no rule as to tone. The politics had become little distinguishable, because the political speculation had met no support, being feeble and ill sustained. The literary character of the work was to be the desideratum in future. Colburn wanted a good editor's name. He knew how the public were managed by a name, and he could pay handsomely. He made this observation to Upcot of the London Institution. I had known a little of Campbell in 1814; but of his qualifications for a periodical work, I knew nothing; in fact, he had none, for he had never edited any periodical work before, being quite a recluse of the study in his habits. He had the reputation of being remarkably fastidious, and strongly attached to the classical school of literature. 'This will not do for friend Talfourd,' thought I; 'the Lamb school will not be exalted in future: I much doubt if Wordsworth will be admitted what he thinks

himself to be, the next poet after Milton.' An arrangement was made, Campbell to take the usual duties of an editor, and to commence in January 1821. Talfourd was to contribute the dramatic article, and such other articles as were acceptable. I was to edit the third annual volume in double column, small type, and contribute as Talfourd did, to the two volumes, of which Campbell was to have the more immediate care. Each of the two volumes in large print, consisted of five or six hundred pages of original writing. The small print volume contained about the same number of pages as those of the first part; but from the size of the type, I had much matter to find in the way of compilation, of which it for the most part consisted. Such were the political events. The drama I got from Talfourd, the fine arts, were at first furnished by Robert Hunt, a brother to Leigh Hunt; another series was by Beazley, the architect; varieties, rural economy; new publications with critical notices, and so on, had to be procured. The literary report and works in the press were sent through Colburn, for obvious trade reasons. To undertake my task, I laid bye, for the time, every other literary object. Campbell had delayed to do anything but prepare a lecture of his own, until the latest moment. A stranger to the details of his new duties, he had never kept up a correspondence with men associated for a literary purpose. He lived at Sydenham, but took lodgings in Margaret Street. We met there on business, consulted; he dallied, and, in the middle of the month, told Colburn he could not go on by himself. It seemed as if he had the universe on his shoulders. Colburn engaged Du Bois, whom Campbell had long

known, to act as his coadjutor. The former, fidgetty as time was wasting, asked if I could not get a few contributions. I made every effort; Talfourd did the same, and articles came in, which the poet regarded as if he was going over a work on which all his own fame rested. Du Bois talked too plainly to him upon the matter, having been well experienced in periodical literature, and offended him. In the meantime, my own part made good progress, and Colburn sent me, in rapid succession, all I desired, for his attention in this respect was never wanting. Talfourd promised me the drama on a particular day, and he was always to be depended upon. Colburn shrank from stating either his hopes or fears to Campbell, who was exceedingly excitable. I had to hear all, while my own share in the labour of the magazine should have exempted me from what was not my own business. It was disagreeable to hear apprehensions and complaints in which I had no concern. I thus lost precious time, I should have applied to looking after other affairs. I completed two numbers of my own part, and then told Campbell I supposed he approved of them, or he would have mentioned it to me without ceremony.

“Oh, all that will do,” said Campbell; “but some of the other articles I have, will be thought to give my opinions.”

He was so absorbed in his labours, though with little progress, that he never looked at mine. Among others whom I asked to aid us, was Aberdeen Perry of the “Morning Chronicle,” a very intelligent and discerning personage. He knew Campbell as an old friend. I had contributed to his columns. He flatly refused,

because the "New Monthly" was the title of another magazine, named "New" for party-purposes. "Attack principles if you will, it is all well, but to take a name with the view of profiting by it under such objects, it is impossible—I cannot approve of such an act. There was a "New Times" started against the "Times." How should I like a "*New Morning Chronicle*" to be brought out against me, by an advantage taken of the law. I know neither Campbell nor you had anything to do with that; the old sentiments of the magazine will not be supported, I am aware, but it is the sanction of a bad principle." Perry kept his word. I had received an introduction to Ugo Foscolo, when I came from Paris two years before. I urged him to contribute, and he sent an article on Neapolitan affairs. I had still time to complete my own share of the work, but found myself obliged to interfere where it was a continued trespass upon my leisure. Two or three trifles were all I wrote on my own account. I had completed turning the "Lyre and Sword" of Körner; I made a translation of "Guilt" by Adolf Müllner; I had a large portion of my "Notes on Normandy" (but those I laid by), also collections towards "My History of Wine." These remained at a stand still. A crisis now ensued, for Campbell came to an open difference with Du Bois, on the commencement of the second month of his editorship. They separated; the poet's pride was hurt. Colburn, with a downcast countenance, came and asked me to endeavour to reconcile them. I found that course would not do. Campbell urged Colburn to ask me to undertake the duty. I saw that I should have a heavy task if I did; but I found from what I observed of Campbell that

this must be the case, should the thing go on ; for I was convinced the poet and the publisher would not long otherwise be in harmony. I called on Campbell, told him that order was everything in such a concern, and he would be desperately annoyed if every post brought him two or three dozen letters to answer ; that if he would abandon that troublesome duty, Colburn should send all relative to the magazine, direct to me, and I would select what was worthy of regard, and call upon him for his opinion. He seemed to bend before the reasonableness of this. Mrs. Campbell, too, said, " I will search his pockets ; he has letters there now which I dare say should be answered. He loses, throws, or puts them aside continually, and forgets where." Campbell laughed ; but I took care to keep my hold on Mrs. Campbell's promise. In a little time the poet, feeling he had not much to do, became contented, and went on smoothly, excepting one or two "untoward events" of his own seeking. One was a specimen of his utter thoughtlessness. Mr. Peregrine Courtenay had received from Mr. Canning, who was much pleased with the magazine, a copy of his letter to Mr. Bolton, of Liverpool, then unpublished. It was intended to be merely a guide to the writer of the political events of the month ; in other words to myself. Courtenay said afterwards that he had told Campbell so, when he gave it him in the street. Campbell put it into my hands in his own house, as we were taking coffee together.

"This belongs to your part of the work. Mr. Canning sent it by Courtenay."

"What am I to do with it—is it for the Political Events?"

“I don’t know ; I dare say it is for us to publish ; you are to do what you think best with it, I suppose.”

The article suited : I was pleased to be able to put it in entire. After the magazine came out, I met Courtenay, in a great fume.

“Why, you have published Canning’s letter, which I gave Campbell expressly as a guide not to make any mistake about what Canning had written, the other publications having given erroneous accounts. Canning is annoyed greatly about it.” I mentioned that Campbell had given it to me to use as I pleased—that I deeply regretted it, but it was too late.

“He is forgetful, indeed, if that is the case,” said Courtenay, much chagrined.

When I told the poet of it, he said, “What the devil did Courtenay give it to me for at all ? I forgot all about it.”

I was thus obliged to be careful, and consume time I ought to have husbanded, in looking after everything. Sometimes, the poet would go away, and forget to correct his own papers, which the printer teased me about. I had early imbibed the erroneous idea, that the duties of the press were of immediate, in place of remote, importance to the public, in proportion as truth and reason predominated in their administration, and that due application to keep them right, would be certain to prevail. I did not mind labour. Even my receipts of income, I had sometimes suffered to run into arrear, from not thinking about them until they were wanted, and then found a difficulty in obtaining them, though never in connection with Colburn. I have several times been seated at a writing-table

from eight on one morning, till ten the next night, and had a little food brought me to prevent an accident to a proprietary, which gave me no thanks for such gratuitous application. The toils of literature are deemed by traders upon a level with those of weeding or ploughing, only there is the difficulty of measuring them by the square yard. I have had officials in places where no aid could be obtained, who were good for nothing, or got drunk, been obliged to read the printer's proofs as well as my own, and only just saved the mails. In executing the task of which I am speaking, I was only absent from London once, for nine days together, for ten years. It was not the labour, but the anxiety, that prevented my having any enjoyment away. I lived as much as possible in the suburbs of the metropolis, to have something of the country, to which I was attached.

I had known many of the literary characters of the day, but it was surprising how quickly time brought in new men, and carried off their predecessors. I was not acquainted with Byron; I was not in town while he resided there; I say "Byron," because true greatness dwells not on titles. Titles are for the living. Who would write William Pitt, Esq., or Charles Fox, Esq.,—that ridiculous affix? Bonaparte, Nelson, Byron, are the proper appellations. Who says Mr. Shakspeare, or Mr. Milton, or writes the Christian names of Turenne, or Marlborough? We write Bacon, not Lord Verulam. Fame will not respect fashionable vanities, especially when city-usury or ministerial favour obtains what ought to be the heritage of the gallant, or highly-endowed. Titles are become so multiplied

of late, that as Windham said of officers of all sorts, when the volunteer-system was in its glory, it was impossible to spit out of the window, and not spit upon the head of a colonel. But I digress—I had now returned to literary society, and labour. It is toil, but it beguiles time in a mode few other pursuits can do, and is to the mind, the bane and antidote. It engrosses the faculties: I speak of original composition; and, though I have often wished for a moment I belonged to some business where “thought would destroy my paradise,” I have doubted my sincerity. Could I make a *tabula rasa* of all I had thought, read, and seen, that would otherwise have been dead to me! There is a love for our intellectual nearly as strong as for our natural being.

I met Peter Finnerty just after Campbell and myself began our labours. He smiled about Perry's delicacy as to literary titles of magazines. All the world knew Peter. I was inclined to defend Perry; he was high-minded. Peter was a singular compound of honesty and prodigality, of generosity and oddity. He died in the following year, some months before the death of Lord Londonderry. His prophecy that this nobleman would cut his own throat was a singular circumstance. Finnerty had been intimate with Sir Home Popham, and long before this, accompanied the expedition to Walcheren, with the intention of writing an account of it. Lord Londonderry heard of this, and by one of those stretches of power too common in his public life, had Finnerty sent back perforce, suspecting what was very likely, that Peter would communicate with the “Morning Chronicle,” an opposition paper. Peter lashed his lordship and his expeditoi n,

in consequence, and the Marquis got him indicted for libel. He was imprisoned for twelve months. The Marquis and Finnerty had been well acquainted, and, just after his enlargement, he met Londonderry in Pall Mall, where his lordship, with his cool urbanity of manner, apparently so innocent, and so ignorant of what had just before occurred, asked Finnerty how he was, and trusted he was well! Peter remarked it to a friend, and said he never saw such impudence in his life. "My opinion is, he will cut his own throat one of these days—he will!" Time passed away. Finnerty's prophecy was recalled, when after his death in May or June of the same year, Lord Londonderry did become his own executioner. He need not have insulted the man, over whom he had exercised an unconstitutional power. The *nonchalance* of Lord Londonderry was a trait in his character. When Brougham was inflicting upon him the most provoking castigations in the House of Commons, he would seem not to hear it, and play with a flower he had in his hand; his heart, no doubt, writhing.

Alluding to the cause of Lord Londonderry's death, there was a singular story current soon afterwards, which remains uncontradicted, in reference to that event. I heard it repeated at a private table, where a man of rank, who knew him well, was present, and no disbelief of it was expressed.

Despite Campbell's acumen, and Du Bois' reading, a wag outwitted both in the first number, in an article giving an account of "the writings of one Richard Clitheroe." The hurry and confusion incident on getting out the number, which in most periodical works, generally renders the first number one of the worst,

because it is intended to be the best, could alone account for the admission, professedly, of a paper by a writer of the reign of James I., who left plays in two quarto volumes, of which only *one* copy was extant; specimens of the pretended play were given, and it was stated that the early part of the author's life was prefixed. These statements were themselves suspicious. Only *one* copy extant; plays in two quarto volumes of so late a date, unknown, together with their author!

When Canning died, I wrote an article respecting him in the Magazine. I have already spoken of meeting this distinguished man. His eloquence was of a high order, singularly elaborate and exact for one of his poetical temperament. It was a stream of pure unadulterated English, flowing copiously with classic elegance, seldom assisted by those elevated flights of passionate declamation, and never degraded by those meannesses of phraseology, or metaphor, which have been observed occasionally in the speeches of others of our orators. In England, as the case has been in all free nations, eloquence is, or rather was, till lately, very highly valued. The art of swaying an audience, and impressing great truths, by a public speaker, had grown into a repute not ill-merited, if its consequences in encouraging the open discussion of political measures be duly considered.

Where so many good speakers were found, it was no little glory to shine pre-eminent. Canning was, perhaps, our first orator when he died, for Brougham had none of the graces in his oratory, however powerful. He appeared studied in his language. He had a good intonation, and a candid and manly delivery. He

possessed great power, though in this respect alone he was inferior to Brougham. He was for the most part in full possession of himself, his style highly refined, and he always produced a deep impression upon his hearers. His logic was never confused, nor his resources common-place, like those of Sir Robert Peel. But it may be doubted whether the elegant musical flow of his oratory, bordering upon fastidious correctness, or the arguments clothed in it, would alone have obtained him the celebrity he deservedly did obtain. He possessed a quality which was peculiarly well adapted to render him attractive to an English audience; for his speeches, though correct and elegant, being generally unmingled with spirit-stirring paroxysms of declamation, might seem tame to coarse, unpolished ears. The quality alluded to, was a happy wit, of a species peculiarly his own. With this wit, he seasoned his oratory, irresistibly fixed the attention of his hearers, and turned his opponents into ridicule. Nothing is so difficult as to define different kinds of wit, or wherein one kind differs from another. Negatively, Canning's was nothing like the ironical humour of Tierney, nor the strong and brilliant light that flashed from Sheridan's ever-ready fancy. It was peculiarly his own, varied, always agreeable, and seldom severe; it was lively, playful, and directed to scarify rather than lacerate. Sometimes, it consisted of no more than a dexterous use of alliterative words; at others, of a sly, happy allusion, and often of direct satire. He sometimes dazzled and confused his opponent, rather than wounded him. In argument, he almost always admitted what was undeniable in fact, and clear to an unprejudiced mind, not glossing it over, nor leaving

it untouched, and took his stand of defence upon some specious and often unanswerable objection. His ministerial coadjutors, in their over-zeal, put falsehood and truth upon a level, often acting without conscience, or discrimination.

Thus Canning obtained a reputation for candour from his opponents which they denied to his associates. If, for example, the question were one of Borough corruption and Reform, while his colleagues asserted all was as it should be, perfect and pure, Canning granted that the evils complained of existed; that the representation was not so perfect as it might be made; but he opposed the sweeping change required, because the evil that existed was less than that which would accrue in endeavouring to administer a remedy. In his speeches, he was not sparing of the figures of rhetoric, yet, when he used them, they were very happily brought out. Notwithstanding what has been said of the easy flow and elegance of his delivery, he was sometimes vehement in his manner; then, deeply in earnest, he assumed a part which gave out the whole character of his ardent mind; he flung his utmost soul into his words, and seemed alive only to the truth and importance of what he spoke, and of the consequences dependent upon it. Those who only heard him on ordinary questions can hardly conceive the effect of one of the rare, and, therefore, perhaps, more impressive outpourings of his eloquence upon such occasions. The serenity of his brow, during the passionate earnestness of his appeals, imparted additional weight to their influence, by giving the idea of innate strength—of that repose which is imaged in the rock when the tempest lowers over it.

Yet he could flit over his opponent's arguments as lightly as a sunbeam along the waters, equally master of the jocular, and the serious, of the playful, and the severe.

Canning had concentrated in union, for the common benefit, the moderate men of two great political parties, which had consented to merge, in consideration of the general welfare, those few shades of speculative opinion upon which they differed. It was Canning who showed them that their mutual differences ought not to be put into the balance against a positive benefit to the community. He thus consolidated one of the most honourable and disinterested coalitions which Great Britain ever saw. He was forsaken, and ungenerously treated by his former coadjutors, men as far below him in intellect and genius, as they were inferior in patriotic feeling. He had recourse for support to those who differed from him on political questions, much less than they who had so cavalierly attempted to expel him from the honourable post his sovereign had conferred upon him. He had given the country of his affection reason to believe that the state of public affairs would be considered in sober earnestness; and that every practicable remedy would be applied to existing evils. The people were no longer to be deluded with ministerial promises, made without the intention of their fulfilment. Session after session of Parliament had been suffered to pass in merely asking supplies, and making an empty parade of words, marshalled in the same courtier-bred phrases; and he was just beginning to witness the success of his measures, and to receive the well-merited reward of applause from his fellow-citizens.

Having attained the summit of a laudable ambition,

he could not, perhaps, have quitted the world at a moment more propitious to an honourable reputation, when his term of life is considered. Protracted years had not left him the mere wreck of a commanding intellect. He was taken off before the winter of life, on which he was upon the verge, had chilled the warm impulses of his heart, dulled the edge of his wit, or changed the force and elegance of his language into laborious imbecility.

His triumph over the jealousy of his former coadjutors was complete. He saw them fall into merited contempt, while he proceeded to restore a truly British tone of character to the government. He had disconcerted the Holy Alliance; called a new world into existence; negotiated for the independence of Greece; maintained the honour of England and Portugal; heard his name re-echoed from remote shores in strains of gratifying homage to his talents; begun to apply the principles of philosophy to politics; maintained the reform of the Navigation Laws; occupied himself in retrenching the public expenditure, and maturing other plans for universal good, and finally he died in the field, harnessed, and at the post of honour.

Here was enough of glory for the satisfaction of human vanity, and much more than fell to the lot of a tithe of the distinguished men who preceded him. It was for his country alone Canning should have survived, for the people of England, of whom he proudly styled himself one, to whom he looked for support, and of which number he died. He sprang not from the "order," the ignorant, bigotry, haughty and selfish portion of which had denied him, and the king and

people of England their support. He sprang from the people, the source of all intellect of moment, of all power in all nations, if they knew how to use that truth; he sprang from the ranks of which, in the body of our "hereditary legislators," the stock of understanding they possess, is alone kept up by perpetual transfusion.

It was about this time that the cockney-school of literature, as it was called, gave the tone to a small class of publications. It was a school of contracted views, affecting great simplicity and benevolence, and might be called a branch in descent from Southey and Lake School, but mixed up with metropolitan opinions, and a habit of dwelling upon trifles, and holding circumscribed ideas of things. It was confined, or nearly so, to a circle ten miles round London.

The subjects treated upon were not drawn from the infinite diversity of mind the metropolis proffers for study, but from rural contemplations, and descantings upon the scenery of nature almost upon the verge of the streets and houses. The Alps were nothing to Primrose Hill, and the elms upon its summit, were as the cedars of Lebanon to the ready writer. Hampstead outvied Parnassus; dandelions and daffydown-dillies, butter-cups and periwinkles, outshone roses and exotics in the floral song. The sensibility was awakened to novel things, much in the way Coleridge, with a spice of the same tendency, addressed a Jerusalem pony, "I hail thee brother!" New phrases were coined for application to the plashy ground tenanted by Rhodes the cowkeeper, and his lacteal animals, and the peak of Hampstead became as famous in their view as Chimborazo in that of the Herr Humboldt. Wilson

ridiculed the school in "Blackwood" too unmercifully, pushing his ridicule as usual to excess, just as if making small things great, and passing over great things in doing so, were anything more than an untoward fancy, harmless enough in its way. Its devotees, too, were excellent kind men. It might have been an affected lackadaisical school, touched with a sort of literary effeminacy, that from indicating want of stamina, bespoke little longevity, and a constant tendency to languish into dissolution. Cockaigne had always its peculiar literature, down to that of the Seven Dial ballads. Talfourd set out in his literary career with some of the tendencies of this school, and did not wholly shake them off until a late period in his life. A paper called "Modern Improvements," one of his first, was of this class. It had a strange species of mannerism. New phrases were sought, and the irregularities wrought by time became "venerable jaggednesses" at last, to adopt one of their phrases. To suppress mendacity, was to stifle the poetry of life, and obliterate its picturesqueness, and the Strand Bridge was a splendid nuisance. The school sank from its own inanition, but not until it had criticised, and contemned all connected with the classic school, and the ages past before the Lakers broke in to enlighten the darkness of English literature. This literary hobby rode to death, as usual, left no enduring work, but it was harmless, and added variety to the hour, and it did not pander to the coarse tastes of the rabble. Campbell could not tell what to make of some of its productions. He did not read any of the mass of passing literature, or very little of it. A small thing would throw his mind out of its equilibrium, and

torment him with the idea, that he should be thought a member of a new school. I had then the trouble of softening his prejudices, and of assuring him that such and such an article in our last number, if not strictly classical, gave us diversity, and that everybody knew a magazine was the depository of every variety of sentiment and feeling. I found at last, I could influence him so as to remove the great apprehensiveness of his own taste being put in jeopardy. The next thing was to do almost the whole work myself, and say nothing about it. I always showed him the poetry inserted, for it was to his ill-credit in the work if that which was unworthy appeared. As to the prose, I soon knew the subjects on which he would be fastidious, and gave him the scope and sense of them by taking them in my pocket to his house. There was one essential difference between us. I could work best by getting my breakfast between seven and eight o'clock, and continuing my labour until I had done for the day. The head was clear, and attention more easily fixed. Campbell would work in the night, because he should not be disturbed, and not get to his bed till three or four in the morning, oftentimes stimulating himself with a pipe. I met this difficulty by taking coffee with him once or twice a week, and leaving him at ten or eleven o'clock. This was all I troubled him with, in relation to the work. It is probable he destroyed the original manuscript of the lectures he delivered at the Royal Institution, for he wrote them over again for the magazine. They occupied much of his time. It is wonderful how largely he read for them, and then his proofs were what the printers call "foul," but too frequently. This gave them much

trouble, yet it is extraordinary how he varied in this respect, his manuscript being at times as neat as any professed copyist could make it. Communications sent to the publication were answered by myself. We lost no author's manuscripts, regarding them as so much property; modern neglect, in this respect, is disgraceful. On the first of every month, all articles were returned to the bookseller, except short pieces of poetry easily copied. If any were kept back, the reason was stated. An author's time is his bread, hardly earned too, compared to the receipt for labour in other pursuits.

The "old man of the mountain," seemed in a little time to have fallen off the poet's shoulders. Matters got then to the other extreme. All the responsibility rested with me, without the honour; he said I knew as well what would suit as he did. His want of punctuality as to his copy was at first troublesome, because his own article always commenced a number. He was generally accurate in stating the quantity of pages his matter would make: I kept back a little poetry to fill up a vacancy, in case it should occur. I then got all the rest of the magazine printed, the first sheet or half sheet going to press last, to the printer's great relief. Even at the eleventh hour, the typographer was too often vexed about his copy, when other cares for the month were at an end.

I have spoken of Foscolo, the great name of the later Italian literature. I was introduced to him by a letter from M. Biagioli, of the College of Louis le Grand, in Paris. When I returned home, I brought over a present to him from his friend and countryman, a folio of Dante in manuscript. Foscolo

lived at Moulsey, but had a lodging in Blenheim Street. There my introduction took place to this friend of Alfieri, well known as he was throughout Europe. Foscolo, at the moment I entered the room, was under the hands of his barber, lathered to the eyes. The lower part of his face looked like the wood-cut of a monkey I had in an addition of Gay's fables, when I was a boy. The upper part was fine, a good forehead, fine large grey eyes, his brow expansive, scanty sandy-coloured hair, all, however, depreciated by the suds and napkin over his shoulders. He sputtered from his ample lips through the snowy froth, "Sit down, my good friend, I have heard of you—we will talk presently."

His scraggy neck was bare, but amid all, his countenance was expressive of high genius. He was scrupulously neat in his person, and gentlemanly when he pleased.

His frame was compact, rather actively made, his stature of the middle height, his address mild. His temper was exceedingly irascible, and kindled from the slightest cause. He had applied to his studies with that enthusiastic ardour which is not so much the accompaniment of literary investigation as of genius. I once found him at noon-day in Wigmore Street, in summer, shut up, at work by candle-light, having prolonged his sitting from the night before, while he was composing an article for the "Quarterly Review." He had studied the finest writers of Greece and Italy down to those of the middle ages inclusive. Admiring Alfieri, he imitated him in keeping as close as possible to the severe style of Dante. Foscolo was by birth a Greek, a native of Zante. His family was originally from Venice, but not

“una antica famiglia Veneta, dissendente dall’ illustre famiglia Foscari,” as some ignorantly reported. This was contradicted to myself personally, by the Chevalier Pecchio. Foscolo was fond of being thought a Venetian, and it is true that his father was a surgeon in the navy of that republic, before it was reduced to slavery by Austria. He was educated at Padua. After some adventures in the army, during which he continued his studies, he devoted himself to learning. In the condensation and vigour of his Italian style, he has been surpassed by no native writer. He came to England, and might have secured bread and peace here, but his furious temper continually estranged him from his friends. He became more irritable than ever, through his imprudence in building a cottage with borrowed capital. His life was marked by vicissitudes. His literary articles generally related to the works and writers of his own country.

At that time, our literature had not lowered its standard as it has done since, and there were readers of Italian in sufficient numbers to afford such a writer a great degree of patronage. He has given the world his own opinion of himself in a sonnet to be found among his writings. It is not literally correct, for we are apt to draw our own portraits too flatteringly. He possessed versatility of talent, a pure taste, and was a sound reasoner. His mind was truly elevated, and his memory wonderfully retentive. His temper was his great failing, and he would too often disregard the exact truth in the relation of a fact, and thus get into a dilemma, and to get out of it, show his

quickness of feeling. But his faults were few in comparison with his excellencies; they were trivial offences against private sociality, while his talents and writings were for all the world, and will never be forgotten in Italy. In England, his style and works can only be appreciated by a few. He was a pleasing companion at certain seasons, when the *suaviter in modo* ruled. Hurried by his impetuosity into assertions which his utmost ingenuity could not justify, he then became excited even to wildness. I remember breakfasting with him at South Bank. Count Porro of Milan, Count Santa Rosa, (once war-minister of Piedmont, afterwards killed in Greece), the Chevalier Pecchio, Campbell, and one of the brothers Ugoni, were present. The conversation turned upon the policy of permitting hospitals for foundlings. Some of the party thought them useful establishments. Foscolo insisted that infanticides were more numerous, where such establishments did not exist. He asserted that the Protestant capitals of Europe were more licentious than the Catholic. Santa Rosa thought differently, statesman as he was, and gave his reasons. Foscolo replied that in Geneva alone, there were more loose women than in Paris. This, spoken in the hurry of his excitement, he would not retract. Driven into a corner, he continued to insist on that being the fact.

“Now, M. Foscolo,” said Santa Rosa, “how many inhabitants are there in Geneva?”

To this Foscolo put in the plea of ignorance.

“How many are there in Paris?”

“Nine hundred thousand, perhaps a million,” replied Foscolo, angrily.

“Very well, M. Foscolo, the population of Geneva is some twenty thousand people—how can such a thing be possible?”

“It is true; I saw it in the Almanac de Gotha; you will find it there.”

“Have you got a copy?”

“I have not. It is some time since.”

“Now, if Paris contains a million of people, and Geneva twenty thousand, it is absurd to argue the matter further, M. Foscolo. There must be half a million of females in Paris, young and old, and in Geneva, altogether only ten or eleven thousand.”

“You do not credit me, I see. I do not know it myself. I only spoke of the information contained in the Gotha Almanack.” *

“And you could hardly credit it, if you had reflected a moment.”

“You will not believe me, I see, M. de Santa Rosa—no, no!”

Here he worked himself into a fury, and, rising from the table, his eyes flashing fire, went into an adjoining room, and threw himself upon a sofa. Campbell walked off, as was his way; Porro and Santa Rosa sat perfectly tranquil. Pecchio first, and then I, went into the room to calm him, but in vain, and we took our departure. The next time we met, it was all forgotten. We used to play at chess together, when he would make a bad move, and flying into a passion with himself tear off his hair by the handful. I, therefore, proposed

*I suspect this statement originated in the same sources as one of a Mr. Haidone, at a public meeting; all sorts of random assertions are often made for producing an effect on such occasions.

that we should play no more, as it might lead to a personal quarrel. He said that he was sorry for it; he could not help quarrelling with himself, being so careless in his moves. We agreed, therefore, to play no more together. I had recommended him two persons as amanuenses. One remained with him but a short time; Foscolo said he knew no language but his own, and that badly enough. The second quarrelled with him, not being able to bear his excitability.

We had, I remember, a breakfast-party in Wigmore Street. The venerable patriarch and historian, Mr. Roscoe, then nearly eighty years of age, was present. Rogers and Campbell, I forgot who besides, were of the party. We waited for the Poet of Memory, who always lay long in bed. During the interval, I could not help admiring once more, and for the last time, the fine old Roman character, or what I fancied to be so, of Roscoe. His countenance, stature, bearing, all well-sustained the illusion. It is seldom celebrated personages carry with them so close an alliance between noble personal appearance and mental excellence. His reputation is fully sustained, where only lasting reputation is to be preserved in the better and wiser intellects of the age. He was one of man's true nobility, a race that the breath of kings can neither make nor unmake. No two individuals could exhibit contrasts more strikingly opposed than Roscoe and Foscolo. But the minds of both were of the richest ore.

Under the notion of being independent, Foscolo was apt to behave with rudeness. He had ceased to visit Holland House, for he had a great dislike to Lady Holland, saying, in his energetic way, "I would not go

to Heaven with Lady Holland—I could go to hell with his lordship.” The latter, with that kindness of disposition which marked all his actions, sent some delicacies to Foscolo, during his last illness. Foscolo sent them back full of false pride, literally when dying. Yet, he regarded his lordship with deep respect. He one day told me such a romance about a copy of an antique bust which he possessed, making a novelty of it, that I said :

“ You are hoaxing me, M. Foscolo ; I know where the original of that bust of Daphne is to be found ; this is a cast from it.”

He took my remark ill, saying some coarse things. I observed to him that I sat quiescent when he and some of his southern friends raged and fumed upon small occasions, but that he must not expect to play upon me by things palpably erroneous. He then began to abuse a friend of mine. I smiled at first ; but though he was exceedingly provoking, I merely took up my hat to go away, when he became still more enraged. I calmly observed to him : “ M. Foscolo, you are a Venetian, or else I should have thought you a Greek of the Lower Empire—what have I done or said to irritate you to such a degree ? ” I had used no threat, but told him I pitied him. I bore no animosity towards him, God forbid, then or now. I had so sincere a respect for his nobler qualities, that I never could have been his enemy. I imagined, and do so still, that his low living laid the foundation of the complaint that terminated his existence, and caused much of his irritability. I often remonstrated with him upon the subject. I once found he had passed two whole days,

having taken only a single cup of coffee. The day after the above dispute, a Bow Street officer walked into my lodgings in Upper Berkeley Street, smiling as he told his errand. He said that an odd-looking foreigner had been to the magistrate at the Mary-le-Bone police office, to request I might be bound over to keep the peace towards him. I could not help laughing, and assured the officer I had too high a respect for M. Foscolo to dream of being the instrument of the slightest injury towards him, or such a fool towards myself as he might suspect. The officer accepted my word for my appearance the next morning.

I called upon Campbell, and told him the story, and he agreed to go with me. We went early, and saw Mr. Rawlinson, the magistrate, who laughed at the affair, but thought I might have been a little *brusque* upon the occasion from my complexion. We waited some time before Foscolo came, unattended, and began a story to the bench, which I ventured to interrupt, by saying :

“ I suppose M. Foscolo's purpose is to bind me over to keep the peace : can it not be done at once ? It is rather hard to have a double infliction under the present proceeding.”

“ Is that what you wish, M. Foscolo ? ” said the magistrate.

Foscolo replied in the affirmative, but still wanted to tell his story, which the magistrate said was occupying time uselessly. I signed the necessary document, and two other securities, one of whom was Campbell, having done the same, we took our departure.

Poor Foscolo ! I saw him no more alive. I visited his grave in Chiswick church-yard, when memory pain-

fully recalled the pleasant hours we had passed together. Campbell wished to see his place of rest, and I agreed to walk there again, thus making a sort of pilgrimage to the spot, but, "infirm of purpose," the poet never accomplished that object; the length of the walk appalled him.

Foscolo's genius and sterling qualities that thus, when living, were neutralized by his fiery nature, could not after his death but re-appear in their pristine brilliancy. His fine conceptions, and the rich poetry of his soul are in his works. They will preserve his fame. The words "Ugo Foscolo, Obiit xiv. die Septembris, A.D. 1827, *Ætatis* 52," over his remains, are fast obliterating, owing to the gravestone being laid on a level with the footpath at Chiswick, and continually trampled over. It is between the church and the tomb of Hogarth on the south, or south-east of the edifice. So rests the writer of "The Sepulchres," of "Tieste," "Ricciardo," and "Ajax;" of the "Letters of Ortis," of the "Essay on Petrarch," and works of which the merit can only be well comprehended in Italy, or by thorough Italian scholars. He met death with fortitude, and, as in life, he was vain of being thought a man of sterling courage, so his death did not belie it. I once entered his room when he was a little indisposed, and not up. A table stood near his bedside, and upon it was a naked dagger, books, and a lamp.

"What does this dagger do here, Foscolo?"

"I am not thinking of suicide. I have been composing, and I must have all that contributes to help the mind before my eyes—there is a skull. Here are my

thoughts, shewing me an illegible scrawl upon paper. You have my 'Sepulchres?' "

"I have."

"What part do you like best?"

"I know which really pleases me the most—not the more touching portions, but that scene which brings up the past in so spirited a manner off the Isle of Eubœa; and next the allusion to Parini."

"I think myself it is a spirited passage, but the subject lends it the interest; one judges too partially of oneself."

Some of his Greek translations were wonderfully terse and spirited, full of the fire of true poetry. When I reflect on the failings "flesh is heir to," it is rare that in the sons of genius they are not balanced by corresponding virtues. Foscolo's generosity, and his kindness of soul, were pre-eminent. Most of his failings were the results of an irritable bodily constitution, too spare a diet, and too little of that reflection on common things, which he devoted to the lofty and ideal. Here is a specimen of his French:—

"Cher M. Reading,

"Ce n'est que depuis avant hier, que j'ai appris de maladie de — — ; mais j'ai été en même tems tranquilisé par Mrs. Campbell, qui m'assure comme il n'existait plus de danger. Le même soir, j'ai reçu votre billet dont je vous remercie de tout mon cœur, et je vous en aurais remercié plustôt sans l'indisposition, qui depuis plusieurs jours me tourmente, accompagné d'une constante *head-ach* qui à peine me permet de faire usage

de mes yeux ; et mes yeux aussi sont en mauvaise condition. Lorsque je pourrai sortir, j'irai sous peu vous serrer les mains, et faire des congratulations à Madame ; et lorsque vous viendrez vous serez toujours le bienvenu. Il me faut—il me faut comme de l'air et le pain—il me faut un traducteur ; mais où diable donner de la tête pour le trouver ? En attendant, je ne puis rien faire ; et, en attendant, adieu de tout mon cœur.

“Toujours à vous,

“U. FOSCOLO.”

The following is a specimen of the epistolary English of this extraordinary man.

“My dear Mr. Redding,

“For heaven's sake send me by the bearer, and you shall have them returned to-morrow, all the numbers of the N. M. M. in which I wrote, but more particularly all those in which I wrote about Pietre delle Vigne, and Guido Cavalcanti, and if you have any remaining proofs of the article of Sordelle, or my French MS., or that of your own translation of the Sappho, send it to me.

“Do not disappoint me, because I depend on those articles for some quotations—good bye.

“The bearer will wait for an answer. Forgive the dictation of my letter, because I am sitting for my portrait before M. Pistrucchi, poet and painter. If you wish to hear his *improvisations*, you must come this evening to tea at eight o'clock.

“Yours faithfully,

“UGO FOSCOLO.”

His notes bore no date, but the day of the week. He portrayed himself in this sonnet, of which I have already spoken—

“ A furrowed brow, intent and deep-sunk eyes,
Fair hair, lean cheeks, and mind and aspect bold !
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise,—
Bent head, and well-formed neck, breast rough and cold,
Limbs well composed ; simple in dress, yet choice ;
Swift or to move, act, think, or thought unfold.
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies,
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old ;
Ofttimes alone and mournful, evermore
Most pensive, all unmoved by hope or fear ;
By shame made timid, and by anger brave ;
My subtle reason speaks : but ah ! I rave—
'Twixt vice and virtue hardly know to steer—
Death may for me have fame and rest in store ! ”

It is not possible to recur to those perished days, when I used to meet Foscolo, Santa Rosa, and others, the better natives of the south, and to recall conversations and friendly discussions, mostly faded from memory, without adding another bosom query to the mystery of our humanity, regretting too, at how low a rate they were once valued, compared to the elevated price which memory at present sets upon them.

CHAPTER V.

Henry Matthews was another friend. He became a puisne judge in Ceylon, and died there, after seven years' residence, beloved and respected. He was one of the sons of Colonel Matthews, of the county of Hereford, and brother of Charles Matthews, the early companion of Byron, one of the Monks of Newstead, whom he much resembled. Henry was like his brother Charles, in voice and feature. The latter was drowned. Henry was an Eton boy. After leaving college, he made a tour on the continent, for the benefit of his health, and published the "Diary of an Invalid." His manners were exceedingly agreeable, and his stock of acquirements very considerable.

About this time, Miss Baillie joined us, or, as she always claimed to be styled, "Mrs. Joanna Baillie;" with Campbell, she had long been on terms of intimacy. She was a lady of rare genius. I had a laugh at her repudiation of old maidship in addressing her. Henry Roscoe, who resembled his father more than any of his brothers, tall and slender, with a countenance indicative of genius in its fragility, belonged to our circle, as did his brother Thomas. He was cut off by death prematurely, just when he was beginning to reap the reward of his

exertions in the study of the law. Mr. Munden, a son of the actor of that name, versed in Spanish literature, joined us, and Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) widely known and honourably esteemed by his writings, and still more as a man ; the two Smiths, Horace and James, and the present Sir John Bowring. The last gave us some translations from the German.

Horace Smith was acquainted with a medical gentleman, who had in his possession the head of Oliver Cromwell ; and, to gratify my curiosity, gave me a note to him. There accompanied the head a memoir relating to its history. It had been torn from the tomb with the heads of Ireton and Bradshaw, after the accession of Charles II., under a feeling of impotent vengeance. All three were fixed over the entrance of Westminster Hall. The other bones of these three distinguished men were interred at Tyburn under the gibbet, an act well befitting the Stuart character. During a stormy night, the centre head, which was that of Cromwell, fell to the ground. The sentry on guard beneath, having a natural respect for an heroic soldier, no matter of what party, took up the head and placed it under his cloak until he went off duty. He then carried it to the Russells, who were the nearest relations of Cromwell's family, and disposed of it to them. It belonged, when I saw it, to a lady, a descendant of the Cromwell family, who did not like to keep it in her house. There was a minute written extant with it. The disappearance of the head is mentioned in some of the publications of the time when it was missing. It had been carefully embalmed, as Cromwell's body is known to have been, two years before its disinterment. The nostrils were filled

with a substance like cotton. The brain had been extracted by dividing the scalp. The membranes within were perfect, but dried up, looking like parchment. The decapitation had evidently taken place after death, as the state of the flesh over the vertebra of the neck plainly indicated. It was hacked, showing it had been done by a hand not used to the work, for there were several cuts besides that which separated the bone. The beard, of a chestnut colour, seemed to have grown after death. An ashen pole, pointed with iron, had received the head impaled on its point, which came out an inch above the crown, rusty and time-worn. The wood of the staff, and the skin itself, had been perforated by the common wood-worm. I wrote to Smith that I had seen it, and deemed it genuine. He replied :

“ I am gratified you were pleased with the head, as I was when I saw it, being fully persuaded of its identity. It is indeed a pregnant source of reflections, very humiliating to human nature, and I am afraid we are not much advanced since the days of Cromwell. To bury a man alive, is worse than disinterring him after death.* But, perhaps, the process may be reversed in the case of Napoleon, and his bones be as much honoured as he is now degraded. Next week, I take my departure for Italy, &c.”

What a singular coincidence ! The bones of Napoleon have been honoured, and lie in France, after all. I have preserved but few of the letters of Horace Smith. He took up his quarters at Versailles, after he quitted business in London, residing at 15, Rue des Reservoirs.

* Alluding to the treatment of Napoleon by Lord Castlereagh and Sir Hudson Lowe.

"Dear Sir,

"I have been a good deal occupied in changing and furnishing my lodgings, and have had but little time for writing, and I have no access to books, as mine have not yet been returned from Italy; but they are on the route, and I hope to keep you supplied with admissible matter. Your account of the sale is gratifying, and I should think must be satisfactory to Mr. Colburn, even should it not advance further, though his heavy expenses must demand a wide circulation.

"That you should not receive much novelty is natural enough, for who the deuce can hit upon anything new, when half the world are racking their brains to do the same? The magazine certainly improves; and, as far as I can judge from those who see it here, and at Galignani's, gives great satisfaction.

"I had heard of poor Leigh Hunt's adventure: I hope to Heaven he will get out to Italy somehow, for this is the very crisis of his fate, not only as it may remove him from all the devilry with which he has been so long beleaguered, but that it may place him within the powerful influence of Lord Byron. His non-arrival has occasioned a whole chapter of embarrassments at Pisa, where his lordship has appropriated a part of his palace for his reception, and has matured the other plans for which he was wanted. What these are I do not exactly know, but Shelley is only interested as an occasional contributor, and none of the party will dream of heretical, still less of atheistical theories, in a periodical publication, which would be inevitably sup-

pressed.* Though Shelley is my most particular friend, I regret the imprudence of his early publications on more points than one, but as I know him to possess the most exalted virtues, and find in others who promulgate the most startling theories, most amiable traits, I learn to be liberal towards abstract speculations, which not exercising any baneful influence on their author's lives, are still less likely to corrupt others. Truth is great and will prevail—that is my motto, and I would, therefore, leave everything unshackled—what is true will stand, and what is false ought to fall, whatever be the consequences. Ought we not to feel ashamed that Lucretius could publish his book in the teeth of an established religion, while martyrs are groaning in perpetual imprisonment, for expressing a conscientious dissent from Christianity.

“Human punishments and rewards will generally be found sufficient for human control, so far as it can really be controlled. Jack Ketch is the most effectual devil, and the gallows the most practical hell; the theoretical ones, which could not deter from crime, are seldom much thought of by the rogue, until these most tangible ones are about to punish him.

“John Hunt is a fine-spirited fellow, and I beg to be kindly remembered to him.

“I am delighted with France, particularly Versailles, and do not think of an immediate return. There is very good English society here.

* Such were the charitable reports of those at the time, who professing outrageous orthodoxy, and exclusive piety, lived practical heretics and atheists. We have seen better times, and more charity.

"I never look at the magazine, without wondering how you get through the labour, which I fear is too heavy to allow you any trip to this side, where I should be most happy to see you. I have taken apartments and furnished them myself, which I find a much cheaper plan.

"I am always, Dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HORATIO SMITH."

I cannot, out of his letters left undestroyed, omit the following. Of the authors of the "Rejected Adresses," he was the superior. His brother was given to jest and epigram only, and was more confined in his views of men and things, being little of the philosopher.

Versailles, 15, Rue des Reservoirs.

"Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your acceptable letter of the 21st July, handed to me by Mr. Crowe, who passed a day with me, very agreeably on my part, and to whom I should have been happy to shew further civilities, but that the shortness of his stay prevented it. He seems a very intelligent, unassuming man, and I should much like to join him in his excursion, as I still hope to visit the classic regions if I can get my wife's health re-established.

"I understand the paragraph to which you allude in "Blackwood," is an ill-natured one towards me, and it does not contain an atom of truth, as I knew nothing, whatever, of the projected work at Pisa, and certainly shall not contribute a line, even were I requested, which I have never been; so that if you have an opportunity

of contradicting the assertion, I will thank you to do so. Even Shelley, the only one of the party with whom I am in communication, has no share in the domiciliation of Hunt, nor has he pledged himself to any literary participation in the plans, whatever they may be. From him, I have lately heard of Hunt's arrival at Genoa on his way to Leghorn, Lord Byron's present residence, where he is amusing himself with a beautiful yacht, which he has just had built at Genoa. Two more cantos of Don Juan are finished, at which I for one feel little pleasure, for I hate all productions, whatever be their talent, which present disheartening and degrading views of human nature. This is, in my opinion, worse than impiety, though it is the latter imputation which will destroy its popularity in England, almost the only country existing in Europe where bigotry retains its omnipotence. You did well, however, to strike out anything in any contribution calculated to give offence, even to particular professions, for what Johnson said of the drama is applicable to magazines :

‘ Those who live to please, must please to live.’

“ I suppose a similar feeling suppressed my final journal of a tourist, where my summary of the French national character is probably deemed too favourable, though I do think the English might be benefited by hearing something about the virtues of their neighbours, instead of having their blind hostility aggravated by lying diatribes. A man of four or five hundred a year keeps a cabriolet and horse, which would be hooted and pelted in England ; but they answer his purpose, convey him to his friends, and give him air, pleasure and

variety. All these an Englishman foregoes if he cannot do it in style, and mount a lackey behind in a blue jacket with gold lace. Pride, filthy pride!—pride is the besetting sin of England, and like most other sins brings its own punishment, by converting existence into a struggle, and environing it with gloom and heart-burning.

“I am exactly of your feeling—I can live comfortably under an arbitrary foreign government, while I was perpetually annoyed at home by the tyranny and mismanagement of men whose talents were despicable. I felt as if I was constantly kicked by jackasses—here, I do not trouble my head about the French, and only endeavour to forget the English ministers.

“Your information about a paper will be most valuable if we get permission to establish one, of which I have no expectation. We have a Paris English magazine, to which Galignani has started an opposition. I occasionally give it a lift with my pen, but neither of the works answer, nor do I much expect they will. Adieu.

“My dear Sir,

“Yours very faithfully,

“HORATIO SMITH.”

I subjoin another note or two of this most excellent man and esteemed friend. It is likely that I over-rate his abilities, but to over-rate the virtues of his heart is scarcely possible.

“My dear Sir,

“I have been waiting for a conveyance to London

to thank you for 'Andrews' Travels,' which have at length come safely to hand, spite of your apprehensions that they might have been mislaid, and I find them to contain a good deal of curious matter and information which to me was new.*

"You came down last month to take a shower-bath or two ; if you want 'warm' baths, now is your time ; and you will have nothing to pay, as the air will confer them gratuitously.

"Should any of the articles I gave you for the magazine prove objectionable, you can return them when any parcel is coming from Burlington Street. They are mere *hors-d'œuvres* as the French *cartes* say, and do not deserve to be treated with any ceremony.

"Yours very truly,

"HORATIO SMITH.

"P.S. Will you tell Colburn, when you see him, that 'Zillah' is the most appropriate name he could choose for my novel. I find that lady was the mother of Tubal Cain, the first of the Smiths, and of course the founder of my family ; perhaps the circumstance was in Mr. ——'s eye when he pitched upon Zillah !"

I had been requested to write for the editions of "The English Poets," published in Paris by Galignani, sketches of the lives of most of them, among the rest of Shelley. He wrote me as follows, Mrs. Shelley subsequently supplying me with what I wanted.

* These travels were put together by me for Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, from Captain Andrews' papers.

Brighton, 10, Hanover Crescent, 6th April.

"My dear Redding,

"It does, indeed, seem an age since we encountered ; but we live in the hope that when the summer swallows visit us, you will also take wing from the great mart of drudgery, intellectual, manual, and financial, and pay us a visit. You will find us still in Hanover Crescent, but in improved quarters at No. 10, where I need not say that you may always depend upon a hearty welcome from me and mine. Two of my daughters are on a visit to H——, and if I go to fetch them back, I will assuredly beat up your quarters in the chance of half an hour's chat.

"Upon looking over the letters of Shelley that I have preserved, I find that I cannot, however anxious to oblige you, comply with your request, for they are of too confidential and hazardous a nature to be copper-plated. Several are requests for loans to himself or Godwin ; some make private mention of Byron, Moore, and Hunt, that it might not be right to promulgate, and almost all are full of such heterodox notions as might horrify many good folks who might happen to see them. You shall read these letters when you next visit me, and I am sure you will yourself concur in the prudence of my withholding them. A mere fac-simile you might easily get, I should imagine, by applying to Godwin, Mrs. Shelley, or Mr. Peacock.

"Hoping to have a ride with you soon over the downs, and to share a bottle with you afterwards,

"I am, my dear Redding,

"Yours very truly,

"HORATIO SMITH."

I soon afterwards left London for the midland counties, and nearly ten years separated us from visits, or correspondence. In 1840, I returned to town, and wrote to him to ask a contribution for a work of which I was the editor. There was evidently a change in the hand-writing. It varied considerably from the very neat text it had before displayed. His reply was as follows, the last but one I ever received from him.

Brighton, 12, Cavendish Place,
29th December, 1840.

“My dear Sir,

“I was very sorry to have missed seeing you in London; but there was no address on the card which you left a day or two before my departure, and I had no means of finding you, or I should certainly have called.

“I had intended not to have troubled the world with any more of my scribblings, feeling that I have done enough, and was getting old; but circumstances induced me to change this resolution, and I am again about to venture into the literary arena. In periodical literature, I have done nothing for a long time—so long that I fear that my hand has lost its cunning, if it ever had any.

“Captain Marryat lately told me that he had agreed to write for a new paper called the “Era,” edited by Frank Mills, but that he objected vehemently to see the walls plaistered with his name, feeling it to be *infra dig*. In this I agree with him, but, if it will oblige you, I will endeavour to send you up a paper, though I do not exactly know what sort of contribution you require.

“Poor Hill is gone at last, and it seems to have surprised everybody, the world seeming to think he could not die. The papers state him to have been eighty-one.

“Did I not feel myself to be growing old in various ways, I should be reminded of it by my three girls, who are now, at least two of them, almost as tall as myself. Thank heaven, we are all in good health and spirits—disposed to make the best of everything and to enjoy the world as long as we can.

“I am, my dear Sir,

“Yours very faithfully,

“HORATIO SMITH.”

One of the pleasantest days I passed with Smith was in a visit to Penshurst. Smith was staying at Tunbridge, and we agreed to employ the day on themes of the past in place of the present. We made the pilgrimage in an excellent tone of mind for entering into the spirit of the old romance. We discoursed all the way, between four and five miles, of the “Arcadia,” and of “Sydney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother,” until we entered the sweet valley where the edifice stands. We wondered how in the sixteen hundred years from the time of Roman luxury, England had got no further in comfort than a fire-place in the midst of a hall with smoky beams, a hole above, and brick floors below. But if there was not comfort, there was the imaginary grandeur of the animal man—the superiority of feudal ignorance and feudal assumption on the dais, over the vassal, the elevated site of the lordly trencher and cup, that told the tale of human pride in the olden time from whence

the human intellect was emerging, under Elizabeth and her band of gifted courtiers, the Bacons, Raleighs, and Sidneyes of the maiden reign. We found all in decay. One picture was there of the Countess of Pembroke, and another, I remember, said to be Algernon Sidney; but this was hardly probable. We returned as we went, exchanging conjectures as to the first, filling up the lack of historical records from the imagination, and perhaps reconciling the destiny of man and his labour by that sense of the necessity of our resignation to a superior power, the purposes of which are to us so great a mystery.

I believe this ramble induced Smith to try his hand at novel-writing. "Brambletye House," his best effort, followed soon afterwards.

I remember dining with him, and a set of wits, among whom I felt like a fish out of water. Theodore Hook, James Smith, Charles Matthews, Horace Twiss, John Wilson Croker, and myself, were invited. Croker was unexpectedly prevented, from making his appearance. I never passed a duller evening among men of distinguished wit. Horace Twiss seemed as little inclined to be forced to laugh as myself. Even Hook was dull. James Smith, whose after-dinner sayings were generally effective, cut the best figure of the party. When men sit down to force wit, "knock as you may there is often nobody at home," and by intending to seem something, we look like nothing. Even Matthews, so entertaining in general, was under an incubus, and Hook strained himself so much to exhibit, that he fairly dislocated his wit. There are times when humour gets rusty, do what its owner will. It is the

spontaneity of the thing that gives it the real value.

I remember hearing the cause of Croker's absence a day or two afterwards, stated by himself to Smith, to account for not being at the dinner, which took place on a Monday. He had been down at the Pavilion, at Brighton, on the Sunday. The company were in the drawing-room after dinner, and there was a group at the end of the room in conversation, including the Duke of Clarence and others. The Duke was having a sly blow at the Admiralty, as well as at Croker, whom some of the naval men used to call "The whole board of Admiralty." The Duke, in reply to some remark of the secretary, said :

"When I am king, I'll be my own First Lord of the Admiralty."

"Does your Royal Highness recollect what English king was his own First Lord, the last time?"

The Duke replied in the negative.

"It was James II."

There was a general laugh among the party. The king, walking up and down the room at the time, hearing the laugh, approached the group—

"What—one of your good things, Croker, I suppose—what was it?"

"Nothing, and please your Majesty, but your royal brother is saying what he will do in the navy when he is king."

George IV. turned on his heel, and walked off to the other end of the room. The next day Croker, on the point of going up to town, received the king's command to attend him in his bed-room.

"I was annoyed at your exposing my brother's nonsense, under my roof, last evening; and in the next place, in stating what should happen when I am no longer king. Let me request there may be no repetition of similar remarks. Do not believe I am offended, but it is distasteful to my feelings." He then gave the honourable secretary his hand to kiss, and he departed to ruminate on the hint he had thus received of the sensitiveness of royalty.

Thomas Hill, mentioned in one of Smith's letters to myself, was a character long known wherever a quorum of literary men chanced to meet; that is, if he could get admission into it. He had no literary tastes nor acquirements. His manners were those of his business, a city drysalter. But what mattered all this, if he himself thought it was otherwise, and in consequence of that idea, and having been once the proprietor of a little theatrical periodical, he took a fancy to those in the "literary line," as he would have phrased it. He imagined himself a Thames Street Mecænas. To assume this character, he invited a number of literary men to his villa at Sydenham. Of the number were the two brothers Smith, Barnes, afterwards of the "Times," George Colman, Matthews, Campbell, Hook, and others, who did not object to a jaunt of eight miles for a merry meeting.

He gave plain dinners and good wine, in exchange for which, his guests used to play upon his idea of being a literary patron, to his infinite gratification. They often sate late, and got back to town at the dawn of morning, on their way giving improvisations, and

reciting, literally, "rhymes on the road." Campbell, who lived at Sydenham, nearer the summit of the hill than the drysalter, used to accompany those townward bound, and take leave of them at a particular spot, flinging up his hat and wig in the air, when they parted, he to his two o'clock bed, and the rest of the party, or a portion of them, to business, rather than the blankets, when they arrived home.

These merry meetings occurred before I knew Hill, or visited at Sydenham, where I never go now without remembrances of times past away, when I have seen the early summer dawn from that hill, and traversed London afterwards that seemed a vast sepulchre, or a hive at night, in which the busy, buzzing tenants of the day shut up in repose, made one think of towns ravaged by the plague, life all wasted, and man dumb and dead. Where are those whose names will live with their land's language, who were erst so full of life and mirth? Despite all reason can do to reconcile us with the reality, the heart must confess its melancholy associations with those that have only taken precedence of ourselves in the realm of forgetfulness.

Hill knew something of everybody. "If, Redding, he stood at Charing Cross," said James Smith, "he would tell the names of all the passengers." At one time, he haunted the newspaper-offices, particularly that of Perry, where he was intimate with Black, the editor. He would often come to me, and ask for a proof of some bit of poetry which was to appear in the forthcoming number of the magazine. Upon receiving it, he would bustle off with it to the "Chronicle," get

them to insert it, and then, carrying a copy to Colburn, show him how zealous he was in promoting the interest of his publication.

Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," is said to have drawn that character from Hill. He would sometimes in his descriptions make most apocryphal assertions, in his story-telling, all which he uttered with extraordinary asseverations of their truth. Falstaff would have been no match for him, except in corporeality. Hill was a short, round, fresh-faced personage, who at eighty had the appearance of being only sixty. I never knew any one who managed to make "eleven buckram men out of two," in such an insidious mode. He could swell a herring to a whale, and put a Jonas within it before any one was aware what he was about. It was a species of monomania with him to argue himself into a belief, that the unfounded thing with which he began, should terminate in a solemn averment of its reality; in other words, to metamorphose the pure fiction with which he commenced, into an honest fact in winding up. Never was there such a busy-body. He had the virtue amidst all of being a harmless, undesigning man against his neighbour. No one ever heard of his doing another an injury. In 1840, I had been absent from London, as a resident, seven years, and met him on the south side of St. Paul's.

"God bless me! how are you—come back here? You have been long absent."

"Nearly seven years."

"Yes, I know that. I know where you have been. I happen to know that, and what you were doing, too. You did wonders for the government."

"I don't know that, Mr. Hill."

"Yes, yes. I know what you are about now, too—you are assisting Mr. Fonblanque."

It fairly puzzled me how he came by his knowledge. I had only been in town two or three days. Hill died in the Adelphi, and] as he had no other relative, he left Du Bois, already mentioned, fifteen thousand pounds, because he and Du Bois had gone to the "Spaniards," or "Jack Straw's Castle" to dine together every fine Sunday. He had no other motive for the legacy.

Horace Smith could exhibit Hill exactly, and play upon him in a mode Hill was too dull to discover. Hook could not, because Hill was thoroughly master of Hook's character—a character notorious to all his acquaintance. Several of us tried an epitaph upon him.*

* Mine was : Thomas Hill, Obiit 1840.

Here at last, taciturn and still,
Lies babbling, prying Thomas Hill.
Marvellous his power in explanations
Of others' business or vocations ;
Retailing all he ever knew,
Or knew not—whether false or true,
Happy to give it an addition
That beat Munchausen competition.
With ruddy cheek, and spring-tide eye,
Few thought that he could ever die ;
But news grew scant, what should he do,
But die for want of something new ?—
Who'd lived to eighty-one the chorus,
Of others businesses and stories !
Yet, truth to tell, they're many worse,
Whose histories I might rehearse—
The worst of him I can recite,
I've told—so Thomas Hill, good night !

Horace Smith would not, for he said he could not, believe that Hill was dead, and he could not insult a man he had known so long—Hill would reappear.

Heseltine, of the Stock Exchange, was one of Horace Smith's friends. He resided in the Turret House, Lambeth, once occupied by Sir Elias Ashmole. He was a kind, unostentatious man, and wrote a tale of merit, "The Last of the Plantagenets." I used to go down to see Smith, when at Tunbridge Wells, on the Saturday, and he would post down on the Sunday early in the morning, and give me a place in his carriage back on the Monday, for he was punctually at his post of business at a fixed hour. He has not long paid the debt of nature.

James Smith, whose forte was taking off the citizens of Cockaigne, and who touched their foibles exceedingly well in "Grimm's Ghost" and the "London Lyrics," was an ingenious humourist, and little more. He was an accurate observer of social peculiarities, those of London almost exclusively. His pictures were most faithful of the foibles of the cockneys in his time—they would not be faithful now. He sang his own verses at evening parties, but wanted both the extent of observation, the reading acquirements, and the cordial spirit of his brother, Horace. I suspect he had not much heart. He was solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. A little chagrined one day at the printer's having put "London Lyrics," his own peculiar title, to a piece of poetry by some one else, an accident which I at once explained and rectified, he sent me the following letter, which, of course, was suppressed after my explanation.

"I beg to inform you that you have been hoaxed.

A correspondent has in name addressed M. La Porte in what he calls 'The Lament of the Orchestra.' In my humble opinion, he has made a lamentable affair of it. If the harmony of the present band of the King's Theatre is to be judged by your contributor's verses, the sooner Messrs. Linley, Mackintosh, and Nicholson resume their stations in front of the footlights, the better it will be for the establishment. I have no sort of objection to being answered by any of your correspondents. Your contributor* (the Alpha of your poetical assistants) has had his *Araminta* answered after a fashion. But I am not aware that any virtuous son of the Muses has hitherto assumed his signature. Not to be too hard on your pseudo-correspondent, I beg only to quote—

Great Tweedledum la Porte we pray,
Consider our dire necessity.

"I will put it to the 'candid and enlightened public,' whether your Argus eyes must not have been closed when you allowed such an effusion to pass, as that of the subscriber to this epistle. The old college-verses, which I will not repeat, tell us, an epigram should be like a jelly-bag, 'pointed at the end.' So, in my opinion, should a London Lyric. When I was in the habit of writing epilogues, Mr. Edwin used to say—'My dear Sir, whatever you do, give me a good *exit*.' The rule holds good with all comic effusions. What then shall we say to your correspondent, whose lament concludes:—

* The late Mr. Praed of Cambridge.

‘ As vain Duke Newcastle may try
To swear this isle to bigotry,
The prayer dispersed in smoke.’

“ I formerly tried my hand at imitating the modern poets, and I must confess, that all this appears as much a resemblance to me as Pedrillo bore to his master in the doublet of Don Ferdinand.

“ Re-assuring you, Sir, as Partridge has it, ‘ that this Mr. Jones is not that Mr. Jones,’ I subscribe myself, your accustomed contributor and well-wisher,

“ THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDON LYRICS.”

Moore never wrote in the “ New Monthly Magazine.” He had a fear that from the publication having been once anti-whig, he might displease some of his government friends. He was most sensitive upon that score. Montgomery was shy ; both joined us in the “ Metropolitan.” In truth, although the name was continued, the work was completely new modelled, not in politics alone, but in regard to appearance and typography. It commenced a new era in that kind of literature, and on that account, as well as my own humble labour in it for ten years, I have gone here more fully into its conduct. Sidney Smith was asked, and pleaded too much to do, and, as if in a sincere desire to do our souls good, he demanded :

“ Then, Campbell, as to your orthodoxy, how is that to be ?”

I used to meet Moore in company at that time. He was the most sensitive of mortals. The mislaying a knee-buckle when dressing to go out to dinner, would annoy him so much that he would remain at home.

For nearly twenty years before his decease, I saw nothing of him, but once, and then he was with Lord Lansdowne in an open carriage driving through Bath, and passed beneath the window where I was sitting. I thought him much changed in look. The last time I was in his company, was at a London evening party in July, when we both went out of the rooms upon the stairs, to avoid the suffocating heat.*

Blanco White was author of the letters of Don Leonardo Doblado, into which I drew him, affording much novel information of the people of Spain, and the education of the clergy there. I visited him at Chelsea, where, at that time, he resided. He afterwards entered the English Church, and there he was regarded as a brand plucked from the burning—"a sinner saved," as Huntington used to phrase it. He became a lion among proselytes. But while thus anchored in the only haven of true faith, he fell into backsliding beyond all hope, repudiating trinitarianism, as bequeathed by the scarlet

* I indited the following lines to him on some young ladies disputing about him, one of them declaring he belonged solely to Ireland—the other that he was as much English as Irish—like the first Bishop of Bath and Wells, who got both cities under his mitreship by saying—"Bauth." The Irish dame was worsted, it was decreed he should belong to both.

"So Moore, the girls say, that your verse all belongs
To your own native Erin as well as your songs—
Is it true? For if true they declare, pretty thieves,
They'll invade the green isle for your laurel and leaves.
And you know with what dangers full fraught the dispute is,
On questions that kindle a conflict with beauties—
Then divide your pretensions, Tom Moore I desire,
Lest the rape of your verse set two kingdoms on fire!"

lady. He now belonged to those who believed in one God only. He was a doubter, just a fit inhabitant of Bunyan's castle. I am inclined to think constitutionally so, for he was of a gloomy, saturnine temperament, a melancholy man at best. He wrote and spoke English with great purity. I remember he told me that he thought in English for three years, and by perseverance this way, became perfect in the language. He was amiable and conscientious. He could not reconcile the inconsistencies of creeds, not being content to believe upon the credit of doctors and fathers, but to judge for himself. I believe he left some memoirs, but I have never seen them.

I heard a good story about White, and no less a prelate than the Bishop of London at that time. White, when he became anti-papal, was wonderfully extolled for his conversion, while so many of the church which received the penitent were hankering after the love he had quitted. The Bishop had a collection of right orthodox saints, the portraits of favoured cotemporary divines. Shewing them one day to a friend, he remarked that there was a vacancy wanting; another portrait was required to fill it up.

"Yes," said his lordship, "who would you recommend me to have there?"

"Why, my lord, I think you cannot have a better subject than the Rev. Blanco White."

"To tell you the truth," replied his lordship, "Blanco White was there, but I have had him removed!"

I believe poor White was something like Lord Eldon, with this difference, that the latter profited largely by

doubting, but White was rendered miserable under the system.

"Morocco" Jackson, as he was called, from Africa, engaging much attention at the moment. He appeared a man of sound judgment and right principles in literature.

"I am," said he, "of no party, political, religious, or literary. When I publish my observations, the first object is to be beneficial to my country, either by science or literature. My second is remuneration. I flatter myself that the public, that is, I mean the small reflecting part of it, so wrongfully put for all, will perceive that truth is my compass and guide. I want neither place nor pension. I have so much of the *amor patriæ*, that I would willingly serve my country without fee or remuneration. It is under the influence of this spirit, and that of truth, that I have written the review you speak of upon McQueen. Other writers upon African matters, whether for the sake of preferment, office, or promotion, I declare not, abuse their fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, as if their promotion depended on general abuse; they spare none but themselves."

Jackson's book upon Morocco, is one of the best works we yet have upon that country—as I remember, it was expensive.

Miss Mitford was introduced to me by Talfourd. She wrote the most graphic and minute descriptions of country life and manners. She was in prose what Clare was in the poetry of the country, since the time Pastorellas and Damons have departed. Both these writers described nature with a fidelity and minuteness

that could only have been derived from very attentive observation. Clare seemed unwilling that a weed should escape his notice; and he cast over his subjects, however simple, that charm which belongs only to a truly poetic spirit. In large towns and cities he cannot, be appreciated, especially since the manners of the lower classes have been introduced so much with their correspondent ideas into the current works of the day. Miss Mitford dwelt rather on rural life than on inanimate nature. She was faithful, ingenious, and pretty in her works. Her ideas of their value were extravagant.

The payment to authors for original articles had been at the rate of twelve guineas per sheet of sixteen pages. She wanted to be paid by the article, short or long, six guineas. This was rather extortionate. When Valpy obtained the "Metropolitan," after the proprietor's bankruptcy, she was written to with the offer of twelve guineas, the sum she had been paid by Colburn. There was some demur, and she wrote to me.

"Dear Sir,

"I am quite astonished that there can be the slightest misunderstanding respecting the price of my articles. I stated that I had no objection to contribute to so respectable a publication, but that I considered it right to state that I never received less than six guineas an article, prose or verse, short or long. A respectable magazine is continually craving for my papers at that price, and the remuneration I receive from the annuals is much higher. I received a letter to say that the

price of six guineas is not objectionable, and that the copyright (for which I had also stipulated) was with the author. This letter I have kept, and you shall see it when my father goes to London, as I expect he will, in about a fortnight, and then the matter will be cleared up. In the meanwhile, the scene you have (unless you decide on continuing the price at six guineas) had better remain unprinted. My own feeling is that on speaking to Mr. C——, he will immediately remember the letter, and set the matter right at once. In any event, you can retain the article until my father goes to town, when he will certainly see you, or Mr. Valpy, who will, undoubtedly, remember my letter to him.

“ I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ M. R. MITFORD.

“ P.S.—To imagine for a moment that I should write at six guineas per sheet (or twelve?) is ridiculous. I left off writing for the magazines generally because sixteen was not enough, and in my letter to Mr. V——, was as clear as possible on the point; I especially said six guineas an article, long or short.

“ C. Redding, Esq.”

The lady knew how to bargain—the magazines generally paid no such price. Some of her works were very popular among young people, but they were not of a lasting character to justify demands that could only be conceded to writers of a class superior to herself.

It was prior to this time that certain personalities in

"Blackwood's Magazine" made a considerable noise. This magazine was established by an excellent friend of mine, Thomas Pringle, a worthy man in every sense of the word. Hogg claimed this honour, but it was not his due. After a few months of publication, Pringle and Blackwood could not agree, and they separated. The magazine management then fell into the hands of a knot of individuals in Edinburgh, fond of a little mischief; Professor Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, Sym, Hamilton, and others. Just as matters were commencing, Hogg sent Blackwood an article called the "Chaldee MS.," which Wilson and Lockhart altered and filled with drollery and mischief. Every class and kind of person in Edinburgh, and its vicinity were quizzed or handled in it. The noise it made in the 'Scotch Athens,' no doubt gave the cue to many subsequent personalities. One of the latter had stung John Scott, who then edited a newspaper in London, called 'The Champion.' Scott had before that been editor of Drakard's radical paper at Stamford, called the News. From thence, he came to town, and for a short time edited the London Magazine, to which I myself contributed articles. In place of being contented with answering and reprehending certain anonymous attacks in Blackwood as he should have done, for it was impossible he could fix the editorship on any one of the party who wrote in it, he accused Lockhart, charged him by guess only, as being the author of the offensive articles, and being besides the editor of Blackwood of which he had no proof. In fact, Lockhart never was the editor. Horace Smith was named by Scott as an umpire in the affair,

but he withdrew from it when he found that the quarrel tended to a personal rencontre of which he disapproved. The dispute with Lockhart then merged into one with Mr. Christie, Lockhart's friend in the former dispute.

Horace Smith, not long before his death, wrote some recollections entitled "A Graybeard's Gossip about his Literary Acquaintance." He there touched on this unhappy affair, and spoke of his disapproval of Scott's conduct, but as a man of judgment, reason, and humanity; in fact, Smith prevented a meeting with Lockhart. Scott, however, seemed determined to show he was a man of that courage which no one doubted. He sent the challenge.

Smith thought and said, that I must be under a mistake when I stated some years afterwards, that, "Campbell declared to me, Hazlitt had been a means of irritating John Scott to such a degree, that he was one cause of his going out in the duel in which he fell." The remark of Smith is, "Campbell was too prone to believe whatever he might hear in disparagement of Hazlitt, and in this instance I have reason to think he was misinformed,"

I believe I also stated the manner in which I was informed Hazlitt spoke. Not with the intention of provoking Scott directly, but in a mode which had the effect, for it would appear that it was a point upon which Scott was sensitive—a sort of taunting. "I don't pretend to hold the principles called those of honour which you (Scott) hold. I would neither give nor accept a challenge—you hold the opinions of the world—with you it is different—as for me it would

be nothing. I do not think as you and the world think."

Such was Campbell's statement, and Scott did not go out in the first, nor follow the advice of Smith in the second case. I speak without prejudice. I knew Scott as a mere acquaintance. He was not one with whom I felt I could ever be cordial, I can hardly tell why. We continually meet such individuals in society—the *je ne sais quoi* that determines this kind of feeling is sometimes unaccountable. Scott was unquestionably a man of ability, but he was not to be depended upon. I know that John Hunt had the same feeling towards him, and I never knew a man of sounder judgment. The truth was that Scott's principles were not firmly fixed; he was short-sighted. He had for a long period supported ultra-liberal doctrines. When the ruler of Europe was hurled from his seat by the snows of Russia, and then worsted by the allies, Scott disregarded their mutual treaties against freedom, praised the Bourbon restoration and the Holy Alliance, and turned completely round upon his old principles, startling his former friends. He visited France for six weeks, and returning wrote a volume about what he had seen. Good taste in the composition appeared throughout, but little besides, save a few descriptive scenes, which at that time were a novelty. The change of a long-cherished political or religious opinion, when unattended by any worldly motive, and through sincere conviction, is to be respected although it is an ill compliment to one's own understanding. On the other hand the sweeping away of a sudden, opinions long in favour,

in support of which every defensive argument has been used, verbally and in writing, that reading, reflection, and reason, can contribute to support for the half of a man's life time, is the mark of a painful lack of perspicacity, if not of something of a less worthy nature.

Pringle, after he left Edinburgh, sent me communications from the Cape of Good Hope. Thence he was expelled by the Verres of that day, Lord E. Somerset. He went out as a settler, but was lame, and not equal to the labours of a farm, in an uncertain climate, to which were added combats with the lion and the rhinoceros. He, therefore, repaired to Cape Town, and endeavoured to establish a paper. It was suspected that he was not as servile to the ruler as the latter, in his brief authority, expected his vassals should be. The paper was put down by order. Pringle then commenced a Magazine, treating principally of natural history. This, too, "without rhyme or reason," was at once annihilated. He then came to England, and laid the conduct of the colonial despot before Earl Bathurst, who behaved in the kindest way, and wished to send him out again at the government-expense, but he declined going having drunk too deeply of the oppression inflicted by the governor to put himself once more within his grasp. Many were the pleasant stories he used to relate of the frolics of the Edinburgh literati. Some did not square well with Southern ideas of strait-lacedness and the reverent would-be conduct of the sons of the kirk.

The frolics of Wilson, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, the mischief-making of Lockhart, the toryism

of Sym, and the whiggism of O'Doherty, or rather Hamilton, show precept and practice were occasionally at war there.

In the meanwhile, if "Blackwood" shone in Edinburgh, the "New Monthly" expanded its broad sheet to a favouring gale in the metropolis. Campbell, in the poetry of the Magazine, was attached to the old and only lasting school of our verse, and never felt inclined to bend the knee to the dictates of fashion in literature, under almost annual changes. Happening to remark that I would rather have written the "Deserted Village," than all that Southey and Lamb had ever put into verse—he was pleased. I determined to see how far this feeling would go. Among my translated poems of Körner, was the far-famed "Sword Song." Going to call on the poet, I put it in my pocket, producing it as a novelty, which perhaps would attract attention; but keeping the translator concealed, and producing it with some pieces by different hands. He remarked that it was full of spirit, but the measure was out of the way. I replied not more than "Hohenlinden;" that the times seemed to favour similar outpourings, and a greater latitude might be extended to them now than of old.

"Well, there is some reason in that; you may be right."

This remark convinced me that I knew the bias of Campbell's mind. I had no intention, after all, of inserting it in the New Monthly; I determined, in like manner, to hear Wilson's opinion. I sent it to Blackwood, subscribing an anonymous name. In due time, I received a number of "Blackwood," and a note.

Edinburgh, 22nd March.

"Sir,

"By the number which I have the pleasure of sending you herewith, you will see that your beautiful translation is inserted. This is not, however, from Christopher's preferring elegant verse to good prose, but that he wanted to shew you he was not insensible of the favour you have done him. He is quite overwhelmed with poetical contributions, and it is on no slight grounds that he ever admits a line of verse.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"W. BLACKWOOD."

"Oh the rogue," thought I, "this letter and the tale about verse and prose is the language of all the biblioplists to correspondents—they all hate verse. The dull dogs from the times of "left legg'd Jacob" and Pope, to this hour, have used the same language.

I told Wilson the story afterwards, and we had a laugh about it. The verses had a run through most of the newspapers. I then saw how much casual causes and whims stand between impartial criticism, and even competent judges. In other words, I was convinced that the variety of criticism is as great a variety as any of our other varieties.

The "New Monthly," successful as it was, wanted identification with a strong mind, as its prime feature. Campbell's name attracted writers enough, and new periodicals were started in imitation. The biblioplists hate originality. "Write us something like so and so; it is very popular." They are too obtuse to see that it is originality which most attracts. Campbell was not

the man to lead in any novelty, nor indeed in any great undertaking of a similar character. He did not love work, and down to within a certain time before his decease was as sensitive to criticism, as he afterwards became regardless of it. His editorship was a negative realization of the duty. He had no idea of following out any great object in such a work. He feared more, at first, lest he should damage his own fame, than anything else. The great engine he might have wielded for guiding opinion or enforcing great truths, he abandoned, I may truly say, to my care. He was even so imprudent to state as much in Glasgow, when asked how he could remain away so long from his duties. He told Schlegel, at Bonn, that he was a sinecurist.

“Redding is the editor ; I am not wanted.”

Yet, at another time, he would affect to be borne down by his labours, and complain he could not leave home for a day. He avoided discussion, because it would have been troublesome. If he had begun something of that nature, he would have relaxed, wanting the energy which I have doubts whether he ever possessed, except for very short periods. He had no endurance in that spirit with which for an hour sometimes he would delight his friends in conversation, and it was the same with literature. The work, therefore, was better adapted to the cursory reader than to the student, or to the order of mind which desires to see superior spirits aim at corresponding ends.

The political portion of the work was confided to myself. A few phrases were too liberal for some of the friends of the publisher, who caused them to be re-

marked. There are persons who disapprove all under the invention of printing, which can be construed into matter not pleasing to everybody, fearful about money-making. Thus if liberal principles were to be strongly advocated, the parties opposed to them would not take in the work. This is the trade principle, stifling periodical literature, and neutralizing its benefits. Campbell did not seem disposed at first to yield to such an argument, while he really did yield. As I should not be borne out against the proprietor for the poet's indifference on the matter, and fear of trouble, the reflection reacted upon myself, *cui bono*? I only wished it had been otherwise. To be a half-speaking advocate is of little service. But it is as easy to find a knot in a bull-rush, as to convince the money-maker that the friendship of all sides is that of none, and that a straightforward, honest course is best calculated to profit in the end.

Walter Scott and A. W. Schlegel, were both in town soon after the magazine commenced. Scott was too much engaged, and too anti-whig to be enrolled at any price in our pages. Schlegel was too learned for the Bull family. One day, Scott called in Margaret Street; he was going away as I went in. When he was gone, Campbell said, "Now for an impromptu—Don't speak. I have it."

Quoth the South to the North—"In your comfortless sky
Not a nightingale sings." "True," the North made reply—
"But your nightingale's warblings, I envy them not,
When I think of the strains of my Burns and my Scott!"

I took it down on a letter-cover; the only copy of it made.

While Schlegel was in England, I dined one day, at the publishers with Schlegel, Campbell, Felix Bodin, and Edward Blaquiere. Poor Blaquiere is supposed to have gone down in a vessel on board which he sailed for the Western Islands. After dinner, something led to the mention of the interjections and exclamations used in the different nations of Europe. Schlegel observed how much the English language had received in the way of accession since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and what a continual practice we made of importing new words, much as we imported our merchandize. Where would this end? The English was already one of the most copious of modern languages, and there was reason to fear it would soon be corrupted, because journalism, too often in the hands of men destitute of education and literary feeling, would increase the mischief. I have often thought if Schlegel had lived to the present time, and marked the low standard of ideas in some of our literature, he would see the realization of his fears.

"England will give its language in the end to a third of mankind," said Schlegel. "It is for the interest of mankind that it should be used as pure as possible. Even the Cossack hourra has been naturalized in England."

"No, no," said Campbell, "that is an old English exclamation."

"Not so old," replied Schlegel.

"Yes," said several voices at once.

"It is not as old as Shakspeare," rejoined the professor of Bonn. "It is not as old as Elizabeth."

Blaquiere said in his thoughtless way, "he was certain it was used before the maiden reign."

Campbell declared on the same side. Bodin said nothing. Colburn smirked as if he felt some interest in the matter. I was in doubt when Schlegel was so positive—I thought with my countrymen, but had said nothing.

"Might it not be borrowed from the French *hourra*-gan? meaning a noise, or a storm," I remarked.

"We never borrowed the word from those cut-throat Cossacks," said Campbell; "we have only just heard of the existence of those savages."

"Borrowed or not of the Cossacks," said Schlegel, "you will not find it in your old writers, neither in Shakspeare, nor in Shakspeare's time. It must have been introduced since. I am better qualified than any one present to judge of every minutia in that poet. I know every word he used. My translation cost me many years of hard labour."

Some one remarked that the word "*huzza*" was in Shakspeare, and that "*hourra*" was perhaps a provincial corruption of the word as old as Elizabeth.

"*Huzza* is not in Shakspeare either," said Schlegel.

Campbell rather stimulated by Schlegel's positiveness, and without a wary consideration of the subject, acting as usual under momentary mental bias, said to Schlegel:

"My friend, you are wrong—I am quite clear the word is in Shakspeare. We never borrowed it of the Russians. We were never enough in their company to steal it from them. I recollect the words in a number of old songs."

“That may be,” said Schlegel, with confidence; “I do not believe the word was ever in use as early as Shakspeare’s time, because he has never used it, and he had every call for the familiar words of his native language.”

The majority of the company were still incredulous.

“You are all wrong. Being a foreigner, employed in translating Shakspeare, I am much more likely to have remarked such niceties of language than you are, whose native language is that of the poet.”

The matter ended by Schlegel offering to bet a breakfast at Brunet’s Hotel, where he was sojourning, that he was correct. I went to work to ascertain the truth, but before I had examined Shakspeare through, the great German critic had gone away. I parted with him, the last evening he was in town, at the door of his hotel, and never saw him more, though I had messages from him by Campbell, who ran over occasionally to Germany. Schlegel came over to England in the hope of getting some support from the East India Company, for the publication of valuable Sanscrit translations. John Company put him off with a subscription for a dozen copies. I comforted him by the information that all the literary treasures of the east that had been explored by Englishmen, were the result of the labour, and at the expense of individuals, generally writers or officers in the company’s service, or by missionaries, now and then condescendingly irradiated by a half smile from a governor-general, who remembered something of the universities at home, or had some love for literature himself. I related how Hastings, among his plunder, had sent home to the

court at the India House, two hundred golden Darrii, an inestimable treasure of antiquity, and how the rulers of a hundred millions of people had consigned them to the melting-pot for the value of the gold. Schlegel laughed heartily, and said he should return with a different idea of the Court of Directors from that with which he set out. Campbell remarked that the company were wiser now, for they would most probably sell them, from the value of the coins being so very far greater than that of the gold alone.

In regard to the hurrah and huzza, I have since found it stated that "huzza" in cheering, was taught to the Russian seamen by the English, who entered into the service of Peter the Great.

Schlegel, now with the dead, was a delightful literary companion over a glass of wine, which he sipped sparingly. He had been co-editor with Tieck of the Almanack of the Muses, and professor at Jena. His knowledge of languages was surprising; his aptitude for their acquirement was born with him, his accuracy no less wonderful. He had nothing of the pedant, and for a German scholar much of a man of the world. To think there was no good opinion of himself in Madame de Staël's idol would not be correct, but he never exhibited it in any remarkable degree. He went to Coppet to educate her children. He ruined antiquated authority in literature. He was given to talk a little too much, at times, about German satraps and grandees, regarding whom nobody cared a straw. The Duke of Saxe Weimar's name was often upon his lips, who merited high praise, and was an exception to the other Lilliputian sovereigns, for his dominions covered nearly seventy

square miles, and had above two hundred thousand people. This is an empire of consideration, where some only reckon five square miles and twenty thousand subjects. On those lords of the land, he was sometimes too apt to dilate, having really no more to recommend them, however amiable and sleek, than the "Lords of Lincoln Fen," and were, therefore, not fit subjects for philosophic adulation. Schlegel's acquirement of the oriental tongues was made chiefly, I believe, in the later years of his life, while professor at Bonn. I never knew anything of his brother, Frederick, who became the servile tool of Austria. Campbell told me he had met him in Vienna, and did not much like him. For my own part, I do not relish his notions on Gothic architecture, but he was fanciful enough in everything. The Germans, unable to develop their political ideas—tied up much in the same way Figaro develops in his description of censorships—turn to what is left them to expatiate upon, and attenuate their subjects until they become bodyless. All the whims of the age come from Germany, because the rulers there have forbidden to the people an interchange of the inferences from right reason, that they may themselves continue to rule in more irresponsible security.

CHAPTER VI.

Campbell going to Cheltenham, took lodgings for both of us. Unluckily railways did not then exist, and parcels by coach were long in coming. We had been only three or four days there when he became anxious about a proof of his poem of Theodoric. If impatience were once awakened on his part, he would get fidgetty and dwell upon the subject. He would go to town and seek it himself—he would not wait another post. He would be back instanter. The proof crossed him on the road, and he returned no more. We had one or two pleasant walks in the vicinity of the town, but they were like his own angel-visits. He could walk well, when he gave his will to it. He introduced me to a Dr. Badham, a personage for whom he had a great dislike. The Doctor had married a Campbell, and obtained afterwards the professorship of medicine at Glasgow College, I believe through Lord Aberdeen. He translated Juvenal, and got handled roughly for his presumption in some of the reviews, for he was not equal to the task.

We met the late Lady Faulkner one morning, and got a pressing invitation to dine. The poet would not promise for the next day. "Well come to-day to a

family-dinner." The promise was given. On our way home, he left me to call upon a lady—"would only be absent a few minutes." I proceeded homewards. I dressed for dinner, then took up a book, read for some time, and no appearance of the poet. Darkness was coming on. The dinner-hour came, and was passed. I ordered something to eat, and uncorked a bottle of sherry, making a deep inroad into the contents before he appeared.

"We have behaved very ill to Lady Faulkner," I observed.

"How?"

"We agreed to dine there to-day."

"No, to-morrow—to-morrow."

"We were first invited for to-morrow, and you refused, then to-day was named and you assented."

"I think it was so, after all, but I forget how it was; why did you not go?"

"Because I waited for you till I was ashamed to set out."

The truth was, he got into conversation with the charming widow on whom he had called, and her sister came in. So he confessed to me afterwards. The dinner-engagement went out of his head—he was quite charmed with his fair hostesses. He then apologized to me. I said the apology must be to Lady F. What will she think of it?

I went over the articles for the magazine I had brought with me. Paid a day's visit to Malvern and Upton-on-Severn, handed over our stock of wine and brandy to the people of the house where we lodged, and returned to town. Thus concluded a visit on which the

poets had built expectations of pleasure, which were never realized, he himself demolishing the idols of his anticipation. This was too frequently the history of his anticipated enjoyments, proposed with ardour, and getting flat on realization.

It was about this period that Mrs. Hemans began to write for us. I find the following note; as usual, "the trade" had been playing tricks with her name, the moment it became popular.

"Sir,

"If the little poems which I now do myself the pleasure of sending to you are acceptable, I should wish them to be inserted without my name. I have forgotten the name of the article in the 'New Monthly,' from which the description of the funeral genius was taken; perhaps you will have the kindness to supply it in the motto prefixed to the lines. With much esteem,

"Sir, your faithful servant,

"F. HEMANS.

"Brownwylpha, St. Asaph, April 12th."

"Dear Sir,

"I should be much obliged if you would have my name at full length prefixed to the titles of my pieces in the contents of the "New Monthly." Some one, for whose perpetrations I do not at all wish to answer, having adopted the initials I have been in the habit of using, I mean to leave off that signature in future.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"FELICIA HEMANS.

"Wavertree, March 29th."

Another communication I find of this lady's among my papers, is more interesting, as I prepared the notice of the work to which it relates.

“Dear Sir,

“The accompanying little poems I have the pleasure of sending for the ‘New Monthly.’ I trust the packet which I forwarded to you last week was received safely, and in sufficient time for the destination of its contents. You will do me a kindness by announcing in the forthcoming number of the ‘New Monthly,’ a work of mine which will shortly be published by Mr. Murray. It is called ‘The Forest Sanctuary, with Lays of Many Lands, and other Poems.’

“‘The Forest Sanctuary’ is the tale of a Spanish exile, who flies from the religious persecutions of his country, in the sixteenth century, and takes refuge in the wilds of America, where he relates his story. The remaining pieces chiefly consist of the little poems founded on national customs and recollections, which I have from time to time sent to the ‘New Monthly.’ With much regard, believe me,

“Dear Sir, very truly and obliged,

“FELICIA HEMANS.”

There is great sweetness, and no inconsiderable variety in this lady's writings. Even after she became an authoress, she shrank from encountering the public gaze, living wholly out of the great world which, notwithstanding, rendered judgment to the superiority of her talents and learning, for she read much, and under-

stood four languages besides her own. There is nothing that does not lead to better than every-day things, nothing but the beautiful, gentle, and hopeful of goodness in her writings.

I obtained the assistance of an eminent Spanish exile, to whom I had been introduced by a friend some time before, and I introduced him to Campbell. He was, after Moratin, the most distinguished of modern Spanish writers. Left with scanty pecuniary means, his wife and children still in Spain, Mexican independence was proclaimed. Such was the inexperience of the Mexicans in political affairs, that they had no one capable of negotiating a European treaty. They had been kept by the Spaniards in a degraded state of ignorance. The father of Goristiza had been an old Spaniard. The son was born in Vera Cruz, of which place his father was the governor, and thus he could claim American citizenship. He was pressed to undertake the post of ambassador, first to England and then to France, and negotiated treaties with both countries successfully.

I cannot forget his anxiety lest his wife and children should not get over the Pyrenees before the news of his Mexican appointment should consign them to a dungeon. They fortunately reached Bayonne in safety, and then rejoined him in England. There was always a cover for me at his table, during his embassy. It was there I last met General Torrijos with his lady, whom I had known before, the same who was treacherously entrapped by Ferdinand VII. to Malaga, and there shot. Madame Torrijos survived her husband some

years. She was an agreeable lady, with more of the French than the Spanish character. Torrijos was a very gentlemanly man, ardent rather than judicious.

Some of the literary works are to be found in modern collections of the Spanish drama. One of his latest comedies is the "Contigo Pan-y-Cebolla." His more popular productions in Madrid are his "Indulgencia para Todos," "Don Dieguito," "Las Costumbres de Antano," and "Tal cual para Cual." I heard from him once in Mexico. He was a little, dark, southern-looking man, with remarkably fine black eyes. When in London, he used to meet the Duke of Wellington occasionally at the house of his cousin, General Alava, when the general was confined with a broken leg. The duke had a strong friendship for that brave man, his companion in most of the Peninsular campaigns. The general introduced Goristiza, as one, he feared, who had been too much of a fool in the cause of liberty. The duke bowed, and entered at once into conversation upon different matters, but Goristiza fancied he did not view him with any great satisfaction after such an introduction. This might be only imagination.

I was introduced by the Mexican minister to that fine old botanist, La Gasca, one of the kindest, gentlest, most simple-hearted men I ever knew. His name is familiar to all the botanists of Europe. He had the superintendence of the botanic garden at the palace of Buen Retiro, before his exile. He was a singular example how inoffensiveness with talent is hated by tyrants, for he was the most harmless of men. He told me his greatest worldly happiness was to range over woods and fields, and to collect such plants as he had not before observed. In

this way, with bread, he said, the world was all one to him—bread was his only want.

“Had you reached Madrid,” said La Gasca, “you would have known me—I knew every foreigner who came there.”

One gauge of the character of an arbitrary government is the greater or less degree of persecution men of acquirement undergo under it. Though deeply indebted to science, none are so ungrateful towards it as crowned heads, because they have not brains enough to comprehend its importance to themselves.

I have spoken of a little favour I was enabled to do Belzoni eight or ten years before. When he returned from Egypt, I went to see his exhibition of the Egyptian tombs. He appeared little altered; and, as I was going to take coffee with Campbell, I asked him if he would like to be acquainted with the poet, and I took him. The king, queen, and Bergami then occupied the attention of the public. We passed through Bond Street, where his remarkable stature and foreign appearance attracted attention. Somebody gave out that it was Bergami. People stopped to stare at us, and a crowd rapidly collected. Belzoni proposed we should get out of the larger thoroughfares, which we did, crossing into Hanover Square, still followed by some of the mob, then across Oxford Street, we were soon ensconced in the poet's lodgings. When Belzoni stood by Campbell, I thought of “Ajax, the Less and Ajax Telamon.” I never saw Belzoni but once after this, before he started on the expedition where he died.

He was an unassuming quiet man, on whose merit I am convinced there were wrongful attempts made to

cast a cloud. His knowledge was strictly practical; indeed, he pretended to nothing more. There is too great a disposition at all times in those who risk a little pecuniary capital in matters in which they could not otherwise be concerned, to claim a lion's share of the reputation.

I have alluded to Count Santa Rosa of Piedmont. He left Turin, where he had been minister of war, and was much beloved, but lay under the charge of liberalism. He used to call upon me to read Shakspeare, and acquire the English pronunciation. In return, he heard me read Tasso for a similar object. Unfortunately, he stuttered in speaking, and became low-spirited, taking it into his head he should never acquire English so as to become perfect in the pronunciation of that or any other language, although he spoke French and English well, as far as regarded the selection of the words. He determined, therefore, to set out for Greece as a volunteer. He had not much the air of a military man—was below the middle height, and short-sighted. He had no hope of returning to his family; and, though a statesman of high talent, preferred the chance of an honourable death.

He took leave of me in the following brief note, quite unexpectedly.

“Mon cher Monsieur,

“J’ai bien des excuses à vous faire. Les embarras qui précèdent un changement d’établissement m’ont si bien occupé ces jours-ci qu’il m’a été impossible de satisfaire un désir que j’avais de vous porter moi-même ce livre que vous avez bien voulu me prêter, et dont je

vous fais maintenant la restitution. Veuillez, monsieur, agréer l'expression de mes regrets, mes remerciements bien sincères pour l'intérêt que vous m'avez témoigné, et les assurances de ma parfaite considération.

“Votre très obéissant serviteur,
“SANTORRE DE SANTA ROSA”

Alpha Road, March 1.

On reaching Greece, whence he promised to write, he purchased an Albanian dress at Old Navarino, just before the Egyptian expedition, under Ibrahim Pasha, landed in the Morea. The Greeks gave battle under Major Collegno. The count fought as a simple pallickar, and so attired, was seen on the morning of the day of battle sitting upon a rock on the sea-shore. He was observed while there, to take a miniature of his wife and children from round his neck, where he had always kept it, to drop a tear upon it, as if prescient of the fate that awaited him, and then fling it into the sea. The Greeks were routed. Major Collegno sent a flag of truce to Ibrahim Pasha to ask leave to search for the count's body, that he might give it a soldier's grave. It could not be found, and it was imagined it had been flung into the waves, which had been the case with most of the bodies of the Albanian soldiers who had fallen with him.

There sleeps my poor friend in the renowned sea which washed the five great empires of antiquity. It never received a man of a finer spirit. The Court of Sardinia put on mourning for him, whom living it forced into exile, and the acceptance of a premature death. The particulars were given to me by the Chevalier Pecchio to whom Major Collegno had com-

municated them, and who, marrying an English lady, died afterwards at Brighton. The present Sir Emerson Tennant, to whom we were deeply indebted for all matters relative to Greece, was a fellow-traveller of Pecchio there.

I received about this time a tragedy called the "Duke of Mantua," and I showed it to Campbell, who agreed that it was an unworthy attempt to interest the public by an engraved title with Byron's head shaded by a mask obliquely, so as to give an idea that it was an anonymous publication of the noble poet. I, therefore, attacked it in the "New Monthly" as a disingenuous artifice to delude shallow people. The author, to my surprise, wrote to Colburn, saying the likeness to Byron was an "accident," and could deceive none. It could not deceive literary men, it was true; but it could deceive the public into purchasing it. The author, a Mr. Roby, of Rochdale, said that the whole had been done for him by a friend. "One of the most honourable men breathing, and who would not for the world have lent himself to anything like a fraud upon the public." No notice was of course taken of a letter so evidently intended to mystify. Other publications viewed the matter in precisely the same light as the "New Monthly." Tricks of this sort were then but too common.

The well-known "Sketches of the Irish Bar" caused a considerable sensation in the sister island, and made its subjects known to the public here. In the notes which I published about Campbell in the "New Monthly Magazine," a year after his decease, I gave the name of Shiel alone, as the contributor of the

articles I named. I was delicate about mentioning the names of living individuals, who were concerned. Mr. W. H. Curran, however, had recently published his own contributions, and therefore no further reserve is needful. Shiel began his sketches in 1822, and ceased, with nearly all the old contributors, when Campbell and myself left the work, which wholly changed its character. His articles have been published since in a separate form. In 1823, he sent but two papers, Curran having preceded him. In 1828, he wrote seven, and his "Penenden Heath Adventure." The latter was composed in my lodgings in Upper Berkeley Street, to which he came direct from the heath, sitting up best part of a night for the purpose. That he had a sincere wish his country should be relieved from the vices of the old Irish rule, there can be no doubt. He desired to see the entire empire on a level, in point of privilege. When the Catholic Emancipation Act had passed, he appears to have had no ulterior views. The ardour of the patriot merged into the negation of the statesman. How with his natural tendency to ease, he aroused himself to so much exertion as he showed previously, is a matter of wonder. He was much disposed like the man who, when rewarded for his bravery, determined to take no more castles, to "take his ease in his inn." In the House of Commons he seemed, when speaking, rarely to do it without effort. He had a tendency to gout. In the following letter, he owns that he wrote for money.

"My dear Redding,

"I have finished an article for the magazine (a

sketch of Leslie Foster), which you will receive before the sixth of next month, as I wish it to be leading. I expect to see it in large type.

"I wish you would tell the bibliopolist that I will not send another article until he sends me my account, for which I have repeatedly applied. The premier bookseller is worse than the premier minister. I am sure that if I were to write to the great captain, he would answer my letters. The great bibliopolist should stoop from his meditations upon quartos and octavos, and devote three minutes to a matter of plain business. I do not know how I stand with him. Pray press him for me. I write for money, nothing else, and it is odd that he should not see that the furnishing a short account, is what I have a right to demand of him. I am half vexed at his omitting to comply with my request.

"You will be rejoiced, as well as our excellent friend, Campbell, whose heart is as good as his genius is lofty, to learn that Curran has got an excellent place under the government, and that he may reasonably expect further promotion.

"Pray write to me.

"Yours most truly,

"R. SHEIL."

Another letter says:—

"I am engaged in writing an article (a Sketch of the Irish Bar) which you shall receive on the 15th: part I hope to send before that day. I shall endeavour to make it as interesting as I can, as the topic is excellent,

namely, Lord Norbury (whose resignation gives an opportunity of drawing him), Lord Plunket's first appearance as his successor, and the pathetic farewell of Lord Manners, in the midst of a strong smell of onions !”

The Clonmel Assizes presented a frightful and harrowing scene, for which he wrote that he hoped to send best part of twenty pages.

“I shall send you a Sketch of the Irish Bar before the ninth of this month. It will be rather long, on account of a description of the remarkable incidents which took place at the last Clonmel Assizes.

‘———— Quoque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui!’

I was counsel in almost every case.”

Another letter says, among some different remarks :

“This country is full of agitation. The north and south are both throwing up volcanic matter. It strikes me that an article on “Ireland” would tell here. The government would look to it, as the “New Monthly” is greatly read here, and what I write is copied into the papers. But the article should run to twenty pages. I have reason to know that at the Castle such an article would attract attention. It strikes me that now is the time to bring you into Ireland. “Blackwood” made prodigious way here by its political character among the high Protestants. Why not emulate it in the “New

Monthly?" The public eye is still fixed on Ireland. If you have leisure, write me three lines.

"Remember me to our inestimable friend, Campbell, and believe me, &c."

There was a charge made in a letter to the publisher that an allegation in one of the "Bar" articles was not true. It is thus alluded to:

"Keep room for me, about ten or twelve pages. I have written a description of a piece of plate presented by the bar to Lord Manners, in imitation of the shield of Achilles. It will be with you before the 15th *positively*."

"Tell C——, I am astonished at his not answering my letters. The only excuse for him is that he is the Augustus of literature."

"By the bye, I was half displeased at the notice about Judge Mayne, who deserved all that was said of him. He was a solemn blockhead; besides, he positively did say, 'I see you standing there like a wild beast, with your hat on.'"

* * * *

"The last article on Lord Manners is not well done, but it has set all his friends at the bar in a fury. Their rage, however, is lame and impotent. There is no venom in their foam."

I might multiply extracts, but they relate to things become now uninteresting, such as a club in which I got his name enrolled, the political state of Ireland, and similar topics. He was literary from compulsion, and while possessing all the talent necessary for an accomplished writer as well as speaker, he employed it only to the same end as he read his briefs. Without something

more of enthusiasm, or the love of fame than he possessed, enduring works of literature will not be achieved. No one understood better the theory and trickery of public speaking. His dramatic pieces have not an enduring character, though they had a temporary success on the boards. Again, his profession was in his way, as in other cases, a damper upon the spirit of the muse. His vehemence came from nature. Politics suited him better than literature, as more allied with the vehicle of his profession in open court. He had natural disadvantages in person and voice, but he surmounted them.

There was secrecy observed during the publication of the bar papers, a secrecy necessary, at least so far as to render the identity of the writers altogether uncertain. Suspicion was not sufficient to fix an authorship, and the correspondence was wholly in my hands. Mr. Luke Whyte, the millionaire of Dublin, offended at some allusions to himself, threatened to come over and call out all who were concerned in dispraise of the majesty of his connections, and many would have been inclined to employ the burning of powder to heal the grievances inflicted, a mode natural to Irish pugnacity.

There can be no doubt but the articles of Sheil were more showy than those of Curran, but there was more solidity in the articles of the latter. The guesses of the press about their respective merits used to divert me, exhibiting how little skill most of our critics possessed in discriminating style. Some ascribed all the articles to Sheil, others had an opinion there was more than one party concerned. Our German

neighbours would have set them right in a moment. The styles were clearly dissimilar. There were weight, purity of style, and keen observation in Curran's papers. It is not easy to say which of them is most excellent. Sheil is less sustained of the two writers, or in other words, is not nearly as equable.

Those who at that time created a sensation in every walk of life, are fast departing from the scene. Some time after Sheil had ceased to be connected with the publication, we used to meet in London, and the same friendly feeling existed to the last.

Sheil used to play unmercifully upon those of the Orange clergy in Ireland, who, having few or no Protestants in their parishes, lived above incomes by no means inconsiderable, in a different mode from the apostles of old. One of this order of the clergy had "kept house," in other words, barricaded his doors against the bailiff's, and received his provisions and solacing friends through the windows. When the Bishop of Clogher's affair took place, between twenty and thirty years ago, as it required some days or weeks, I don't know which, to unfrock him, he employed the time in going to Ireland, and in raising money out of certain funds still at his disposal. It struck a bailiff that his intended victim would not be nice as to the bishop's degradation; and, as the latter was supposed to be moving about *incog.*, he might, with the writ in his pocket, personate the prelate to advantage. Like a true Hibernian, whose calculations are generally in advance of the probable, the limb of the law dressed himself canonically; and, to make all sure, got a pasteboard mitre, which he set in due place upon his cranium. He then went and knocked, late on

a dark night, at the parson's door. A head popped out of the window above. "Who's there?"

"Hist, hist, I am the Bishop of Clogher; I have come about some fines. I wish to be *incog*. Cannot you give an old friend an asylum for the night?"

"Yes, my dear lord—with all my heart. I heard of your misfortune. The door shall be opened."

Down went the holder of the parsonage-house to let in the false diocesan, who, in his mock canonicals, forthwith put the writ in execution.

Sheil wanted the cool temper of O'Connell. The latter, neither as the scholar nor the writer, equalling his coadjutor, became more powerful after their union. They had no great personal friendship for each other. Public men rarely have; their duplicity in this respect is wonderful. A minister calls another, of whom he thinks little, his honourable friend, "whose talents are sufficient to save an empire;" smoothing over the truth with fair words that have no meaning,—a sort of locking-up an object of distaste with the keys of Paradise. I was not acquainted with O'Connell until he came over, I think in 1828 or '29, and I do not hesitate to say I liked him, and ever had an admiration of his talents. It was difficult to discover what were his real objects after the Emancipation Bill had passed. I imagine he felt he had gone so far he could not retract, and preserve his high position with his countrymen. Dining with him one day in the bosom of his family, for he was right hospitable, and stating that he must go down to the House, I said I thought he was over-working himself at his advanced age.

"My Mother," said he, "lived to be eighty, and I

hope, my dear boy, to go on working to the same age for the sustenance of ould Ireland."

His Herculean frame sank before the efforts which he had made. His latter inconsistencies, I have no doubt, arose from the impossibility of disentangling himself from his previous promises and averments. He could not retire from the scene, and keep his high place in the opinion of his countrymen, and he could not bear the idea of descending from it. The Irish must be kept in agitation to be useful even to themselves. O'Connell had taken the reins of the chariot; he had guided it to the goal, but he could not pull up. The vehicle must dash on; and he kept the hold he dared not relinquish, without undergoing the mishap of Phæton. Death terminated that political career, which it seemed difficult to imagine could have terminated favorably for himself in any other way. Those who charge him with venality, judge of him by themselves. He had an enormous practice at the bar, securing him a princely income. By abandoning that practice, he became comparatively a poor man. Whatever guided him, he never fell so low as to act with the money-grubbing spirit of the hour. The "rent" did little more than pay his heavy expenses. Whether the desire of patriotism, popularity, or the stimulant of priestcraft urged him, he must have this justice done him.

"They say you are working for a fortune?" said a friend to him.

"I have begun at the wrong end, then," was the reply.

He was prodigiously influential. He had seven relations, and as many repealers as made his dependents in Parliament nearly fifty. This was enough to make a

ministry look "queer." It is the result of the inattention to its duties of a nation absorbed in commerce, which makes it quickly lose sight of the men and things that no longer contribute to its objects. Wellington, or O'Connell, an extraordinary murder, or a scientific discovery, disappears alike from the general sensorium. The human mind becomes every day more and more of a vulgar scene-shifter. Never was the time so short before in which men and events are consigned to forgetfulness, so that satisfactory inquiries, which might be useful in tracing out the true causes of things, are neglected until it is too late, owing to the universal question, which becomes two in substance, the characteristic answer—"What is there to be got by it?"

To leave some recollections behind, noble minds have toiled and dared. In countries, where to merit esteem while living is a motive to exertion, and to be unforgotten after death is an ambition, the object must be sought in those by whom lofty aims are appreciated. To leave a name that shall not go into the dust is the incentive to actions useful to mankind, "the glorious fault of angels and of gods." It may be a weakness, because it can really be of no moment to him who died yesterday, but it is a stimulant to the living to be useful. The love of fame is not an idle passion, and where it is regarded as of no moment, there is little virtue or noble feeling left. It languishes and dies in nations where the ruling passion rises little above the clod. It is true this tendency is more grounded upon imagination than reason, but it is to be feared that in discarding the former altogether we put an end to improvement. Imagination is the precursor of demonstration, as

doubt is the herald of truth. It is the commencement of the decay of true greatness in nations when they forget all but lucre and the present hour, refusing to derive wisdom from what has been, and while treating hope as a juggler, revelling in the present—that present which becomes the past, while it is estimated as the all-worthy thing of existence.

At Sydenham, dining with Campbell and some of his friends, in that house where had congregated Rogers, Byron, Moore, and lesser wits of the day—a house I have not seen for many years, and which when I see fills me with melancholy emotions ; in that house some remarks made upon the value of a high reputation, I well remember, to the effect that after all, in proportion as a value is set upon real greatness of character in any country, that country is nearer or more remote from *décadence*. That in other words, it is a test of the elevation or depression of the general mind, and that history showeth this to be the truth.

I had continued to visit Dr. Wolcot up to his decease, and found that time had made little difference in him since I first knew him. His habit was to sit all day in a room facing the south. Behind the door, and opposite a broad window that opened to the floor, stood a square pianoforte, on which there generally lay a favourite Cremona violin. The doctor's arm-chair faced the fire, the piano on his right hand. On the left of his chair, stood a mahogany table, with writing materials. Everything was so arranged as that he knew where to put his hand upon it without assistance. Facing him, over his chimney-piece, hung a fine landscape by Richard Wilson, and two of Bone's exquisite

enamels, presents from that artist, who, being a Cornishman, a native of Truro, was indebted to the doctor for some valuable influential introductions on making his *débüt* in town. In other parts of the room, under glass, there were suspended a number of the doctor's crayon-drawings, most of them scenes in the vicinity of Fowey, which place stands in the midst of picturesque scenery.

In writing, except a few lines haphazard, the doctor was obliged to employ an amanuensis, of which he complained. Of all his acquisitions, music alone remained to him unaltered. "He could still," he said, "strum the piano, and play the fiddle;" what resources should he have had without these attainments, he observed. He even composed light airs for amusement. These things were more in the way of resource than many other people possessed. They were great comforts. "You have seen something of life in your time. See and learn all you can more. You will fall back upon it when you grow old—an old fool is an inexcusable fool to himself and others—store up all; our acquirements are most useful when we become old."

Among his musical acquaintance whom I met were Shield, Mazzinghi, Mike Kelly, and other cotemporaries. He told me that Phillips, the bookseller, used to come and tease him for verses for the "Monthly Magazine." One day, the doctor abused him to his face for his niggardliness. He had frequently sent him verses, only asking in return a copy of the number of the magazine in which they appeared. Wishing to have a second copy, for a particular object, upon one occasion, Phillips

sent back word, he "should have it at the trade price."

"The scoundrel shall never have another line of mine," said Wolcot; "he would suck the knowledge out of authors' skulls, and fling their carcasses on the dung-hill afterwards."

Before this, the doctor and Phillips had been on civil terms. Mary, one of the doctor's servants, used to go to Walker's to receive the annuity to which he was entitled from "the trade." She was a remarkably modest, well-behaved girl, and one day objected to go for some reason, probably the impertinence of Walker's shopmen, which offended her; the doctor wrote to Phillips:—

"Dear Phillips,

"Send one of the blackest myrmidons to Walker for me—the bearer will explain.

"Yours,

"J. W."

Phillips was a shrewd man, stout in person, and fresh-coloured. He never eat animal food, on the ground of his affection for the brute creation. He had a notion in the latter part of his life, that he had overturned Newton's theory of gravitation.

"Phillips," who became Sir Richard, "notwithstanding his refusal of animal diet, had no objection to feed upon human brains," said Wolcot, "and loved wine like Pitt, though he never felt any other love."

In allusion to a saying about Pitt, a gentleman who was a friend of the minister, observing that this was no matter, Pitt being married to his country.

“Yes,” said Wolcot, “and a cursed bad match it was for his country.”

When I again visited the doctor, on my return to town from Devonshire, in 1813, the conversation turned on the acquittal of General Murray, for his conduct before Tarragona. The opinion generally was that this officer ran away in a panic. Wolcot observed that he had an epigram upon the subject in his head: would I write it down for him? I wrote at his dictation accordingly:—

On the Acquittal of General Murray.

“Are thieves and knaves the favourites of a court,
The scales and sword of justice make their sport—
Sure to come off with honour—happy lot!
Such must *make interest* to be hanged or shot!”

Wolcot preferred Pope to Dryden as a poet. I asked him if Pope had written anything to equal “Alexander’s Feast.”

“Pooh!” said he, “Dryden was drunk when he wrote that ode.”

Kosciusko came to England after being emancipated, by Paul of Russia, from the dungeon in which the Messalina of the north had incarcerated him. On arriving in London he sent for Wolcot, making the apology that his wounds would not permit him to call upon him, as he was suffering afresh from them. Wolcot wondered at the request. He called, saw the great patriot stretched upon a sofa, and after the first salutations were over, asked the Pole how it happened that he honoured him with such a message.

Kosciusko said that when he was flung into the prison at St. Petersburg, he had asked the gaoler if he could lend him a book. The man produced a volume of Wolcot's works. He was so pleased with the freedom with which great people were treated, and the spirit of liberty enjoyed in England, that he determined the first person he saw in England should be the doctor.

"He presented me with a bottle of real Falernian," said the doctor, "or what was said to be so, of which he had but a couple left. I was to take the wine with me, that we might pledge each other in the wine of Horace.

Wolcot told me that no individuals of note called upon Kosciusko, except Charles Fox and Mr. Grey, so little sympathy did the fate of Poland excite in England.

Wolcot was making love to a lady, while Opie was living with him. He introduced the artist to her, and Opie took it into his head he must be more welcome to her than the doctor, who was twenty years older.

"Jan had much youthful vanity," said Wolcot, "even before he knew the great world."

To prevent Wolcot from interrupting him in his visits to her, he took care to borrow the doctor's horse for the purpose, and thus secured himself from interruption. The doctor gave him credit for the trick.

Besides Bone and Opie, there was an artist called Paye, whom the doctor befriended, but of whom he could make nothing. At last, all intimacy between them ceased. Paye then caricatured the doctor in a bad imitation of Hogarth's satire upon Churchill, only

the doctor was depicted as a bear standing before an easel, in place of the Russian Hercules.

I once found Wolcot, when I called a good time before his death, laid up in his bed-room, his eyes bandaged. "What is the matter, doctor?"

"Since you were here, Adams, the oculist (afterwards Sir William Rawson), who goes about blinding everybody, persuaded me to submit to the operation for cataract."

"And he operated?"

"Not on both eyes—I told him he should try one first."

"And he has not succeeded?"

"How could such a great man fail—he has cured my eye of seeing for ever. I could before observe the shadowy figure of any one between my eye and the light. I have just escaped an inflammation that might have reached the other eye, besides suffering three or four weeks confinement. I outwitted him."

"How?"

"I gave him the worst eye of the two to block up. He had persuaded me into it. At just eighty years of age, it was folly. Adams knew better. He wished my name to puff a cure with."

One of the doctor's stories is not less good because it is true, and has been before told. The Vicar of Menaccan, near the Lizard Point, related it to him. The Reverend divine was reading the passage—"Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon the rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern." A fisherman cried out, to the astonishment of the congregation, "All wrong—all wrong—put about—put about! lubberly fellows, d— me, if I would not have saved ship and cargo."

“The justices fined the poor fellow five shillings for swearing, the very next day, only,” said Wolcot, “for a little honest *esprit de corps*. There was no question about the bad seamanship.

“I had formidable rivals in the west—not quacks, but old women. Many of their nostrums do good—I do not know how. The most extraordinary of these I ever met with, was the water of a boiled thunderbolt to cure the rheumatism.”

“A boiled thunderbolt?”

“Yes, and I discovered what a thunderbolt was. I took it out of the water where an old woman had been boiling it for some hours. It proved to be a celt, one of those relics of old times often found in Cornwall, that puzzle our wise-headed antiquaries so much, to say if it is a chisel or a spear-head.”

He said that Fuseli had the whole stock of scholarship of the Academy of Painting, Reynolds being no more, and that they made the most of him and his stock in trade. Fuseli had a notion that sublimity consisted in strangeness, and was annoyed that other people would not think so, too. One day I came up behind him when he did not observe me, and he said, looking at one of his own pictures, “Py got! no one did ever see such a picture as dat is before.”

“No, nor ever will again, Fuseli,” I exclaimed, close to his ear. He never forgave me, because I attacked his monsters.

There was a pretty girl in the West of England, who played so well on the piano, that he called her St. Cecilia, but she was very ignorant.

“Who was St. Cecilia, doctor?”

"Grandmamma to Kirkman, the great pianoforte-maker, my dear."

He much admired a Miss Dickenson of Truro, and spoke of her to me in high terms. I never saw her, as she married and went to Ireland where she died, before I was out of swaddling-cloths. His epigram upon her was well known in the west in my boyhood.

"In ancient days, great Jove to show
To gazing mortals here below,
The loves, the virtues, and the graces,
Was forced to form *three* female faces.
But (so improved his art divine)
In one fair female now they shine.
Aloud I hear the reader cry :—
'Heavens ! (to the poet) what a lie !'
Now, as I hate the name of liar,
Sweet Dickenson, I do desire,
You'll see this unbelieving Jew,
And prove that all I've said is true !"

Opie was no match for Wolcot in a species of humorous banter, which used to take place between them. The former, in the way of retaliation, placed the doctor's head upon one of Milton's fallen angels. Few knew the doctor personally, and the joke did not take. There had been a meeting of the "Friends of the People" at Copenhagen House. Wolcot, more of an aristocrat than a Jacobin, as all who spoke freely were called in those days, attended out of mere curiosity. Pitt was labouring at the suppression of all political opinions adverse to his own. Arrests had taken place, in consequence of his apprehensions. Opie thought of a scheme of retaliation upon his old friend, and drew

Ozias Humphrey, a brother academician, into the plot. The doctor knowing how obnoxious he was by his writings to the minister, when he reflected on his visit to that meeting, got into alarm on being told by Opie that he had heard the government kept its eyes upon him. Humphrey, in a great coat and slouched hat, stationed himself early in the evening, just opposite the doctor's house. Opie called in an apparent hurry, and said that a warrant was to be issued against him. "As I came in, I saw a fellow I did not like on the opposite side of the way, just look out at the window."

"What had I best do?" said the doctor, alarmed.

"Get into the country, my dear doctor, lose no time."

"But how shall I go out unperceived?"

"See, the fellow is crossing the way—get out at the back window; I will take care of things here."

Out of the window dropped the doctor, and disappeared to ensconce himself in an obscure lodging near Windsor, observing, in allusion to the palace there, that the point of greatest danger, was that of most safety. Here he remained a fortnight; Opie and Humphrey spreading abroad the story to the great delight of many of their brethren of the brush, whom Wolcot had sharply handled. Thus, as was rarely the case, he had for once the worst of the game.

Opie did not treat the doctor well. A difference between them took place some years before the death of the artist, and he died without their long intercourse having been resumed.

One day Wolcot, when eighty years of age, asked me if I knew Betsy Cranch. I could not conceive who he

meant, for he had gone back many years before I was born. On demanding an explanation, he replied, "she was an old sweetheart of mine, who dismissed me with the most comfortable assurance, that a man in love ever received."

Expressing my ignorance of who the lady was, the poet said, "Ah, you were not born, then. I forgot she married John Vivian. She was a sweet creature; 'Betsy,' said I, 'will you take me for better for worse?'"

"'Impossible, doctor, unless you will wait. I am in six deep already.'

"That lady I knew when I was a child as Mrs. Vivian. She was mother of the late Sir Hussey Vivian, master-general of the ordnance, and finally Lord Vivian, an excellent officer, and better still, a kind, brave, honourable, and good man."

Wolcot talked with delight to the last, respecting the females whom he had known in his youthful days in the west.

Speaking of Dr. Johnson, Wolcot said that everybody appeared in awe of him, nor was he himself an exception. He determined to try what Johnson would say in the way of contradiction. "I laid a trap for him. 'I think, doctor,' I observed, 'that picture of Sir Joshua's is one of the best he ever painted,'" naming the work.

"'I differ from you, Sir; I think it one of his worst.'"

Wolcot made no other attempt at conversation. The picture was really one of Sir Joshua's best.

"Such traps are good things," said Wolcot, "to bring out character. The idea of a discussion with

Johnson, never entered my head. I had too great an apprehension of his powers of conversation to attempt disputing with the giant of the day."

During Wolcot's last painless indisposition, I called upon him just a week before his decease. He was dressed, but in his chamber, and had thrown himself on the bed, tired with having sat up a few hours. He conversed as sensibly and well as he had done for years before. I saw red wine on the table, and said :

"You ought not to take Port wine; it may become acid on your stomach."

He reflected for a moment, and then said :

"Yes, you are right: but the doctor who has called to see me advised it. I did not think about that effect."

I rang the bell, and told the servant to take away the wine, and bring a little of his favourite old rum, of which, every day, it was his custom to take a wine-glassful after dinner; telling him it would suit his stomach better, and that he would soon be down-stairs again. He replied :

"No, no, I am an old fellow, and I must go. I should like to lie as near as possible to the bones of old Hudibras Butler. I shan't live. I am an old man. Nothing will do, unless you can bring me back my youth."

Wolcot did not believe in the Christian system. He had as strong a conviction as a man can have of the existence of God, of his power and attributes. He was in fact a deist, honestly avowed, which is better than being a Christian in name alone, and belying its most benevolent doctrines in practice. We had more than once conversed on the subject of religion.

I notice this point because just after Wolcot's death an article appeared about him in the "Quarterly Review," not written in ignorance, for Gifford well knew the true state of the case, and if Southey and not Gifford wrote the article, the latter sanctioned it. It set out by rebuking Moore for indelicate writing, the steaming filth, and lubricity of Gifford's "Juvenal" being forgotten, having translations enough before of Roman pruriences. If Southey wrote the article, for something of the author of "Wat Tyler," and "Martyn, the Regicide," was to be found in it, such as denouncing judgments on all who did not choose to be as deep in lack of principle as himself, Gifford was still answerable. I will give this piece of cant verbatim.

"Within the last few years, there have been two striking examples of persons of considerable literary ability living unreclaimed, and dying as, we fear, they deserved."

Hear that in your grave "once more Tom Moore." This was a blow at Wolcot and at Shelley. The last, I presume, was set in this second sort of Vision of Judgment for his inconsiderate youthful works. Wolcot for "mis-spending a large portion of considerable talents, and a long life in endeavouring to bring into ridicule a pattern of private virtue in the most eminent public station," so "sublimely canticled in the renowned 'Vision of Judgment,' " should have been added. The reference is to Wolcot's ridicule of George III. The doctor never by all his ridicule made the world laugh as heartily at the poor king, as Southey made the world laugh at himself and his arrangements with St. Peter in the monarch's behalf. Then comes the more deliberate

falsehood. "Wolcot terminated his life, long after the decay of his genius, in such obscurity that his death was hardly heard of. It is difficult to conceive a condition of life more miserable than his was as it approached its close. His talents, while in their vigour, were of a kind to procure him much of the homage and flattery of social life. He outlived them all—the talents and the rewards. He passed his latter years in solitude, and extreme penury—aged, atheistical, and blind. He lived a life of jovial profligacy, and died deserted."

Such is the charity that deals judgments on its fellow-men, under the assumed garb of religion and loyalty. This kind of duplicity is odious, and though the parties are gone to their account, their past hypocrisy should be a beacon to the living. Wolcot was all his life what a professional man should be; he was a temperate man in food and wine, a patron of the arts, and a kind man to the poor when acting as a physician. His talents were indisputable.

Campbell requested me to draw up a memoir of him to introduce into a new edition of his specimens of the British Poets, "because Wolcot was the inventor of a style of poetry peculiarly that of his own genius, and exceedingly effective." His writings will live with the language. Can the same be said of those of the editor of the "Quarterly?" Several editions of his works have appeared since his decease; I have one of 1827. Wolcot was no companion of gamblers and jockeys, nor did he mingle in noblemen's harems, nor was he a pantisocratist. His ridicule of the monarch, if indecorous, did not empower the editor of the "Quarterly," or his minion, to send him perpendicularly down into a name-

less place, though it might justify both in complimenting the ruler of that place with a specimen of their own qualifications for his service in the division, Quevedo would tell us, appropriated to mendacity.

Wolcot was between eighty and ninety years of age when he died ; but age is a calamity in such a case, a sort of "judgment !" He lived no further in obscurity than all men do who outlive their old friends : he never wanted visitors. His faculties were clear to the last. He did not spend his income. He left one servant a hundred guineas, and the other fifty, paying the legacy-duty ; hardly a proof of the crime of extreme poverty, so described in the article. Such were his solitude and extreme penury ! I never saw an old man change less during the last ten years of life. If we are to affix bodily calamities as the judgments of Heaven, what shall we say of Southey, whose latter time was passed in idiotcy ? God forbid that what he called a "judgment" upon others, should be retaliated upon himself, any more than the venomous doctrine he inculcated in other respects, as that on Byron as soon as he heard the noble poet was no more ! His attacks of this nature on others would be answered by his friends, "O but Southey was an excellent family man,"—who ever denied it ? But what had the private conduct of George III. to do with his public life, or that of the pantisocratist of the Lakes with the misuse of his pen ?

Mr. John Taylor saw Wolcot, too, just before he died. He was opposed to Wolcot in politics. He spoke of Wolcot's being lame. I never observed it—it could only have been temporary. That he was all his

life troubled with asthma, I knew, but he rarely showed it in company. Mr. Taylor said :—

“As a proof that he was a kind and considerate master, when one of his servants came to tell me he was taken ill, and was delirious when she left him, she wept all the time she described his situation. I went as soon as I could, and then learned that he had recovered his faculties and was asleep. I sat by his bedside, expecting he would awake, amusing myself with a volume of his works till ten o'clock.” He then awoke, and Taylor said, “Is there anything I can do for you?” His answer, delivered in a strong deep tone, was :

“Bring me back my youth !”

“He fell into a sleep again, and I left him. On calling next day, I found he had died that night in his sleep, and that these were the last words he ever uttered.”

Wolcot was no Jacobin. He was attached to the aristocracy, and was not even a politician. He opposed Pitt because Pitt forsook the principles of his father to hold place. Lord Chatham was Wolcot's political hero, whom he was never tired of praising. He told me that the first verses he ever printed appeared in Martyn's Magazine, “Lines to Mr. Pitt, on his recovery from a fit of the Gout,” dated from Fowey in Cornwall, I think about 1757.

The ministry more than once offered him a pension. He was willing to be silenced. It was at a moment when his funds were low, and he was tired of composition. But it appeared this would not do ; he was expected to write in their behalf, with which he would not comply. He actually received the first quarter of

the sum; but money coming in unexpectedly from another quarter, he returned it, and wrote—"Peter can live without a pension."

When the Prince Regent came into power, a message was sent to the doctor from Carlton House, requesting to know what the Prince was indebted to him for the slips of his works, which had been uniformly sent by the prince's own desire, when Wolcot was in the zenith of his reputation. He was surprised, and sent back word that he thought he had been honoured by the prince's desire to have his squibs, and he did not expect to be insulted by such a demand, so many years afterwards. He thus dismissed the messenger, who came a second time, when Wolcot told him he had nothing now to do with the profits of his works, but referred him to Walker the bookseller, to whom he wrote to make out a formal bill, and account for everything to a farthing. The sum was between forty and fifty pounds, which was sent to him in the shape of a fifty-pound note, but with which the messenger was again referred to Walker, the doctor desiring the change to be returned to the last farthing.

"It was such an insult," he said, "that having read my verses and satires upon his relatives, the prince so many years after, should suppose he was indebted to me—why did he not, if it were so, discharge the debt before. He should have paid me at the time, if money had been in the question. I never expected it. Weljie, of his own household, supplied me with the subjects of some of my jokes on the court. The shaving of the heads of the royal cooks was really ordered, but stopped; the king was in a fury at finding a hair on his plate—you know what I made of it?"

“Yes, doctor,” I replied, “it is now ‘The Georgium Sidus of the sons of men.’ But it was not quite respectful of a son to make sport of the weaknesses of his parents.”

“That is a family-failing beginning with George I.,” observed the doctor. “They made great sport of my verses at Carlton House, though in ridicule of the court.”

When he was in the height of his reputation, from twenty to thirty thousand copies of his works went off in a day. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and spoke French well; but enough; he is now among the associations of the past. I read his works before I knew him, and they diverted many an hour of boyhood, in the sunny time of my life. I believe the vividness of such recollections is fresher in my mind than in that of most others. I cling to shadowy recollections the more rapidly as time hurries me on towards oblivion. God knows for what end I became a cumberer of His earth, but He will do with me that which His benevolence and power may design. To be passive to His will, and do all the good that is in my power is, I imagine, to obey Him. I will not take tradition for a guide, nor the conflicting evidence of men in darker times. It is not consistent with justice that the rules by which I am to live or die eternally, should be presented to me in the doubtful form of human caprices, and in aspects contrary to the demonstrable laws of the Divine will in the government of the world, of which every day the order, beauty, and simplicity, become more and more manifest. Are we to advance in all things but religion? Are our immortal interests sought to be reconciled more and

more with the superstitions of dark ages, as our knowledge of science and its discoveries expand? Are we to continue to dispute, while we exist upon that which should be all charity! Man cannot live without religion; but it cannot surely be required that his obscurity and perplexity on that subject should be increased with time, that his hope should rest on the revival of degrading superstitions under religion's name, or that the simplicity and force of irresistible truths should once more be involved in gloom, rendered as irrational as depressing to intellect, and as unworthy the dignity of an enlightened era. Yet, such appears to be the existing state of the question. For my own part, I doubt what I hear, when I see such a state of things, and feel tempted to credit the simple rather than the complicated, because all great and important things are simple up to the laws by which it pleases God to rule the universe. It is impossible to mark without a conviction of something wrong coming uppermost, the contradictions, asperities, and tendencies that prevail among a great portion of the religious world. In other matters, we do not dream of going back to idols, or of retrogradation to ignorance, and the dark ages. Now, old improbabilities are modern probabilities, it is still more out of character to cling to practices which common sense repudiates. It is to be feared the crafty stimulate the weak and uninstructed to support such a system, and for those who are thus misled, philanthropy must console itself with the axiom of a well-known divine: "God makes allowance for invincible ignorance, and blesses the faith notwithstanding the superstition." It seems to me that it is high time to leave off disputation, and begin to practise

the Christian virtues, a thing more difficult than we imagine, where moral courage is denominated rudeness and infidelity.

We had excellent contributors in the "New Monthly" from the church, but it is singular we never got good papers directly from the Universities. It is necessary for college-men to complete their book studies; and then, mingling with the world, imbibe some knowledge of its tastes and more enlarged views, before writing for its entertainment. One clergyman's verses, occasionally received from the west, were exceedingly beautiful. I allude to the Reverend Mr. Johns. Calling at Campbell's one evening, Mrs. Campbell put a letter into my hand which she had set aside, knowing it was for the magazine. She remarked the neatness of the handwriting.

"They are verses, I see," said Campbell; "let us know what they are upon."

I read them aloud. The poet said nothing until I came to a stanza describing the tranquillity of the ocean.

Morn, evening, came ; the sunset smiled,
The calm sea sought in gold the shore,
As though it ne'er had man beguiled,
Or never would beguile him more.

"Beautiful ! that stanza." said Campbell, "let us have it again—that is poetry to my mind."

He repeated the lines, which he had by heart in a minute or two. "That is fine, never mind the rest. How faultless this description !" he observed to his wife, who scarcely replied, for she did not pretend to any judgment upon such a subject. The verses were called

"The Maid of Orkney." It struck me that the lines were coincident with that tranquil beauty, much of which is so admirably realized in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

The poet was idle. He often got me to look over his proofs ; for, except his own compositions, I had to correct the entire magazine. Talfourd, indeed, saw his own two or three pages, for I had them sent to him. Campbell being absent from town, and the Scotch tongue, except in the pages of Burns, not being known to me, for I had read little of its orthography, none indeed, of the local history of the equivocal race whom Scott's magical pen transmuted into heroes, I thought he had misspelt a proper name in his verses, and I got from him, as if in a moment of recollection, the following unsatisfactory explanation.

"I am not sure about the orthography of 'Maccalin More,' but by looking at Scott's ballad of 'Lord Ronald,' it will be found, I dare say, exactly spelt. My own idea is, that it should be 'Maccallin;' I don't know."

I had not Scott's ballads at hand, and by the time I had set the matter right, I had message after message from the printer. I found, too, that I had been wrong had I adopted Campbell's notion, "Macaillan Mor," being the right appellation. There was really something so kind in Campbell's general conduct in those departed days, that I could not but help out his idleness a little, when it was in my power. I never grudge the reflection that I did so, though my second great error in life was committed in following a task in the prime of existence, which left me no time to employ myself in some work more for my own advantage. It was true

my contributions were paid for; but then they were not numerous enough to be sources of much pecuniary advantage, with the rest of the labour of such a work wholly on my hands.

Of Campbell's antipathy to Hazlitt, something has been already said, and that it was owing to Hazlitt having charged him with a plagiarism in his line about angel-visits. Now the alphabet permits an infinity of changes. The Greek, for example, in its syllables reaches one hundred millions, and near a quarter above. It is therefore possible, and no more, that three or four letters forming the same words may come together alike, though all the words in the English language are but forty or fifty thousand. Then there is the similar expression of the same ideas which is likely to happen; and lastly, the want of remembering that the image has been used before, if it had ever been observed. Hazlitt was one of the best writers of the day. I received an article on boxing, a thoroughly blackguard subject. It was disgracing our literature in the eyes of other nations; why not a paper on American gouging, Stamford bull-baiting, or similar elegancies? It was a picture of existing manners, it was true—the more the pity—and that it could not sooner be a record only of our barbarities. Colburn had spoken of it to several persons, and Hazlitt's friends were expecting it to appear. I believe, too, that omitting it would have been thought to sanction the belief in the poet's dislike to the writer, so it went into a work a foil to the other articles, which were of a very dissimilar character. A bookseller, if he imagines an article will

help a sale, has no other consideration about it; the reputation of an editor is of no moment.

The illness of his son, who had returned from Bonn, with some mental affection, rendered the poet, for a time, wholly unfit for literary duty. He went from home. Once or twice, living near, Mrs. Campbell sent for me in his absence, in consequence of her son's state of mind and violence, which latter was only for a short period. He was so ill at one time, that he threatened all in the house; and I was obliged to go to his bed-room, with means at hand, to subdue perforce any attempt he might make to do mischief. After some exacerbation, the attack moderated, he fell asleep, and awoke the next day much better. The distress of his mother was great. She did not like that he should be anywhere but under the parental roof. The poet never knew the worst of these breakings-out. Mrs. Campbell once told me, on accidentally calling at the house, that Campbell was gone out, for "he could not bear the way in which Thomas looked at him—so fixedly!" Yet a kinder disposition I never saw than this youth possessed. It was enough for the poet to fancy his son's gaze upon him to be somewhat erratic, to derange his nerves. The truth was, that his thoughts were directed to the destruction of his future hopes regarding him.

"I shall never make anything out of Tom, my friend; what can I make of him in such a state?"

I observed the irritability natural to the poet's constitution, and was induced to think that in early life he must have exhibited great variation of temper and habit. This seemed to return soon after the death of his

wife, for he greatly changed after that event. To the period of her decease must be added the period required to unchange, if I may so say, habitudes that from his marriage had become familiar. Francis Horner remarked to Lady Mackintosh, how much matrimony had improved him. Neither before nor after a married life, does he seem to have had settled habits. He lost his early habits when he married, and fell into them again when he became a widower. This accounts for the different statements regarding his conduct in his latter years. During my long intercourse with him, before he was a widower, nothing could be more orderly than his house, or more of a homekeeper than himself, or one more choice in the society he kept. I left London for several years after our mutual pursuits ceased, but I heard enough to make me acquainted with the change which had taken place. Of all isolations, that of a man dependent upon the other sex for so much that renders life orderly and comfortable, and to effect which he is himself a stranger, that of widowship is the most injurious. It is really not good for man to be alone, but the most unfortunate of his various destinies.

One of the poet's letters to me, when he was absent from town, was as usual in relation to his works, wholly unnecessary, because a post could convey the proofs to him, but he was no sooner absent than he wished to be home again.

"I have a kindness to request of you, which I have no doubt you will show, and I shall hope to have a proper opportunity of testifying my sense of it. It is to correct the punctuation, particularly of the sheets which

follow Theodoric, in my little forthcoming volume. May I ask you, also, to see that they go quickly to press, for I have not yet received a single sheet beyond Theodoric; and, if I go on in this way, I know not when I may get out. You will do me the greatest favour by accepting of this trusteeship. I mean to retain only Theodoric standing in type, for a week or so longer. The poems of the other sheets can be compared with the poems printed in the New Monthly. This you can do with more accuracy than myself. I am conscious of giving you a deal of trouble, which I have no right to request, but I have no friend to whom I can make the application but yourself."

I was often troubled by the poet's overlooking his own errors—many are apt to do this from the error being in the memory. He had spelt Eratosthenes as Erastosthenes, and a second proof came with the word not altered. I wrote again, and then the thing was done. This trifle cost the trouble of three post letters. I never made an alteration on one of his proofs. It was wrong to do so without communicating, however plain the error. At another time, he returned the proof with the error uncorrected; I wrote to him that it was wrong if it was in Lisiass' funeral oration. This inattention was a part of his natural character, and it occurred in other things besides literature. It had often no connection with the business of the magazine which pressed me sufficiently. Yet, had it occurred twice as frequently, I should not have failed to set it right. There was a heartiness about the poet that took with me greatly, not perceptible, but upon familiar intercourse. His forgetfulness, which often appeared too like inattention, was

not really such. He was continually in a mental abstraction upon topics which tended to no result, but into which he was led by some casual observation or desultory reading. Having two partridges sent him, then scarce, he intended to send me one for breakfast, and sent both. Then he had to send for one back again, which he did with the following note :

“ By mistake, two small birds have been sent to you instead of one. You will call me the shabbiest fellow in the world to ask one small bird back, and remind me that to give a thing and take a thing is like the devil's gold ring ; but I shall acquit myself to be a real gentleman, and not a devil's gold ring, on the first arrival of my expected Glenlivet from Scotland.”

Here was double forgetfulness, which I state, because it is characteristic of his action in more important matters. He knew that I never touched Glenlivet, or any other species of whiskey. He played Lockhart an ill compliment in the same forgetful way, sending him an invitation to dinner one day, and the next day writing to say he was sorry his table would be full, and he should have no room for him ; the truth being that it was not to Lockhart he intended his fair message to go, but to another person, to whom he would make a sort of apology for not asking him to join a particular party. These things continually occurred. I forgot to state that we had a ramble or two together when we were at Cheltenham, from which he eloped in such a hurry as I have already stated, assuring me he would be back in two days, but came back no more, declaring he had forgotten all about it until he missed me in town. We had clam-

bered Birdlip Hills together. Those of Malvern, of a deep blue colour, seen from our lodgings, he compared to the hills of Italy in pictures. "We seldom have the atmosphere so clear in Scotland. It makes my heart leap as it used to do in the Highlands."

"But you are all mist, there," I remarked.

"Yes, there is plenty of mist; our mountains are too like St. Paul's on a November day."

"I think Burns has made less of your mountains than might have been expected; he scarcely touches upon them in his beautiful verse."

"But he has noticed mine in a favourite poem—mine, near the Clyde—

'Yon wild mossy mountains so lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth of the Clyde.'

"These are my mountains, to me the most impressive I ever saw."

"When you can see them for the mist," I observed, in jest.

"Yes, when the Scotch mists, as you call them in England, permit us to see them. But they are not less dear on that account to memory; just as the mistiness of memory enhances our regard for past things. We will go to Scotland some day together, and explore the Clyde."

"I replied I should be happy if we could have such a jaunt, but how could we be both away from London together? I had, therefore, preferred going south, because of the bad account the old lady of Berwick gave of the Scotch never going back to their own country, if they could once get out of it. The missing

of a number of the magazine for a month would hardly do."

"True," he replied, "the devil take the magazine. I should like such a journey much, to go over my boyish scenes at Glasgow together. We could visit Wilson, and have some pleasure in Edinburgh."

"I should like to see the publisher's countenance on hearing of both our absences," I observed in reply.

He compared his native city to Wapping on a drizzling wet spring-day, only that it was to be endured for three-fourths of the year.

"Do you believe, Redding, that there are insects nearly all eye like Ezekiel's chariot-wheels, 'instinct with eyes.' How they must enjoy such sunny scenes as this!"

"Naturalists assert it," I replied, "Hook and other observers state that some species of papillon have thirty thousand eyes, with every accessory perfect to each; that I had myself known some insects with numerous eyes."

"How they must enjoy vision beyond us with only a pair!"

"But the sphere of view may be limited."

"That is the great point."

The correspondence of our publication with Ireland was carried on by myself. Sometimes, the writers were rather free upon his sensitiveness.

"I hold it a very bad sign," said one, "that both editors should be absent at Cheltenham at once. The bile of an editor is the best security for the piquancy of a journal, and the aquæ expurgatoriæ as dangerous to its spirit, as the index expurgatorius. The first carries off

the malice prepense against all mankind necessary to give life and acidity to the articles, the second clears away all the irritability against rival publications, while the want of the third leaves the fluids so bland that you might as well expect intoxication from a mess of bread and milk as vigour from the villication of the nervous fibrils in the course of their circulation. Now, whatever may be the case with yourself, who I laud the gods for it, do not want a spice of the devil in your composition; yet our worthy friend, the poet, is by nature occasionally disposed to be a respecter of times and persons, and if he cools his temperament too far with the cursed sulphate of magnesia, we poor fellows, who pass his ordeal, must measure our wits by Figaro's standard, and write nothing against anything that belongs to anybody. I think he was not judgmatical in the matter of Lord Byron's marriage, for, in the first place, it was too much a 'Holy Alliance' fancy, to hope by any suppression* to serve his friend, Lady Byron, and in the next, the women, particularly the single ladies beyond a certain age, cabal so desperately against Byron's memory, that it was but bare justice to let us hear the other side. Medwin's book is a shameful misuse of private intercourse, as far as respects third persons, yet I think it bears much internal evidence of truth, and after the burning of the MSS. (Byron's gift to Moore) we are not bound to be too nice as to the sources of intelligence. I was much amused, too, at the editorial note in the article on Rogers and Bowles. Of the latter, I know nothing."

* Captain Medwin.

Shall I read this to Campbell? The cooling nature of the water induced me to wait till the next morning, at seven o'clock at the Spa. The poet laughed heartily. I proceeded farther. "What do folks say about Medwin, Dallas, and Hobhouse's article in the 'Westminster?' The latter is written with too much of the virulence of a partizan. Thank God, however, he has turned over the parson, who is by far the most flagitious caitiff, 'my conversation ever copied withal.' Against Medwin, he has not succeeded equally well. His detections of error are few and unimportant, and he omitted the worst charges, namely, the dragging in Lady C. L. and Lady O."

"I don't agree with that," interrupted Campbell; "I think Hobhouse has done well. It was a troublesome thing for a friend to undertake. You know that Fitzgerald was not a wise nor clever man. Yet even Fitzgerald is described as writing to Byron, 'elegant copies of verses,' thus writes Dallas. Did he ever write anything worth reading? All the world knows the contrary. Dallas may be judged by this opinion. If Fitzgerald ever did write as Dallas says, he kept the treasure under a bushel. I think Dallas a poor miserable creature. In regard to Byron's conduct towards women, it is impossible not to feel indignant at it. As a man of gallantry, if he chose to be so, he was bound in honour to keep a woman's secret—bound by the honour of his own views if you will, not to drag forth the names of ladies in that way before individuals almost strangers to him. A man of strict honour would not impart such secrets to a bosom friend, and

what if it were mere boasting! Might it not involve innocent people in mischief not to be repaired? Don't you think so?"

I replied, "that it exhibited an absence of high chivalrous feeling, that could not be denied." Campbell thought Byron must, in consequence, be disliked by the female sex. The statement thus made, too, in any society bore a taint of self-laudation. In short, if true, the poet could not tolerate that "kiss and tell" kind of conduct, and Medwin hardly invented it. Byron was thoughtless, and did not dream of the violation of private conversation. This opinion prevailed in Campbell's mind when, some years afterwards, he wrote his letter to Moore in behalf of Lady Byron. Campbell, however, being the creature of impulse, was the most injudicious of advocates. It was not jealousy of Byron's fame, as some would have it, that made Campbell the advocate of Lady Byron. He always exalted the poet's genius, but independently of any wish to vindicate Lady Byron against misrepresentation, I imagine the "sides of his interest" were spurred by a sort of knight-errantry on behalf of the sex in general. If he was a bad advocate, that had nothing to do with the intention. I should be sorry to have had the poet for my advocate in the most trivial case; he would have marred it with the intention of doing otherwise, by insisting most on the points that would damage my cause.

I am thus particular, though the bulk of the present generation may feel less and less interest in the matter, but the time will again arrive when a deeper curiosity than ever will be felt in all relating to the sons of genius. The never-dying vestal flame will continue to burn in

the temple forsaken by the present living. Worshippers will again return to kindle anew at the sacred fire, lights to illumine the track of our humanity, to generate noble imaginings and aspirations, and to fill the spirit with the atmosphere that surrounds the throne of the fountain of eternal wisdom, from which alone proceed those mental sensations redolent of unknown existences, of which, in mortals of genius, we have hitherto only had glimpses.

I once found a stranger at Campbell's of foreign manners, but well bred and gentlemanly. It was Brandt, the son of the Indian chief, whom the poet had charged with atrocities in his *Gertrude*. Campbell had made no inquiry into the facts of the case; but had taken some historical party-statement for the purpose of his story, when he wrote his poem; nor in the subsequent editions did he do that copious justice to young Brandt's feelings which I think was their due. Brandt, the elder, was not even present at the massacre after the battle at Wyoming. He was a Mohawk chief, of remarkably civilized habits. I confess that the singular circumstance of an Indian chief coming so far, and feeling anxious to vindicate his father's memory on a charge of which he was innocent, did not appear to move Campbell as so touching an incident might have done. The elder Brandt had the rank of colonel in the English service; a house was built for him at the public expense, and the place called Brandtford. He himself built a church near, where he is entombed, and at which his tribe attended. Brandt, the son, was a fine young man, since dead. He was a lieutenant in the English service. His sister, a graceful pretty creature at that time, whose presence would have been an acquisition in

European society, was lately alive. It is true the poet published a letter to young Brandt, but that is forgotten. It should be annexed to the notes of the poem, more emphatically.

I had a singular dispute with Campbell, who, if he once adopted an idea, was very difficult to convince of being in error. He had written a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, in consequence of the reviewer having stated that his poem of the *Last Man* had been suggested by Byron's *Darkness*. He stated that in a conversation with Byron, in St. James' Street, he had mentioned the subject of the extinction of nature, and of the human species, to Byron, as a fit subject for a poem. I happened to know that Byron and Shelley were standing together looking at the splendid view of the Alps across the *Leman*, and Shelley remarked :

"What a thing it would be, if all were involved in darkness at this moment, the sun and stars to go out. How terrible the idea !"

Such a thought was likely to arise in the minds of more persons than one. Barry Cornwall had told Campbell that some friend of his thought of writing a poem on the subject. The date of the conversation of Shelley and Byron I cannot state exactly, but I know it was years before the *Last Man* of Campbell appeared. I told the poet this, and contended that the idea was not new. I do not like to quote myself, but I printed a little poem when a youth, of which I here re-produce a passage, out of one of the few copies in existence. The title, printer's name, and so on, were annexed.

“Indeed, this is the same thought,” he observed, “I imagined it had been my own idea.”

Mine was a simile in the description of a sea-fight:—

“Thus, when Creation’s destined course is run,
And shrinking Nature views the expiring sun,
Some lonely sage, the last of human race,
Faith in his soul, and glory in his face,
Unmoved shall brave the moment of affright,
When chaos re-assumes the throne of night,
And warring elements, resistless hurl’d,
Destroy the harmonious chain that binds the world.”

I said that such an idea was obvious to every imaginative person. But more is to come. When I published some notes of my labours with the poet in 1845, a letter came to me from the publisher, about this same claim of the poet to originality. The poet himself was where neither the voice of the muse nor the charm of music could arouse the ear once so deeply sensitive to both. The note in question ran in substance as follows. It was from Dr. Dickson, of Hertford Street, May Fair, and the extract was from Horne’s Sermon, “On the Death of the Old Year.”

“For not only friends die and years expire, and we ourselves shall do the same, but the world itself approaches to its end. It likewise must die. Once already has it suffered a watery death; it is to be destroyed a second time, by fire. A celebrated author having in his writings followed it through all its changes from the creation to the consummation, describes the eruption of this fire, and the progress it is to make, with the final and utter devastation to be effected by it, when

all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed and sink in a molten deluge. In this situation of things, *he stands over the world as if he had been the ONLY SURVIVOR*, and pronounces its funeral oration in a strain of sublimity scarce ever equalled by mere man."

Such are sometimes the errors of literary men as to originality. How many have related the same waking visions, and how many of those whose dust now nourishes the food for our sustenance repeated those of their ancestors !

CHAPTER VII.

Those graceful little publications, called the *Annals*, made their appearance between 1820 and 1830. The first, called *The Forget-me-Not*, was got up by Mr. Shoberl, and published by Ackermann, in the Strand. *The Friendship's Offering* was edited by Thomas Pringle, of whom I have already spoken in connection with "*Blackwood's Magazine*," and his own publications at the Cape of Good Hope. There were many contributors, who sent their articles gratis. I was continually besieged for contributions, and gave something, always anonymously, except in the case of the very beautiful annual published by Alaric Watts, called the "*Literary Souvenir*," the best of all beyond comparison. The later volumes of his annual were changed into choice specimens of art, and of the most pleasing character as to the literature. We cannot help regretting to find such works cease to go on for want of taste in that part of the public which leads a sort of parasitic life in novelty. Some of these annuals were, as far as literature was concerned, it is too true, made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell—with showy engravings, and verses by people of fashion,—no matter who, if their names would draw attention to the advertisements. These

were among the earlier workings of that system of publication, which was subsequently carried so far as to afford no other pretence for reading them, while at the same time they tended further to depreciate literature. Annuals for the rising generation followed, called Juvenile Annuals; of these, the best were edited by Mr. Thomas Roscoe and Mrs. Watts;—the former, another son of the venerable historian, still alive, and equally participating in the literature of the period. The Literary Souvenir merged into the Gallery of Art, which ranged still higher in merit, both in the literary and artistic portions. In fact, the graver could hardly have been made to exceed in beauty the specimens which Mr. Watts exhibited,

The alterations in female dress are not more fluctuating than those of the public in reading, well bearing out Winckelman's observation on the worthlessness of taste among northern nations. The merit of a book is judged too much on the plan adopted by one of the Dublin dealers in the ware, as related to me by a lady. He took her manuscript, balanced it on the palm of his hand, as if trying the merit by the weight of the packet, paused, balanced it again, and declared himself satisfied with the work.

“But how, madam, about the name of the author—anonymous you say? Suppose we give it as by the Honourable Mrs. T——, who, you know, has just departed this life? We might set it going as the Duchess of York's? I must have something to draw the public attention to it. Something catching in the advertisement. This cannot be a matter of any moment

to you, as you do not desire to appear at all. The statement will be contradicted by friends, no doubt, but then the object is to fix attention upon it. In that case, madam, I shall be able to afford to give you two dozen printed copies for yourself."

Of what worth, after all, is the toil over the midnight-lamp, the sincere investigation of truth, the coruscations of genius, or the most laborious efforts to improve our fellow-creatures by wearying acquirements? If the labours of right-minded literary men were confined to a scanty pecuniary recompense alone—if there were not, no matter for the insubstantiality, something attractive and but too fascinating in the pursuit, they would be of all men most miserable. The employment of the mind upon elevated subjects, imparts to it something of their nature. When Johnson and Savage walked all night round St. James' Square for want of a lodging, they did not converse about their pressing state of deprivation but occupied the time which others would have spent in lamentation, perhaps in despair, with examining the acts of their rulers; and with topics, the realities of which belonged to the fortunate and rich, the legislature or the prime minister of the nation, to those, in short, who, in their lofty position were, perhaps, less elevated in mind, certainly more limited in knowledge, than the midnight pedestrians.

This can only apply to educated writers whose lives have been habituated to converse with the truly great of all ages, and whose associations have become imbued with the spirit that is least of the earth, earthy. There are writers whose ideas do not rise much beyond the shop-boards they describe. But even here there must be

a conscious superiority to the worthlessness painted—some real mastership, even in the lower grade of the profession. How, then, must this feeling tell in those who, from their earlier years, attached to the productions of the great spirits of the past and present, are ruled by them in their modes of thinking, and are neither understood by the many, nor capable of receiving pleasure from sources which impart content to the masses, either as to matters of opinion, or the great ends of existence! It unfortunately happens, too, that the literary man cannot shift his position. He is unable to haggle about farthings, to tell falsehoods about his wares in hunting fortune, or to take the pound of flesh nearest the heart from him that has nothing else to give. The midnight-lamp, therefore, must continue to burn and waste. Like the traveller in Paraguay, for him there is no returning. Common-place life is forever excluded, since we cannot forget at will. The apple of Eve has been eaten, the charm is upon the lapsed, the irrevocable decree must be fulfilled to live under martyrdom and die, that the empire of mind may survive in the world, only to extend further by continuing to make more martyrs.

Notoriety is a different thing from the fame that springs from honest authorship—but enough. There is a rare book, the “*Admiranda Pedis*” of de Cortis, a sort of foot “phrenology,” which it is wonderful has not yet been revived to match Messrs. Gall and Co., at the upper extremity of the body. A brother of Sir John Moore, killed at Corunna, once sent a review to me of Spurzheim’s phrenological work, and it was published. This set Gall upon his gall. I translate from the un-

published letter, till now, of this most renowned of all skull-conners—this lord of bumps and protuberances :

“ All who allow themselves to make similar observations on my discoveries, are either in complete ignorance of the study *de la morale*, or have not given themselves the trouble to read my works. In the first volume, I have answered all the objections which treated of morality and religion. When the organs are considered, for example, that of carnivorous instinct, it is necessary to send my censurers to my treatises on the different tendencies and diverse families of men and animals ; if the editor finds that man is degraded, by being placed in the carnivorous class of animals, it is needful, in order that he should belong to the farinaceous class, that he should renounce mutton, beef, veal, fowl, and the like. If further, he is displeased to be denominated an animal of any kind, he must prove that he came into the world in a different way from the animal he eats, and digests, and sleeps in a different mode from them. The editor, having a knowledge only of the work of M. Spurzheim, has, in consequence, a very defective knowledge of the matter. M. Spurzheim was well versed in organology, but in his lectures and works he had the great fault of being too concise, and consequently not being satisfactory to the reader when it was not difficult to be so. I think I have done much better, and in founding a new doctrine, opposed so much to the old principles, I have preferred being longer, in order to place myself within reach of readers little acquainted with the study of nature. Thus, Sir, I give to the editor and his readers.

Tolle ! lege ! Read and study my works, compare together the facts I have quoted, examine and verify them, and I promise I shall be no way discovered in fault. For the rest, there is one English work, in which the most peremptory replies will also be found to all the objections of the adversaries of organology. See the works of Mr. Combe of Edinburgh, and the 'Transactions of the Phrenological Society.'

"M. Spurzheim did not join himself as an associate in my labours till 1805, at the moment I commenced my travels. Then all my physiological discoveries were completed. He had the merit of contributing to perfect the analogical discoveries. In the first volume of my great work, it may be seen to what point he had perfected the physiology of the brain. He complicated too much by his metaphysical inclinations, to work the divisions and subdivisions. Always travelling, by his journeys and conversation, he powerfully contributed to propagate the doctrine."

So much for F. J. Gall. Doctors differ. I cannot but recall my friend Wilson's phrenological turnip, the skull of Professor Tornipson, the Swede, a cast of which he sent to the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, which is said to have held a special meeting over the bumps of the vegetable: that is, if the Professor of Moral Philosophy is to be credited.

The following extract will show what sort of intelligence we used to get from Ireland, and that it was not the mere tittle-tattle of Dublin.

"Dear Redding,

"Croker dined at the Castle yesterday, and amused

Lord Wellesley by abusing the Irish government for some neglect in the post-office department, upon which before all the company at dinner, Croker got as *nate* a little dressing as his best friend could well desire. The Lord Lieutenant told him, 'that he doubted not on his return to his party and his seat in Parliament, he would report matters with his wonted fidelity. That he, Lord Wellesley, was the Irish government—that government the object of his dictation and abuse—and personally answerable for all its faults. It was right that he, Mr. Croker, should know, though he might not have heard of it, that it had engaged the attention of the government.'

"I hope this will make you laugh as it did me. The news, too, flew about the drawing-room like wild-fire. A large party was assembled, and everybody rejoiced with exceeding great joy, from which I conclude that the party in question is not popular."

Going to make an inquiry at the Admiralty one day I met a gallant officer bustling out from the secretary's room, where that gentleman was alone.

"Where are you bustling in such a hurry?"

"To the club to read the paper. I have just been with the Admiralty—treated rather off-hand."

"I saw the First Lord going down Whitehall just now—their lordships are not sitting," I observed.

"But they are, though. I had a trivial request to make, and a shuffling answer."

"What, from the Board? They are not sitting this morning," I repeated.

“ Yes, they are. Croker is sitting, First Lord, Board, and all. He cut me off short.”

This reminded me of Handel answering for six dinners in one ; and, when the servant told me the company was not yet come, he replied :

“ I am de company—bring up de dinner.”

We did not rely on newspaper-reports in the “ New Monthly” for intelligence, and had not the publisher been fearful of everything but novels and fashion’s alliances, we might have increased our number greatly by more boldness. There was a large circulation in Ireland, and it might have been doubled. As it was, a second impression was several times called for, after five thousand had gone off at the price of three shillings and sixpence. I gained nothing by a laborious correspondence, which ought not to have been on my shoulders to such an extent ; but success brightens hope, and I foolishly imagined chance might be my friend. At this time, I received the contributors in the proportion of five to one to those whom Campbell personally knew, or even saw. I had evening-conversaziones, which receptions kept our friends together.

Among writers for the magazine, Hazlitt was one of distinguished utility. His pen always supplied matter for reflection. He was paradoxical at times, but ever ingenious and sometimes profound. We had no more than a general acquaintance. He was a pallid-complexioned man, with features by no means striking nor uncommon. They indicated no want of thoughtful expression, nor of energy. His hair was dark, his eyes speaking, and his forehead good. His person was insignificant, almost vulgar, and under the middle stature.

His manner plain, and sometimes even *gauche*. His temper was wayward. He was apt to be severe in observations, which, not always without good ground, had as often not that excuse. Sometimes, he was irritable and violent. The acuteness and reflection in his papers, read now and compared with modern magazine articles, on critical subjects more especially, prove a sad falling off—his articles are like gold weighed against tinsel. A metaphysician of no mean skill—none understood mankind better. Though sometimes prejudiced, in general he was fair and clear-sighted. All who rate above the standard of common-place literature, will peruse him in the closet with delight. The educated, whose education consists only in reading and writing, who must only be amused, may not honour his works. On his dispute with Northcote, I have stated the facts elsewhere.* I used to visit Northcote before I went abroad, and often sate in Argyll Street, talking to him about the West country, while he was painting. He was a vain man, of a contracted mind, an excellent small story-teller, not over good-natured. He owed to the assistance of others all the attempts he made in literature, and to no one was he so deeply in debt as to Hazlitt. His offence with that writer was pretended. When he died, he left him a hundred pounds as a memento of their intimacy—rather an odd mode of exhibiting indignation. The artist was a moral coward; he shuffled because he feared to be honest.

The German literature of Mr. Taylor of the Temple, led us to have recourse to him in any pressure upon

* "New Monthly," vol. lxxxi—"Memoirs of Campbell."

a subject, with which he had a thorough acquaintance. The author of "Gilbert Earle," Barry Boyle St. Leger, a Rugbeian, the son of the Hon. Mrs. St. Leger, a favourite of the Guildford family, had been sent out to India at seventeen years of age. He came home disgusted, and entered himself of the Middle Temple. He was an exceedingly pleasant writer, cut off by death at the early age of thirty. Sir Charles Morgan, as well as his lady, were early contributors.

When I look back and number those literary friends I have lost, I recall the apprehension of the *ultimus suorum moriatur*. Poor kind Banim, the Irish novelist, used to visit me. He was an excellent, simple-hearted creature; I had not seen him for some time, and discovered he was married. I met him by accident.

"How is it I have not seen you of late, Banim?" I inquired.

"To tell you the truth, I have got married since I saw you."

"And what of that—married and can't come," I suppose, "grown too anxious?"

"O, not at all; I have married a Catholic."

"What?"

"I have married a Catholic, and I thought that, here in London, you might not like one of my wife's religion?"

"You must be odd fish in Ireland, with your Orangemen and Papists. Seriously, my good friend, you must have come from the wilds of Connaught, indeed, to think we trouble ourselves here about the political and religious profession of faith of our friends in private life. If you have not liberty, in this respect, in Ireland, you will

find it in London. People are always glad if their friends are of their own creed out of the five hundred creeds in the market; but no one here, I hope, has such a distaste for his friend's faith as to abandon his society on that account, Protestant or Catholic, Whig or Tory. Nobody will trouble you upon that point here, and if they do, tell them you belong to the faith that handed down Christianity for fifteen hundred years to the time of our fat Harry's tender mercies."

It was strange, and gave me an odd idea of the curse inflicted upon a country where such notions prevail. Banim soon saw how he erred in mistaking England for his native land. He suffered greatly from indisposition. I had written him at Sevenoaks to ask for some verses at the request of a friend who applied to me on the subject. He replied as follows:—

"My dear Sir,

"I have the pleasure to enclose some verses of mine as tolerable, I hope, as you expected, for the consideration of your friend, the editor of the "O——." They were, at least, as sincerely felt as conceived. Last summer, after going down to Hastings, Mrs. Banim and I took a walk along the path at the bottom of East Hill, and passing the little churchyard, which you may recollect, we caught a glance of the headstone of the daughter of an old friend, who had just died in the town, whom we knew a few months before, young, beautiful, good. After the first feeling came the remark and question—"Yes, here lies poor Bessy—before her time! Yet, what has she lost?" and the answer that was suggested forms my verses. Thus, rather than

make you pay postage for an absolutely blank sheet, you are treated to this little true story, by—

“My dear Sir,

“Most truly yours,

“JOHN BANIM.

“October 6.”

I engaged to meet in May Fair, the same month, an old friend whom I had visited some time before near Amiens. When I arrived, I was ushered into a room where there was one individual, a perfect stranger, about the middle height. As soon as my host came in, he introduced me to John Dunn Hunter, whose curious history has been published by himself. His story was that he had been carried off by Indians in a foray upon an American village, when the inhabitants were massacred, and he was taken away and adopted by an Indian mother, to whom he became strongly attached. Consequently, he had been bred up among the Indians, and my friend, who had been among the Indians himself, did not doubt the truth of his statements. He insisted that habitual actions, and movements of his limbs by Hunter, when unobserved, convinced him that he was no impostor, as some of the people in the United States insinuated he was. The Indians used such motions. Hunter was a plain man, with a touch of a foreign accent in speaking. His book had been written for him at his dictation; he could not have composed it himself. I asked him, as he had seen both London and Paris, which he preferred, the European or Indian mode of life? He replied that the Indian only wanted two things to be happy, to know how to till land, and to be

convinced of its great utility, but even that he would give up, for the second and main advantage of civilized man, his personal security. The Indians were obliged to be ever on the watch, for they were never secure from hostile attack. He spoke of his love for his Indian mother in the strongest terms: of the delightful freedom felt in the woods, and the delicious sensations of a wild free life, particularly on rising at day-dawn.

He returned to America, determined to instruct his own tribe of Indians in rural economy, in short to teach them to plant, sow, and reap. He was shot soon after he arrived there, in a skirmish with a stranger-tribe. He had known Jefferson, the President of America, and several of the chiefs of other Indian tribes, besides that to which he belonged. He told me they had no image-worship, but prayed to the Great Spirit, as the other tribes did bordering upon his own. He did not seem to know anything about such beings as superstition conjures up among civilized nations, in the way of ghosts, or supernatural appearances. Here, a wild man of the woods as he might be called, shamed us.

While thus alluding to supernatural appearances, I was myself puzzled sorely by a very singular incident connected with those supernatural unaccountables. I had called on a lady, about noon, in the height of summer, in one of the streets north of Oxford Street.

I had not been in the house a moment before I saw that something unusual had occurred. Presently, the mistress came in, and said they had been alarmed by a strange circumstance an hour or two before. A female servant had taken down her mistress's breakfast. The girl was approaching thirty years of age, and apparently

of a temperament not likely to be easily alarmed; no fellow-servant was in the kitchen at the time. She went to the chimney-place for some water; and, fancying she heard a noise, and turning her head, looking over her shoulder, she saw a young man, who lived not far off, and who some time before had paid his addresses to her, but had been repulsed, for she did not like him. Startled, she fell on the floor senseless, where she was found, and afterwards related the foregoing circumstance.

Something prompted her mistress to send and ask if the man was at home. He might have got in by stealth. How were they struck to find he had died that morning, and it was supposed about the same time the girl had seen him! I questioned all the parties, but found no discrepancy in their statements. The death of the young man was confirmed. The girl repeated that she had never encouraged his addresses, because she felt she could never attach herself to him.

I placed this incident to the same account as another I will relate, equally unaccountable as far as human testimony goes. They make just the two out of a dozen, not more, to which, alone, I am unable to find any solution. Captain W——, a gentleman I have long known, of unimpeachable honour, now living, after having served throughout the whole of the Peninsular war, was ordered from Spain to Nova Scotia, when peace was proclaimed in Europe, we being at war with the Americans. He was lounging in the mess-room of the barracks with another officer, I think in Halifax. It was noon-day, and the sun shone brightly. Presently, an officer in uniform walked in at a door in the further part of the room, looked at them, and passed out again.

"There is your brother," said Captain W—— to his companion, who recognised him also. Supposing the brother really had arrived in port, and would return, they stood looking out for him to enter again, but he never came. A mail or two afterwards, from Europe, brought an account of his death. It was still more singular, that the intruder had upon his head a new regulation-hat or cap, of which no pattern had yet reached America, and that both observers remarked the fact. When Admiral Coates saw his wife in India twice, and coming home found her dead, it was no doubt the effect of imagination. How many husbands dream of dead wives, and *vice versâ*, and find the contrary; but these cases are not noted! In the case of Captain W——, it was and is to me a great puzzle.

What incidents are the above for a new Johnson to lecture upon in favour of ghosts, and a new Boswell to record. After all, it is mortifying for the supporters of common supernatural hallucinations to be thrown so much out of this traditionary belief by the congregation of people in large cities, and the modern paucity of such incidents. The hunt after money affords no leisure for the fanciful to weave moon-shine, and the ignorant to take off their wares. Cases like the present are, perhaps, exceptions.

I have often been at lonely hours in remote situations, at the witching time of silence and darkness, when I have felt a great desire to see something supernatural—some agent of an invisible world, to establish my credence in such unnecessary visitations, if they really have an existence. This is said by no means in the feeling of mockery, or belief in the possibility or impossibility of

such appearances, but solely in the desire to satisfy myself of the reality of what has been so long disputed. Instances, at present, are rarely recorded to what they used to be, except in deep mountain-vales, remote country districts, and among rustics, or in the collieries—in fact, among the more ignorant part of the population. The question of witches and warlocks seems to be running the contrary way of the stream of late. The instances I have given will, I feel, but increase the difficulty of the final settlement of the question.

I write on desultorily, leaving it to chance for memory to recall events which may not always fall under the exact order of dates. I am obliged to write at times, when I cannot make references.

Being at Brighton, Van Heeren's work on the Great Nations of Antiquity was put into my hands, and I felt highly flattered in his allusions to some remarks of mine on his works. I was well acquainted with certain localities which Heeren had never seen. I allude to his remarks on the Voyage of Hamilcar beyond the pillars of Hercules. I had made a critical notice regarding it, which he had seen. The spot referred to was the Cassiterides. His disquisition convinced me that, on matters of topography, nothing short of an actual survey, in future, will answer to secure accuracy. Whittaker wrote a most voluminous work to prove the track of Hannibal over the Alps, a vicinity he had never visited. Half-knowledge in such cases, is but castle-building in print.

William Wallace, an old acquaintance, and one of a familiar literary circle, died in the prime of life, while I was absent. He belonged to the Temple, and wrote

“The Memoirs of the Life and Times of George IV.” He was of Trinity College, Dublin, an excellent companion, and kind friend, but I fear he lived a little too fast. Sheil and Wyse, among his countrymen, used to speak of him in high terms. We met often in a pleasant family, none of the members of which, except the parents, were above twenty-five years old, and yet only one of the whole number now survives. Our evenings were passed with music, and the most delightful conversation, in which all, but particularly the ladies, excelled. Wallace was the most even-tempered of the whole party. I believe he never made an enemy. It was Wallace, I may forget, and am only mistaken if it were not he, who said Coleridge was original in *Christabelle*, whatever opinions might be held upon his merits. C——, a friend of mine, replied, that his phrase of “to whit to whoo,” was borrowed, nonsense as it was. I am certain he would not borrow these words, if he borrowed any others. Why then, turn to the second book of old Quarles’ emblems, you will find the words “To wit, to woe !” Coleridge would defend his plagiarism, on the basis that the loan of a sound, except among musical composers, was never before assailed as unjustifiable in an author, and the main question would be whether alliteration might not come under the same censure.

I met for the last time, at Brighton, in an invalid-carriage, old Mike Kelly. He was recovering from a fit of the gout—a dissipated man, and few of his earlier contemporaries were free of the charge. He had delighted me with those airs and songs of which he was the composer, generally introduced in some theatrical

performance. They used to have a run through the whole length of the country, when music was not as it is now, devoid of air and sentiment. Mike was not a man of mind; it is hardly to be expected otherwise, where the brains are in the ears. We have no such snatches of songs now, under the present vicious school, which extinguishes everything originally connected with the science—all that is intellectual; and replaces it by complicated sounds difficult of execution. Kelly was a good after-dinner man. He told many stories of the characters of his time, and of the “Prince, God bless him!” to use his own words in relation to George IV., who settled a hundred a year upon him. All the boon companions of the prince were the friends of Kelly. After the “true prince,” Shelley was Kelly’s hero. The veteran composer in appearance spoke of one tainted from such a connection during his life’s prime. He looked flaccid, from past indulgence. The best of those, high or low, who had come within the influence of the same circle, exhibited similar resemblances to half-worn rakes.

“Here I am nearly done up, one hand useless with this cursed gout: what are you doing here—you are no invalid?”

“Idling.”

“Do then come and idle over a chop with me. I have an old woman who looks after me now—once it might have been a young one.”

“Who was the father of your gout, Kelly?—the rummer that you can hardly now lift to your lips—villanous company?”

“But I can lift the rummer still; I have only one

hand that won't work—come to me to-day—say you will.”

Mike Kelly felt solitary, and no doubt wanted company. I was a complete idler, one of those who in such places, if it rains look out of the window : if it is dry, blister the feet in driving away time, by wearing out shoes upon the shingle. I went to his lodgings. His repast consisted of excellent fish, and mutton-chops nicely cooked. Mike was gloomy, as gouty people are, until they have swallowed a little wine to brace up the animal machine. He then began to talk, in his wild way, upsteaming with loyalty. I do not know why, but I liked to hear tales about the prince and his companions. So many of the latter were men of mark, whose good sayings went out into the world often as of royal begetting. Kelly had preserved the old habit of swearing, which polite manners have banished from good society of late years, except in the case of the great Duke, who kept up the custom to the last. I told Mike I had been looking at Mrs. Crouch's urn in the churchyard, the same which he had placed over her remains.

“She was a sweet creature, my dear friend.”

Not exactly Platonic on the part of Mike. I had just read his memoirs. They recalled his old music-shop, and some of his airs, the “Woodpecker” for example.

“I was near the prince, then — did you read about Sheridan — how drunk he got upon my wine — a little stock I had above my music-place? I lent him my bedroom to be near the prince, with whom he was going the next day to Windsor. He could not get up, and

left the prince to go down alone. His royal highness, 'God bless him,' sent over twice for him."

"I did read the passage—it was characteristic."

"But, you could not read what that rascal, Hook, omitted. Why, I don't know. The infernal bookseller employed him to put my memoirs through the press, and he omitted things he had no right to leave out—touched his friends, I suppose."

"What did he omit?"

Kelly then told me, in substance, how Taylor, who had the Opera House, involved in debt, lived in Cadogan Place. Bailiffs watched his residence day and night. It was of importance that he should not be arrested, and that he should get out of his residence. Kelly found that Taylor's next door neighbour was in difficulties, about paying some thirty pounds for taxes. Kelly called upon him, and told him that if he would suffer him, Kelly, to work a small hole through his attic party-wall, he would give him the thirty pounds, and pay all damage. It was agreed upon. Mike got Taylor that way through the wall into the next house, and walked him clean off.

"I owed Taylor several good turns," said Mike, "and I could not do more than repay them. What interest Hook had in omitting the story, I don't know; unless he feared it might give the bailiffs a hint, that might some day cross his own escape under the like circumstances."

Kelly never returned to town, but went from Brighton to Margate, or some other place on the coast, where he died. It is singular that the more noted men of those

times, even those of no higher mark than Kelly, had something to show in the way of compensation for their excesses. They had wit in their dissipation, were multiform in their acquirements, and generous in the midst of their extravagances. Perhaps it was that the spirit of traffic did not so much gall the kibe of the noble, and that the love of gain had not, as now, expatiated so largely against good fellowship.

I was much amused by the result of the publication of an article of my own, called the Fever Ship, in the London Weekly Review, then edited by Mr. St. John. It was wholly the result of fancy, descriptive of the attack of yellow fever upon a vessel at sea, told after the simple manner of De Foe. A messenger was sent from Lloyd's to the office of the paper to request the name of the vessel, the underwriters there, as they might do, taking fiction for fact. I thought it a compliment to the authorship.

Colton, the author of 'Lacon,' had become vicar of Kew and Petersham, one of the most charming clerical posts about London, and had taken comfortable apartments at Kew. In time, he began to consider them too closely for his close expenditure. He could live in London unobserved, for a-sixth of the expense, and he acted accordingly, transporting his gun and fishing-rod, and half-a-dozen books, De Foe's History of the Devil among them, to a two-pair-of-stairs lodging, overlooking the burying-ground of St. Anne's, Soho. I had once visited him when at Kew, on a Sunday, in time for the morning service. The congregation was not large. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland were present. The sermon was above the average in matter, and

correctly delivered, with a slight touch of mannerism. We were leaving the church when a servant of the Duke of Cumberland came up, and said his Royal Highness wished to see him. I walked on. I saw the Duke and Duchess cross the green to Kew—where was the parson? Presently, he returned at a quick rate. “What did the Duke want of you?”

“Nothing of moment—an invitation to dine with him at Kew on Wednesday.”

“How uncanonical you are—you went into the pulpit in grey trousers, I wonder if the duke remarked it. You will have a rebuke from the bishop. Half a man’s merit in courtly eyes centres upon costume.”

“I don’t care—the duke might have seen it—he might tell me of it. What then—I should reply, your Royal Highness will have the goodness to remember that the efficacy of the sermon of a Christian clergyman does not depend on the colour of his breeches.”

“You had a long confab?”

“No, only two or three minutes. I staid to get some cigars from under the pulpit; I keep them there; the temperature is excellent, not too damp, nor too dry.”

We went to his lodgings, commanding a pleasant view—the Thames not far away. We dined and spent a pleasant evening. He was full of literary conversation, and now and then when he made a sly hit at a writer, a divine, or some hackneyed opinion, that peculiar cunning twinkle which showed itself at the corners of his eyes on such occasions, as much as to say, “is not that a home thrust?” exhibited itself frequently. He got upon the translation of the Bible, and upon its numerous

errors, and how people took their religious opinions from it, and had no concern about the correctness of the text. I mentioned that Dr. Parr had taken upon himself to correct such errors, when performing the service.

“Did he?” said Colton, “I like that. There is the pretended Septuagint said to have been found in an old cask in the year 217. There is no such version extant. The Septuagint, which contained only the Jewish books of the law, was destroyed in the Alexandrian library A.D. 47. What a miraculous affair Justin Martyr made of it! I fear the fathers were sad story-tellers. We know the east now, its customs, and much more of its language than was known in the time of James I.”

“Then why not have a new translation?”

“That cannot be; the present translation is the best that can be made. It is time-honoured?”

“But, if it be radically defective?”

“It must not be changed—Parliament has declared it the right thing—James I. has affixed the sign-manual to its excellence, as he did to his treatise on witchcraft. It is declared authentic, and Parliament is before all the arguments of the learned, even before truth itself.”

“But that time is gone by; nobody thinks of feeding devils, or giving bread and cheese to spectres, for which offence Parliament once sanctioned the cremation of helpless old women.”

“No matter, it is royally, parliamentarily, and time-consecrated, what would you have more?”

“But the very English is obsolete.”

“So much the better, from its being less common

and more striking, standing aloof from the language in other works."

"But where nonsense is made of the original or the text falsified?"

"No matter, it is as it should be, right orthodox by act of Parliament, as it stands."

"But evident clerical errors?"

"They must stand—we must not endanger our orthodoxy by dallying too intimately with self-evident truths," said Colton, with another of his arch looks.

"The present version tells us that Solomon's little temple—little in comparison with St. Peter's at Rome, or our St. Paul's, cost a sum of money equal to a thousand millions sterling, out of the treasury of an empire not twice the size of Yorkshire."

"But, if we are so told in the present version, whether in the original Hebrew or not, we are bound to believe it by act of Parliament."

"No, no; Josephus, who would no doubt be inclined to exaggerate, tells us the temple cost just fifty millions of our money; that is a pretty large sum for a state like Judea."

"No matter, my dear fellow, we of the cloth get our incomes under the present version, that will do. Joking apart, several learned divines are of your opinion—have you seen Bellamy's attempt at a translation?"

"I have not."

"I will introduce you to him. He says that no translation has been ever made directly from the Hebrew, and insists that with due care and attention it may be done. Our Bible is from the Latin, you know, into which language it was said to have been translated

by St. Jerome, A.D. 405, and we adopted it from the Roman Catholic Church. If we wanted to know a German work, we should not translate it from the German into the French, and from the French into the English. The very change of idiom would render it unfaithful. Bellamy says, that if a Hebrew word, in nine instances out of ten, is used with a fixed meaning, that meaning should be adopted in the tenth instance. By this principle, the error of giving a word half a dozen different significations is avoided, and the most probable sense obtained."

When Colton took a lodging in town, he introduced me to Bellamy, in Princes Street. His sitting-room was carpetless; a common deal-table stood in the centre, and a broken phial, placed in a tea saucer, served for an inkstand, surrounded with letter-covers and paper-scrap. Four common chairs, one or two rickety, a side-table holding a few books, half a quire of foolscap paper, and some discarded pens on one side of the room, composed nearly all the furniture, fishing-rods and gun excepted. Here he indited Lacon. His copy was written on scraps of paper, blank sides of letters, and but rarely on brand new paper. It is untrue that his rooms were as bad as some penny-a-line scribbler made out, in a newspaper sketch of him. They were always clean. Much of his domicile was the second to his college-rooms. He dined at an eating-house, and sometimes cooked a chop for himself, from inveterate bachelor habits. He placed excellent wine on the table, though he had not then opened a wine-cellar, which he did afterwards in the name of another person, under a methodist chapel in Dean Street, Soho, where I once

found him among casks and sawdust. Descending the steps, he called out, "come down, facilis descensus Averni!" There I tasted some of his choice growths. He was a temperate man in wine, and choice.

"You have methodism, heterodoxy over your head, Colton; I wonder your wine does not turn sour, belonging as it does to a son of the church."

"Wine is reconciling, Redding; there is no fear of the two doxies disagreeing in the cellar. The pulpit is the place for pulling caps."

This wine-dealing fit did not last long—he was soon tired of it. There was much of the spoiled child in his composition, going from thing to thing quite unsettled. After I had heard Bellamy, I confess I was much pleased with his theory, patronized by George IV. and all the royal family, seven bishops, and a number of the clergy and private individuals. Newcombe, Lowth, Symonds, Kennicot, and a host of authorities, were brought in proof of our better understanding, both of the Hebrew and Greek text since 1600. The opposition to it was this, that if, as Lowth said, the present version be "ambiguous and incorrect, even in matters of the highest importance," it is better to leave it so—in other words, that the truth is of no moment compared to the trouble of investigating it. This *laissez faire* system neither of us agreed in. My judgment was worth nothing, except that in sacred things, more especially, to obtain the naked truth I conceived was demanded as an imperative duty. Bellamy was enthusiastic and laborious in his design; Colton was more pleased to perplex Bellamy with his subtleties, than to approve or censure. He agreed that the present version was bad, but

he feared for the success of a new one if justified by reason and duty. I confess that of Bellamy's qualifications for the task, I knew nothing. I thought him a zealous man, and introduced him to Campbell, who had a fit of Hebrew study upon him at the time. The poet thought Bellamy had not read largely upon the subject. Gesenius and Michælis became the watchwords, but the Hebrew was soon dropped, as well as the acquaintance.

One of Colton's ready comments discomposed Bellamy, and marked that shrewdness which he often exhibited. Bellamy said that in the account of the speaking of Balaam's ass, the Hebrew would allow the words "as if,"—"as if the ass had spoken."

"But," said Colton, "the ass did speak. Read 2 St. Peter, c. 2, v. 16. 'The dumb ass, speaking with a man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet.'"

This was the parson's shrewd way, and he enjoyed it. I came to Bellamy's assistance by remarking that the quotation as thus used, might be only illustrative, and have no relation to the exact state of the fact *pro* or *con*.

Colton's first publication, after the "Sampford ghost pamphlet," was the poem of "Hypocrisy," before alluded to, having for a motto the lines from Butler:—

Hypocrisy's the universal calling,
The only saint's bell that rings all in.

He also published some remarks on Don Juan in his unnatural character of a *censor morum*. A short poem on the conflagration of Moscow, and a clever Latin

version of Gray's elegy in Ovidian verse. His "Lacon" was the last of his works. He may have borrowed much, but he was a close observer of mankind. When he disappeared, a number of falsehoods were related about him. He had been seen with Weare, and was murdered; this was one statement. Nothing could be more false; he was no associate of low characters, nor of the ignorant and vulgar. He would steal into a house where there were public tables and play, but he probably knew no one there, as he played from pure avarice. His gambling here was in Spanish bonds, by which he thought he had ruined himself when he had not, and, in the alarm, embarked for America. He returned to France. Then he came over to England, and appeared for a moment at Kew, to prevent the lapse of the living from his college, which soon after appointed his successor. He went again to France. I heard nothing of him from the time he disappeared until I happened to be visiting at Amiens, in 1829, and thought I would run over to Paris for a day or two. I had taken my place to return, and was crossing the Palais Royal to make up my portmanteau and start, when I heard my name called out from under the trees near the central fountain. It was Colton, much changed, with none of his former clerical neatness of garb about him. His scanty beard was of several days' growth, and his sallow face deeply furrowed. He looked careworn, told me he had a fine collection of pictures—would I go and see them? I stated that I was just then quitting Paris. I saw him no more. He afterwards went on a visit to Fontainebleau, and there it was found necessary he should submit to a painful

surgical operation. I have no doubt he reasoned upon the endurance of the pain of the operation, or the shorter pain of an exit from life, and that he deliberately chose the alternative, and shot himself. His age he always carefully concealed, but he must have been advanced in years. What a singular being of inconsistency is man! Colton, who dreaded to cross a churchyard alone at night, and believed in hobgoblins, when wounded fearfully by the discharge of his gun fearing he should bleed to death, laid himself on his back upon the ground, and compressed with his unwounded hand, for an hour or more, the artery that led to the wound, till assistance came. He who feared spectres, had physical courage enough deliberately to destroy himself, rather than endure the pain of a surgeon's knife. To discover his sentiments on religion, was impossible. I believe he felt himself that his opinions were at continual war with the character he had assumed.

Colton went into the pulpit on one occasion without his sermon. He promptly took a random text, and preached a better extempore sermon than any he ever wrote. He had, at times, convictions of what was right, and would declare his determination to act upon them, but he persevered only for a brief period. How one who knew his own inconsistencies so well, could think they were concealed from others, is singular. I once told him of it, and he replied,

“Oh! you know they say we are only finger-posts!”

Mr. Disraeli published “Vivian Grey” about this time. The characters were supposed to be drawn from real life. At least, it was clearly implied, that though

the author did not intend to depict Lord A. or Lady B., yet he drew his outlines from characters seen in the fashionable circles. There could be no question that pretensions to virtue and character never more successfully lacquered fashion than at that moment. There were room and verge enough for the author's fancy to work in real life, but then, why pretend otherwise? But Vivian Grey did not appear alone.

Authors and publishers were, in those days, much more a unity than they are now. It was at the time Mr. Disraeli was publishing a periodical paper called the "Star Chamber" *incog.*, of which the public took little notice, that the two first volumes of Vivian Grey made their appearance. The "Star Chamber" was personal. I have heard that the author suppressed it, but not till it had attacked most of the literary men and women of merit, in that day. Mr. Disraeli reviewed and extolled his own book in its columns. Calling one day upon Colburn, who published Vivian Grey, he said to me :

"I have a capital book out, Vivian Grey, the authorship is a great secret—a man of high fashion—very high—keeps the first society. I can assure you it is a piquant and spirited work, quite sparkling."

Colburn always regarded, in publishing, the fashionable taste, no matter how absurd, for the fashionable was a buying taste, and no Lintot looks farther. I remarked that the characters were not drawn from life, for I had already run over the work. "Two or three characters might," I said, "be from the life, but they were exaggerated, or almost wholly imaginary." This Colburn did not like, but remarked that people of fashion might read, and would understand them for

realities. Three or four days after this, walking down Oxford Street, I saw one of the bookseller's establishment come out of the shop of Marsh, Disraeli's publisher of the *Star Chamber*. He had a number of pamphlets under his arm. "What have you there?" The pamphlets were in yellow covers, about twenty pages of matter. The word "key" was signified by a wood-cut of a key, and below the cut were the words "to Vivian Grey! being a complete exposition of the royal, noble, and fashionable characters who figure in this most extraordinary work." There was a second wood-cut of a curtain, partly drawn aside, displaying in the perspective a drawing-room filled with company attitudinizing. "Oh," said I, "why did not Mr. Colburn publish this as well as the book itself?"

"That would not answer," was the reply.

I did not on the instant remember that Marsh was the publisher of Mr. Disraeli's *Star Chamber*. I took away one of the pamphlets, and found it filled with extracts from Vivian Grey, and remarks, some of feigned censure, to give critical verisimilitude, others were puffs of the work, highly laudatory. At the end of the key, there was a clue to living personages, whose names were affixed to the real and imaginary characters in the work, all extracted from Mr. Disraeli's *Star Chamber*, which affected great mystery as to the authorship, the aim of which was obvious. "We know," so it ran, "who the author of Vivian Grey really is." Then in the before-mentioned paper followed the names of living characters, Mr. Foaming Fudge, Mr. B——m; Lord Alhambra, Lord P——; Colonel Dalmington, Colonel L——n. Mr. Canning was styled Charlatan Gas. All this was

intermingled with a little censure here and there, and above all surpassing wonderment at the noise the extraordinary work was making in the world. Such were some of the artifices made use of to get the book into notoriety, and they were successful. That one not many years beyond nonage, should as an author, have recourse to artifices so much beneath a man of genius, and that ingenuousness by which a young writer is ever supposed to be influenced, when I knew who the author was, stamped his character on my mind. I thought it unfortunate that talent should be so misdirected, and that it should be foreign to that high-mindedness which in those days, in semblance at least, characterized the better literary men. From that time, the portraiture of Mr. Disraeli was drawn in my mind, conjoined with his "cleverness"—that is the exact word. His want of elevated feeling, with the spectacle of his unfixed conduct since, have confirmed him as an example of unscrupulousness in his progress. This was strengthened by great absurdities amid the talent exhibited in his subsequent productions. Perhaps, we are all we shall be by nature, at two or three and twenty years of age.

The key thus concocted, informed the world that Vivian Grey "was not only personal and satirical, it was also inventive and poetical, and the darts of its malice, being sharpened by these qualities, and which is more important, winged by fashion, carry farther and pierce deeper, than they would without the buoyancy of these adjuncts." Again, we were informed that "in the midst of its diabolical spleen, gleams of goodness, and high-mindedness, and love of virtue, ever and anon break forth, like the calm but momentary visitations of the

moon through the rifts of black clouds in a gusty night," This is not Colburn's, thought I; it is the author's own. Here is a conspiracy—a harmless one it is true, save to the fashionables of the Bull family.

The same day Campbell and myself met, and I told the key story. The poet said, "I have a present of a copy from Colburn, arrived just before I came out. He lauds it as a wonderful work, and says you have got a review of it." I replied in the negative, the truth being, that it had been sent when I was not at home. On returning, I found it with the following note :

"I have just sent Mr. C. the vols. of Vivian Grey which, if he reads, I am certain he will agree with the reviewer. I have almost accidentally got this review from a high quarter, where I hope to get others hereafter. I was compelled to undertake for its insertion without being mangled, or should not have got it at all; therefore, I hope it will be received well, and not be thought too long; I would make room under such circumstances for double the quantity, but the extracts are very short. Should Mr. Campbell make any allusion to personality and the key, &c., do pray tell him the key is a mere joke, and the characters are genuine!"

This was all fudge, of course; the art of wheedling an editor. That art never before went further than on some of these occasions in publishing. It was not a worthy system, and showed the small chance a work of high merit had, relying alone upon intrinsic worth. I record it here as a picture of the traffic of the time.

Colburn could not, from his nature, leave well alone. If he found a periodical work answer, he had an idea

it might be made better by alterations not the most judicious. Works of no merit were thrust forward, until an editor became painfully situated. Without regard to merit or demerit, the proprietor would fain have his right paramount, ignorant of his real interest. The manuscripts of authors, too, are continually submitted to persons who are no judges, sometimes personally prejudiced against them, and sometimes ignorant of the subject before them. I have known an eminent firm place a MS. in the hands of one of their friends, of whom they had a high idea, in order to ascertain its merit. He was a controversialist, and his report was, in agreement with his private opinions, decidedly adverse. The author published elsewhere, and his book went through two or three editions.

Let the hazard of such an incident be marked after the time and toil of composition consumed on the part of an author. The artist places his picture before the public free of all cost, but that of his own labour and time. The author only begins where the other ends. His works may thus be placed before a blockhead for his judgment. Next come stationer, printer, binder, advertiser, and bookseller, who all get their profit out of his skull, he having to pay them all except the publisher, before he can tell whether his work has any claim to public notice.

To return to Vivian Grey. I cannot conjecture for what purpose it becomes a habit with some persons to abuse the aristocracy by wholesale. There are in its ranks enough of the proud, debased, and profligate, with perhaps more of a tendency that way than exists where the means and temptation to it are not so convenient

and soliciting. But there are no more, proportionably, of this debased class found in the higher ranks than in the lower, and more in them, in proportion, are guided by a feeling of honour. Much of the taint of manner, imbibed from the accident of birth, there may be. This continued objurgation is singular, coming from the middle ranks, and deriving sustenance where the indiscriminating, fawning obsequiousness, which marks these ranks in their conduct to the aristocracy, is so notorious. Some writers, belonging by title, if not by birth, to the "order," have joined in the same species of vituperation. This abuse has, no doubt, been agreeable to those who bow to nothing but the influence of wealth in the social body, forming the worst and basest of aristocracies. I always thought the just balance between the social bodies should be supported. My years had not been passed in utter ignorance of the modes of life in any rank in the community; and, when Lord Brougham followed Mr. Disraeli in such attacks, though there was no side play with Lord Brougham, all was open and indiscriminate, I ventured an opinion upon the subject. Looking over the catalogue in the British Museum Library, I lately met with my letter, "Peter Wilkins to Isaac Tomkins," which I had nearly forgotten, published in 1839. It recalled that with his lordship's censures. His attack on the younger ladies of the aristocracy, because some mothers sacrifice their spoiled daughters for money in marriage, denominating them ignorant, proud, money-hunters, and extravagant, was ungenerous and unjust. Where are there more greedy-managing mothers than those in the middle ranks? Where is there more ignorance in those young females who are

educated for show than there? Delightful, amiable, excellent women exist in the aristocracy; and among them, as well as in the middle ranks, many generous and most disinterested.

It was in 1829 that I foresaw it would soon be impossible to proceed much longer in my existing position. A bundle of manuscript would come to me. "Is there nothing here that can be turned to account for the Magazine?" The object was the making an additional profit from such works, by giving portions of them in the periodical. I remonstrated, but it was Campbell's place to act. A word from me would set him in a fury with Colburn, and I had, therefore, to fight this kind of battle alone, for Campbell's editorship was negative, or little more at that time. It happened that I received a note from a most able writer, Mr. Warren, of the Temple, the year before I quitted the Magazine. He wrote me to offer the "Diary of a Physician" for our pages. I received it, saw its merits, and sent it off to the printer, sealed and directed as usual. Not having a messenger going to the city, I sent it from my house, as I had sent articles often before, that Colburn's porter might take it with him when he next took anything to the city. It will scarcely be credited, but it is a fact, that the packet was opened, Mr. Warren's paper canvassed among Colburn's *employés*, represented to him as not worth sixpence, and returned to Mr. Warren, without my knowledge, until the number for the month appeared, when I imagined, till I inquired about it, that the paper had not come to me in proof, from there being too much matter in the printer's hand. This specimen of inter-

ference was decisive. The intercepted paper came out afterwards in "Blackwood," and was followed by others equally good. Colburn then apologized, and said how sorry he was for it. His regret was the greater, that "Blackwood" should have had it in his pages. Why thus act with duties that for nine or ten years before had been so satisfactorily conducted? I am happy at the opportunity of making this statement, for I was falsely charged with the retention of these papers by some malicious persons, when the fact got abroad. I have Mr. Warren's notes to myself still in my possession.

When I told the poet what had occurred, and that it was useless to continue to suffer a similar inroad on our duties, he wrote a letter to Colburn just as the impulsive character of the man dictated. Had I not kept it back, we should have all separated at that moment. He then agreed to remonstrate in milder terms, quitted London for the Continent soon after, and left the work as usual, on my hands, forgetting all about an affair that pressed so heavily upon our own connection.

I found time to put together for a very worthy man, Captain Andrews, some crude notes of "Travels in South America," in two volumes. They were among the first works that appeared developing that region. They were published by Murray, who had just travelled out of his way to establish a morning newspaper, one of the most rapid modes of losing a fortune that can be adopted.

Captain Dundas Cochrane, the Siberian traveller, who spoke of the luxury of sleeping upon snow, and of eating, with a relish, a square inch of salt-fish frozen,

had been introduced to me soon after his return. He was small in person, spare, with nothing imposing in his appearance. He had walked from Lisbon through Europe to St. Petersburg, and from thence to Siberia and Kamschatka. At the latter place, he picked up a Kamschatkan wife, an agreeable fresh-coloured young lady. He complained of Dr. Lyal, and his statements regarding St. Petersburg and Russia generally. I knew Lyal as a general acquaintance, a man of little mark. He died English resident at Madagascar, while Cochrane fell a victim to the pestilential climate of the Caraccas, where he went on a mining speculation. He left a good fortune to his widow, incited by which a subsequent suitor was successful in obtaining possession of both.

“They looked contemptibly upon me, Redding,” said he, “in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ because among my travelling hardships, I said I had found frozen salt-fish a luxury. I did; it furnished me many a meal. It was ungentleel, I admit, to live in such a mean way, and not partake of roast beef in the Siberian desert. They do not sneer at the Polar expeditions. It would be ungentleel to confess that the poor fellows there eat a part of their dead comrade to sustain life. The Quarterly kept that a profound secret; but it was a well-known fact at the Admiralty.”

I edited, or rather re-wrote from rough notes, a novel in three volumes, called “Pandurang Hari.” The notes showed their author to be well versed in Indian manners and customs, into which the work afforded a great insight. He had lived long in India; but the subject, instructive and interesting, did not engage the attention of the public so much as it deserved.

Stewart Rose, M. Depping, Simond de Sismondi, Sotheby, and others who had once aided us, were succeeded by new and inferior names. Horace Smith was seduced to leave the work for novel-writing. Dr. Macculloch was, in general, too scientific for us. Magazine readers are not always deep thinkers; we had few of the last. M. Beyle, Leigh Hunt, Mr. Turner of the Foreign Office, Mrs. Shelley, Himalaya Frazer, Brown of Florence, Wrangham, and Dodd of the Temple, had been of our number. Mr. Englebach, sen., of the Audit office, wrote our articles on Music, which were of high merit. Lord Dillon, though fluent in conversation, was ponderous as a writer. We had a correspondent whom it puzzled us as to identity, signed W. E. His correspondence always went to the Borough. We had, at one time, an idea that this writer was Mr. Penn of Stoke. After my notes upon the united labours of Campbell and myself appeared, written twenty years afterwards, I received a letter signed W. E., which cleared up the mystery.

“They were written by me, a lady, for the sake of a little money to spend in books, and they were paid for more handsomely in cash and commendation than they deserved.

“August 10, 1847.”

Whoever the lady is or was, for she still preserved her *incog.*, there could be no question about her talents as a writer.

The ignorance and prejudices of people are sometimes very unbearable to editors. I had copied much of the

discoveries of Professor Buckland into the "Varieties" of the publication, and letters came remonstrating. The evidence of the senses, and plain reason, were to go for nothing. We were told we were "propagating irreligion," and nobody knows what besides.

I had called in Upper Seymour Street one day, and found Mrs. Campbell alone. Asking her if there was anything new, she said—

"No. Harry Brougham has just been here."

"And what did he say?"

"O, he was 'himself' as usual."

How often I think of the character there was in that one word 'himself'—there was the past, present, and future man to the life—from supporting West Indian slavery, and then opposing it, to his returning from the Whigs, under whom he got his popularity, to his first loves—it was all in that little word.

One morning, Campbell came to breakfast, and hurried me to go with him to a City meeting respecting a London University. He had previously broached the subject in a printed letter, and still earlier had spoken of it to myself. The scheme was to be openly proposed for the first time. He would take no excuse: I hated, as he well knew, all public meetings. I had no money to give, and if I employed my pen in any public cause I thought beneficial, it was the utmost I could do. We reached the London Tavern, and found it crowded with company of both sexes, that had evidently come to hear the speeches. Sir James Mackintosh, Lord J. Russell, and others—among them Campbell, too excited to be efficient—addressed the auditory. Just as the meeting was on the point of

breaking up, Brougham made his appearance as a lion of the hour. Unexpected detentions show business, and Mr. Brougham began by pleading them in excuse for his late attendance. The subject was popular, and the topic agreeable to himself. The Seals had not yet made him a new man. He dilated upon the singular circumstance that his friend Campbell and himself should have hit upon the same idea at precisely the same time (I remember I thought so too), and he made one of his able addresses in favour of the measure.

As the poet and myself were returning, I asked if Brougham had ever alluded to the subject in any conversation previously to his announcing the subject publicly. He replied in the negative. "He will play first fiddle, then, on your project—he will not be organ-blower."

"You are in error," replied Campbell.

I was not in error, for Brougham threw it in as a make-weight in the balance of his popularity. I have often thought that with all his fame, Lord Brougham never started an original thing, nor evolved a new idea during his public career. Many of the ideas of others, he worked out; some most useful and creditable, and met the just meed of praise for his success; we are deeply indebted to him. But he was never scrupulous in the appropriation of other people's goods, sometimes without the generosity of an acknowledgment in the way of recompense. He would fain eat his cake, and have it, too. The ideas of Campbell at once ran on the machinery of the internal work, in place of that of pecuniary means to erect a proper edifice. Brougham

rationally considered what should be done first—he must be the first man in Rome, and he turned instanter to plan a mode of getting funds. Campbell scarcely got credit for originating the design. He fell back, and soon withdrew himself from all connexion with the working out of the scheme. Ten years afterwards, when Mr., then Lord Brougham, held the seals, when at the apex of his ambition, and popularity was not sought, nor injury arose from the avowal, Lord Brougham affirmed that which Mr. Brougham did not before avow, that the credit of the scheme belonged to the poet. Justice is easy when it requires no sacrifice. Campbell went off to Berlin to mature a plan for the government of the university, and the mode of teaching adopted there.

There were many ladies of talent, single and married, who were engaged in authorship at this time, all now deceased. Some looked for fame, others for profit. A few fair wits indeed, never contemplated an immortality, beyond a London season, and were seen no more, their works going with them into “the tomb of all the Capulets” when Parliament was up. We do not hear of such female coteries in these more degenerate days. The ladies, with a sprinkling of titles, some married and others blues, unsullied by contact with “male creatures,” met at each other’s residences, about once a week, to interchange ideas. At times, it is true, incipient literati, or a sprinkling of gentlemen who were supposed to be able to communicate intelligence about the merits of a novel in the press, and sometimes, but not often, one who drank his wine out of the human skulls, was admitted, on the score of his information regarding

“new books and works in the press.” At such meetings, some well-known maiden lady led the van. One of the authoresses of a novel called “Dame Rebecca Berry,” had much influence in the conclave. This novel depicted some great character, Sir Philip Sidney I believe, melodiously singing “Black eyed Susan” to the court of Queen Elizabeth, thus rivalling in anachronism, the painter who made the magi present the model of a Dutch seventy-four to the infant of Bethlehem.

These conversational displays of ladies, emulated the “ungentle craft” of critics, and bore hard upon callow diatribists fresh from the boarding-school, who had begun by composing verses. Tea, coffee, and *bon-bons* lay on the table for the company. As these *conversaziones* went round, and some of the ultramarines had small incomes, it was whispered that all were to satisfy their appetites before they came. This considerateness was praiseworthy where it was understood—“but how where not?” as Sidney Smith would phrase it. On one occasion, a lady, whose confectionery provision was moderate in quantity, having already gone round at three previous meetings, and still too from the delicacy shown towards it exhibited nearly its original quota, was fallen upon by a young guardsman, who had just quitted his mamma’s more ample provision of sweetmeats. What such a youth did at such a place at all, who can tell! He sate down and deliberately, one by one, cleared all the delicacies only made to be seen; every fresh injection of a macaroon or ratifia into his young sparrow-like swallow, going to the hearts of those of the company who were in the secret. The hostess looked and looked, but did not weep, like Rachael. So diffi-

cult was it for honourable economy to be "at home," and raw youth to understand *bon-bons* are not always made to be eaten.

In those days, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Charlotte Bury, and other ladies, whose love of love, or of fashionable literature, or both, was overwhelming, used to link noble and plebeian together in the pursuit. Morning calls, the worst things possible for economical single ladies, had not 'morning' meant between three and four in the afternoon; these were devoted to critical chit-chat. One day, Lady C—— called on Miss B——, who has ceased to be of the living. She had with her one of those little dogs for which I never could conceive the use until this incident occurred. Lady C—— and the hostess were sitting side by side on the sofa, deeply immersed in the merits of a new novel, when the little poodle-cur, overpowered with *ennui* at a conversation so uninteresting to the canine family, proceeded to extract from beneath the sofa first an old slipper, then a pair of stockings, or a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs, and so on, to the inexpressible misery of the owner, whose heels were continually exerting themselves, *au derrière*, as if Lady C—— were unconscious of their efforts, to push back some article of female habiliment intended for the bag of the washerwoman. Nothing would avail; the room became strewn with the spoils before Lady C—— rose to depart. Oh for the feeling of that moment as her ladyship walked over the stairs, it is no matter now—death has alike extinguished the mortification of the one, and the polished regret of the other. Poor B——, I was sorry for her, and yet the trouble of throwing her

things into an adjoining bed-room, would not have been more than that of making the sofa their covering.

Then, too, lived Miss Lydia White, whom Sidney Smith delighted to honour, and who used to invite people to see her die. I met a lady one morning at her own door stepping into her carriage.

“I am sorry I am going out when you have called, but come with me. I am going to see Lydia White ; she is really dying.”

“I pray you excuse me—it can’t be true—it is only two years since she began to die.”

“It is true now—you had better come once more.”

“Do excuse me, I have gone a dozen times to Park Street, and been disappointed. I cannot afford to lose so much time on a mortuary uncertainty.”

The poor lady died at last, after keeping her friends so long in expectation, that they began to think on her part death would be little better than a hoax, until they had themselves left the world.

Miss Benger, truly estimable and amiable as she was, numbered as one of this blue coterie, and published several meritorious works. I had many conversations with her, in which she showed goodness of heart, tinged with that peculiarity of manner which attaches to the state of single blessedness. She was visited by many fashionable people ; indeed, nothing since has matched the social lady-gossipping of that era.

The work entitled, “A Diary of the Times of George IV.” when published, I did not believe genuine. I thought it a tissue of forgeries, on account of the inconsistency of the dates, but could not abuse it as I wished

to do. Colburn told me it was genuine, but his assurance was that of its authoress. It was very like some of the French concoctions, but not so clear. Foscolo, at an early period of our acquaintance, wished to introduce me to Lady Charlotte. I was afterwards glad I missed the introduction, the lady being from home when we called. I should have felt pain to identify such a work with any lady of rank, particularly one who had the reputation of being neither the more ordinary nor least agreeable of her sex.

Greece was the point on which public attention was fixed, between the years 1820 and 1830. I corresponded with Count Porro of Milan, then in that country, a high-minded nobleman, whom Francis of Austria had pursued with all a despot's vengeance. He himself had no literary pretensions. He happened to be at his *château* on the lake of Como, when the order from the Austrian tyrant came to arrest him. He was fortunate enough to get timely notice, and escape across the lake. His being concerned in establishing Lancastrian schools was the principal charge against him. After a residence of a year or two in England, he determined to go to Greece. His last letter was dated from the renowned Salamis, the only one I have preserved.

“My dear Redding,

“I thank you for your remembrance and your kind letter. I assure you that if I did not write directly after, it was for the want of a sure occasion (conveyance), and because at the end of last year and beginning of the present, I had important commissions at Athens.

“ I felt the greatest pleasure in seeing our old friend, Colonel Pisa. He is now commanding a body of Philhelenists, that acted extremely well in the battles of the 18 and 20 of August. He is greatly prized here. Where is General Pépé? How is our friend Campbell? Pray remember me to him most kindly. I send you a letter for Mr. L——. When shall we see each other again—I long for it. There are still hopes for Greece. If the Turks had acted in strength this year, no doubt Greece would have been lost, but except the fall of Missolonghi, they have done nothing. They sent two fleets, one to Ibrahim Pacha in Navarino and Modon, the other with the Capitan Bassa, against Samos. The first fleet got the plague on board and never moved, the second is beaten by the Greeks. We now get many supplies from France, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, and are expecting Cochrane every moment. He is at Messina with a large frigate of seventy-four guns, built in America, two steam-vessels, and two brigs. His conduct will secure all the islands from Milo to Samos, and perhaps he will be able to take some others. After that, Ibrahim Bassa will never obtain more troops or provisions from Alexandria. We fought two battles a few days ago, and in a short time we shall try to beat Reschid Pacha, who besieges Athens. Adieu, remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. L——. I will write to Sir C——.

“ Believe me always your true friend,

“ PORRO.”

There are few recollections more grateful to me than those I recall of Count Porro, whose cruel separation

from his family for years, for no offence, was a bitter trial to his feelings. It is honourable to many of our people of rank who had been hospitably received at the Casa Porro, before the proscription of this excellent nobleman, that he was not forgotten when here. It must be mentioned to the honour of Prince Metternich, that as soon as the Emperor Francis was dead, he restored Porro to his fine property in Lombardy, and that he lived to enjoy it for several years after his return. He is now no more, having contributed his quota to human improvement. It is clear that his persecution, and that of Pellico, his son's tutor, originated in the malignant mind of the Emperor Francis alone. The Colonel Pisa mentioned by Porro, was of Italian parentage, served under Napoleon in the Italian army, and fought against the brutal Cardinal Ruffo, in 1799. He was made a prisoner by that sanguinary ecclesiastic, and would have perished on the scaffold, but was preserved by the interference of some of the Neapolitan Royalists, from being the nephew of the too celebrated Vanni. After being imprisoned, he was banished to France, and then served as a captain of dragoons in Spain, where he was wounded. He was decorated with the order of the Two Sicilies. He afterwards fought at Lutzen and Liepsic, and became a major. He was aide-de-camp to General Pédé, in his resistance to the Austrians at Naples, and escaped from thence as a Spanish soldier. He then came to England, was appointed to the Greek service, rose rapidly there, and was made governor of Attica, in which post he died. He was one of the most interesting men I ever knew.

Spain, too, exiled her best men, with many of whom

I was acquainted. General Alava was among these, and Tolesforo Trueba y Cosio, as merry a fellow as Cervantes could have painted. I was introduced to him on his arrival, and by him to Galiano, Arguelles, Cayetano Valdez, and others of his countrymen. Trueba's mother was an Englishwoman, and he himself spoke and wrote English well. He composed a play, which was successful, called "The Exquisites." He also wrote several novels; out of the first and one of the best, he was cheated by the bookseller, who took care to fail at the moment of the publication. He had contrived to secure some part of his property beyond the reach of the Spanish sovereign, Ferdinand VII., whom we restored to Spain and the Holy Virgin, and who proved so ungrateful to us. Trueba used to retire to Richmond for a few weeks, and there write a novel which brought a fair return. I found him there one day in a room looking into a garden, at a table covered with books and half-finished manuscripts, the odour of the flowers without wafted into the apartment rendering it a delicious retreat. He stole away to town to see Lord Holland, the first individual he knew in London, else he had not been tempted to leave his work for six weeks: it was all work or all play with him. He took his exercise on the hill, and described his heroines from the pretty faces he saw there. When his work was finished, he went to town, read the proofs for the press, and remained idle until a working fit came again. He was a good-natured man, somewhat of a beau. Frazer's Magazine had at one time caricatures of living characters, principally of literary men, and one of them was my Spanish friend, looking at the rings on his fingers, while dancing. We are apt

to attribute a gravity to the Spaniards which is by no means general in their character. The women appear much graver than the men. The first with whom I had any acquaintance was a Basque, in the south of France. She was a fine, stout, tall, athletic woman, as different from a dark-eyed, swarthy Andalusian as possible. I have been acquainted with others as fair as English-women, or those of Picardy. I believe the women of Spain differ from each other in appearance more than the men.

"I perceive," said Trueba, "that real heroes or heroines are not to the English taste, a man simply virtuous or vicious does not suit in a novel, whether he be of high or low rank. You must give something striking, no matter how vile the character; and, as to plot, you have still less trouble.

I told him he had got a tolerably correct view of things, after so short a residence in London. He always insisted that on the continent the critics were much more conscientious than they were in England. Literary men forming there more a class of themselves, stand more by the principles of the profession. I have thought a new leaf should be turned over in this respect.

Trueba returned to Madrid, and became secretary to the Cortes under Espartero's ministry, took a journey to Paris on business, and died there in the prime of life. There was always a sale for new works at that time. The professors of that craft, which Quevedo tells us is damned for the sins of others, were always ready enough to subject themselves to the responsibility of publishing. By this demand for literary works, several of the exiles of that time were enabled to profit; and, for some of them destitute of funds, this was fortunate.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Horace Smith had published "Brambletye House," I went down to Brighton to see him, and among other things remarked that the newspapers had said pic-nic parties were continually made up to visit the remains of that old place. The paragraph had simplicity and an air of truth to characterize it. When I came back to town, I told Colburn I had seen Smith, who was equally pleased with myself at the intelligence. The paragraph, I then found, had been concocted in town, and sent to the country papers by the publisher!

In proportion as a work is enlarged in spirit, or so profound as to require reflection, it is disregarded by the masses. The writings of our greater men, the Shakespeares, Miltons, Bacons, and Lockes of the past, if brought out now for the first time, would not repay the cost of the paper. The discerning are few, and the wiser few once gave the tone to the many. The imprimatur of the past, it is to be feared, not the relish, causes the reprints of most of our sterling writers.

Apropos of modern history, Captain Oldrey, of the navy, once came to me with a communication from Captain Usher, of the Undaunted, which ship took Napoleon Bonaparte to Elba. Some years afterwards, I think about 1840, Usher published a narrative of the

incident himself. Oldrey had served with Usher in the Mediterranean. Scott's history, written in haste, had just appeared—appeared under the pressure of his misfortunes, hurried and careless in consequence. The errors, exceedingly gross in vol. viii. c. vi., I pointed out and sent to the "Globe" newspaper. His statements were mere fictions. How Napoleon secluded himself at Frejus ; all about the Russian envoy, and three hundred sail of the line ; "outwitting" the allies ; the suspicion of the Undaunted's men ; the fiction of Hinton, the boatswain ; the desire to see a fishing-boat fired upon ; the tale of observing Elba in confusion, on sighting Porto Ferrajo ; Napoleon's fears ; the story of his wanting a guard at his door ; his fear of the batteries, and his landing in disguise. The public, the supreme arbiter, treated these things as facts, and will instruct its children to believe them. It is true Scott was a better writer of fiction than of history, and to depreciate Napoleon was the rule of his political party.

Washington Irving, now, I think, seventy-four or seventy-five years old, I knew when he was in England. An acquaintance with the author of "Knickerbocker" and "Salmagundi," could not but be agreeable. I used to meet him frequently, as well as the American minister, Dr. McLane. There was a pleasant breakfast given at Campbell's one Sunday, when I acted a part in a comedy of errors. Among the company was Dr. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, whom I had always taken for a Scotch clergyman. Generals Guillaume Pépé and Lallemand, as well as a number of literary men, were of the party. The conversation turned upon the English church ; the immorality of one or two English clergymen

forming at that time a subject of public conversation. I lauded the Scotch clergy, inferring that they were more exemplary than many of our own church, because they were more closely watched by the people. Campbell helped me out, pleased at the mischief of running me into error as to Dr. Strachan, who was very high English church. At last, I gave it so severely to the inattention of our bishops to all but themselves, and their not keeping characters of the cloth, known to be irregular, in proper order, or getting them unfrocked, that the doctor eloped to the drawing-room. The poet then opened his fire upon me for my censure of the church. "Dr. Strachan was hurt no doubt, being an archdeacon." "Then why did you continue to deceive me; I should not have been so rude as to express my opinion before a clergyman?" There was a general laugh at my mistake, and the poet owned his own contribution to the mischief. Irving looked in his peculiarly quiet way, as if he enjoyed the joke. The stately priest was not offended so much as I thought. The best part of the matter was, that having met the doctor a day or two before, he had a strange desire that I should enter the church, while Campbell, who knew my sentiments as well as I did myself, joined in his views so far as to persuade him nothing was more probable than my entertaining the subject, a mystification of a nature in which he was sometimes given to indulge. I always declared my lack of orthodoxy, and that I could not put a double face upon the matter of religion. Parr, many years before, had a fancy that I should make a tolerably decent recruit for what Colton called the "church militant," but it was a mistake. Why, or for

what sin, it could be supposed I was capable of supporting the clerical character with effect, I cannot tell, unless it was that great sinners sometimes make the more exemplary saints.

Irving, more than commonly serious and sedate, gentlemanly and mild in manner, gave no idea either in person or conversation of a writer of works of humour. I mean that real humour or wit in which Sidney Smith excelled, and which pervades whole volumes. He was somewhat taciturn. At evening-parties, or after dinner when the wine circulated freely, I never heard a jest from his lips. He was made a lion of at times by some who looked at a republican as a creature that had come into the world among the superfluities of mortality. His sketches of scenes remarkable in English history, his pictures of the manners of the old country, and not a single censure cast on the mad monarch, who separated the English family for ever, made him tolerated by the exclusively loyal, with a "who would think it?" When my friend, Andrews, was in Tucuman, where an Englishman had never been before, the people thought the English had tails, a notion once inculcated among the ladies by the Spanish padres, to make the Protestants disliked. So a fiery son of exclusive loyalty here once looked upon a republican. He did not give him a tail indeed, but thought him a Jacobin, a being much worse than a brute with such an appendage.

Irving told me that he was much pleased with Spain, where he wrote his "Tales of the Alhambra." He had found the common people and peasantry a well-disposed, single-minded race. He had lived, he said, some months in the Alhambra, with only an old woman

for an attendant, and could bear witness to many virtues in the humbler classes which could not be said to belong to their superiors. I have an idea that he composed his literary works with exceeding care and great slowness. He has since retired to a villa on the shores of the Hudson, to that state "where peace and quiet love to dwell," so desirable in age, that kind of "retreat from care" which Goldsmith lamented never could be his. The last time I saw Irving, if I recollect rightly, was remarkable for the presence in the party of Mrs. Siddons, where Campbell and Lockhart were of the number. Irving soothing the descent of existence with the best of comforters, his books, leads the life of a philosopher. He has seen enough of the world to know its value, a thing seldom known until we learn, too late, the dear price of the time we have wasted in pursuing its frivolities, and over estimating its worthlessness. Irving cannot but be happy to have escaped from the intrigues of state-affairs, and the class whose polished manners only add a grace to the real unseemliness of diplomatic intercourse. There was nothing striking in the physiognomy of Irving. His stature about the middle height, sallow of complexion, with dark eyes, his countenance impressing the observer rather with amiability than intellectual power. America may well be proud of him, as she justly is of her Bryant and Channing, amidst the crowd of upstarts whom bibliopolic cupidity stamps with surreptitious renown on both sides of the Atlantic.

General Miller, who distinguished himself so much in the cause of American independence, used to be one of my friendly circle. He is now consul-general for

the South Sea Islands. His life, in two volumes, is familiar to most English readers. He possesses a considerable estate in Tucuman, voted him for his services; but it exists only in a state of nature, being too remote for cultivation to any profitable extent, except by a continued resident. I have some of the patriotic songs of the Gauchos, which he gave me. They are full of the fire and enthusiasm that conquer in war. Miller, in person, was a fine man, intelligent, remarkable for the numerous escapes he had in battle, and for surviving desperate wounds.

The lot to comment on the play licenser's ridiculous alteration in Sir M. A. Shee's tragedy of "Alasco," fell to my share. The harmless drama was indebted to it for a notoriety, acting might not have obtained in its behalf. George Colman, so well known to the world before for his pruriences of all kinds, was seized with a fit of courtly holiness, and a notorious writer of *double entendre* for the stage, trembled lest high treason should be concealed in the work of an artist, who was best distinguished in society as a moral, gentlemanly man. Colman was supported by the Duke of Montrose, who played, it was suspected, the real "gander" in the tragi-comedy. The noble licenser and his deputy laid the public under the obligation of a laugh at their expense, and it is probable the play of the President of the Royal Academy has not been so much read since.

There is a curious book entitled "The Life of the celebrated Oculist; the Chevalier Taylor," published by his son in two volumes, about 1762. The son of this Chevalier was the father of John Taylor of the "Sun" newspaper, well known to literary men in London. He

was a great play-goer, and published a poem called "The Stage," in 1795, an imitation of Churchill's "Rosciad." He had seen all the actors mentioned in it except three, Quin, Prichard, and Mrs. Cibber. He had seen Garrick, Barry, King, Henderson, and others, who had all strutted out their hour before him. He was connected with the "Morning Herald," established by the Rev. Bate Dudley, already mentioned, known in his day as the "bruising parson." Dudley was one of the contributors to the "Rosciad;" and, in place of devotional works, added to his political writings various pieces for the stage. He got into several quarrels, and one very equivocal with Mr. Bowes. A divine so qualified, could not but be honoured in and out of the church. He obtained a prebend and a baronetcy, became a magistrate for seven counties in England, and four in Ireland, and died between 1820 and 1830, on the same day as Mrs. Hartly, the actress, about whom one of his most notorious quarrels took place. From the "Herald," I believe Taylor went to the "Sun," a paper established originally by Pitt, through George Rose, and continued there many years. Though not remarkable as a writer, except as to the quantity of his productions, principally prologues and epilogues, he translated Anacreon with tolerable success. He was an upright man, kind, amiable in temper, but an incorrigible manufacturer of bad puns. With him, it was what divines call "original sin." His acquaintance was more considerable in number, perhaps, than that of any of his contemporaries. A year or two before his death, he sent me two volumes of his works, boasting that he

had written more prologues and epilogues than Dryden, or Garrick.

Mrs. Campbell had been ill for some time, and I did not call at the poet's house for several days, having found him quite unhinged. I had just sat down to breakfast one morning, when a messenger came with a note.

"My dear Sir,

"Mrs. Campbell expired yesterday at 5 P. M. Unable as I am to stir out, I should be greatly obliged to you if you would favour me with a call *now*."

The last time I saw Mrs. Campbell, which was the day before she ceased to rise from her bed, she appeared to me in a rapid decline, or rather atrophy. She had no cough, and her fine dark eyes had lost none of their clearness. Her usual smile and equanimity of temper no more appeared, but were replaced by a careworn expression, and her manner became exceedingly languid. I did not anticipate so rapid a termination to her life. Always good humoured, she had no pretension to intellectual acquirements, to which I scarcely ever heard her refer in the most distant manner in the way of expressing an opinion. Her features were regular, their expression agreeable and soft. She was under the middle stature of woman, and well proportioned as to figure. For years, I had been accustomed to visit the poet's fireside without ceremony. There was a void there never again to be filled up. To the poet, the loss was irreparable. Indeed, had Mrs. Campbell survived

her husband, it would have been greatly to his advantage in his later life.

I found him in the drawing-room in Upper Seymour Street West, pacing rapidly up and down. He had evidently not been in bed, and looked pale and agitated, speaking inarticulately.

“Ah, my friend, poor Mrs. Campbell’s gone—there is something decisive at last. I am not as wretched as I was—the worst is past, both with her and myself. These are strange dispensations, and to what demonstrated end !”

It appeared to me as if he had had some mental conflict on the general question of mortality, some doubts about the mystery of man’s existence and its end, foreign to received doctrines. He was very sceptical, but kept his opinions close. He added, as if from the result of some prior thought : “There must be a God, that is evident : there must be an all-powerful inscrutable God.”

He was silent a few minutes, continuing to walk up and down the room ; he then told me that Mrs Campbell had died gently, apparently without pain, as if she were going to sleep. In a short time, he seemed to recover his composure, speaking chiefly of the magnitude of his loss.

I had undertaken, in consequence of his affliction, to be editor of the first collected edition of his poems. The copyright of all had returned to him, and he was on the point of doing it himself, when Mrs. Campbell’s illness commenced, and unhinged him altogether. He could not tell me whether some lines ascribed to him were really his own or not ; and, but for Pringle,

who had collected all his works in early life, and comparing the list I had with his, I could not have got through it. He would not permit me to insert the Dirge of Wallace, one of his most beautiful productions.

“Why not?”

“It is defective—it is not the thing.”

Scott could never get him to admit its merit, nor that of Hohenlinden, which he called “damned drum and trumpet verses,” though the latter was so praised by the public, he could not but adopt it. This first collected edition is in two volumes, with Sir Thomas Lawrence’s portrait, originally painted by Lawrence for Mr. Thompson of Clithero, and now the property of the Duke of Buccleugh. To return—I asked him if I could do anything for him, as I was going to the city. He said I could by seeing the proper officer at the church of St. Mary Axe, in order that the vault of her family might be opened to receive his wife’s remains.

I begged he would send to me, if he wished to see me. I kept away purposely, for such scenes are painful where no good can be done. Here all was full of painful recollections, and I am a coward in these things. The loss of friends by death is painful enough, but the paraphernalia of funerals so senseless, pompous, and vain, always makes me shun them if I can. When all was over, and I returned, as usual, to the same fireside, but I had rather it had been to another domicile. The cheerfulness of the mistress of the house to the stranger had departed for ever. The table showed her vacant place; all gave token of that melancholy which it is dle to cherish, yet to which the sternest philosophy

must yield. Such sensations are only qualified by keeping aloof from the scenes which recall them.

When I had brought out his volume, the poet sent me a copy with the following written in on the blank leaves :—

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have sent copies of this edition to several persons whose friendship, or friendly attention, has touched me during my latest calamity. I send this copy to you as a memorial of my sense of *your kindness*, and of my high esteem for you, not founded merely on the experience of your friendship during my *last* trial, but with a full remembrance of its value on former occasions. It is now getting on to eight years since we have been co-editors, and I believe no man has ever had occasion to congratulate himself on being more fortunate in a literary partnership than your very sincere friend,

“ T. CAMPBELL.

“ To C. Redding, Esq.”

It is singular that from the time just mentioned, and once after her funeral, he never again mentioned Mrs. Campbell in my hearing. It seemed as if he wished to avoid recalling what would only revive the memory of the past to no purpose. Soon afterwards, he went to Scotland, and left his son in my care as a special request, for he did not know to whom to apply but to myself, who alone knew all the circumstances of the case.

“ My dear Friend,

“ Being obliged to depart suddenly for Scotland, and to leave behind my son with some apprehensions, on my

part, as to the state of his mind, I request of you to have the kindness to act for the best in my absence, and to consider yourself empowered to do whatever you think meet for his advantage.

“ I remain yours very truly,

“ T. CAMPBELL.

“ To C. Redding, Esq.”

In such a state had his mind been during Mrs. Campbell's illness, that he could not decide on the merit of the prize-poems of the Glasgow University. He called in a mutual friend to join me in deciding for him, and I wrote the decision to the proper officers of the University. I never knew a man the powers of whose mind were so quickly prostrated, so that for the moment he seemed to lose even his memory.

It was impossible for me to fulfil my duties without some awkwardness arising from the real editor committing so much to my hands, and being absent as well. I inserted an article which had an allusion to Lord Minto. I could not know that his lordship had been Campbell's friend in early life; not that the remark was of much moment; but Lord Minto wondered it should appear in a work edited by Campbell, and wrote to him upon the subject. Campbell put it to me what he should say. I replied: “ State the truth, that you were absent in Berlin, and the party, your *locum tenens*, knew nothing of the former intimacy between yourself and his lordship, relying on the author of the article for its correctness.” The poet wrote to that effect I believe, for I heard no more of the matter.

Knowing how sensitive Campbell was about Byron,

I sent him, when absent, an article I had received from the publisher, declining the responsibility of inserting it myself. He wrote me, "I am on such terms with Lady Byron that I could as soon offer her a direct personal indignity as suffer the extracts to appear. Besides the passage about Lady B. has again and again been given to the world." When Moore's "Life of Byron" appeared, Campbell consented to my notion of a review of it. A day or two after, for he was then absent, but as Byron was a nice point, I again consulted him. He wrote me :

" My dear Sir,

" I have altered my mind with respect to a larger and fuller review of Lord Byron's Life, not from caprice ; but for reasons which I will personally explain to you, and which I think your judgment, waving some utilitarian arguments in compliance with certain delicate relations which I hold both with respect to Lady Byron and Moore, you will on the whole approve of.

" Yours very truly,

" T. CAMPBELL.

" Feb. 22."

When time had restored the poet to his former state of feeling within a year after his wife's death, I received an invitation to dine with him. I was in his drawing-room at the hour named. He came in :

" What, you here ? I invited you for to-morrow—calve's-head day."

" You are mistaken—I have your note."

" It was for to-morrow."

"Then I shall be off again."

"No, but you won't; you are here, and shall dine here; but I did not invite you for to-day; it is my error—you will get two dinners, in place of one. I have friends on all sides in politics, as you know, and you know some of all parties, too. Tories are coming to-day—liberals to-morrow—calve's-head day. They are high-flyers to-day—don't broach Catholic emancipation, nor similar subjects—all will be well. You know; Sir Francis Freeling and Courtenay—they are two of my guests."

"You mean by that I must avoid an outbreak."

"I might be fearful of one with *you* Whigs—I am a Tory to-day—not a word of censure at table of the noble Duke of Cumberland and his Brunswickers."

This was a hit at my verses in the "Times," called, I think, the 'Cumberland Revel,' or something similar, of which he knew.

"Don't offend my Cavalier friends."

"There is no fear of that, now I am set on my guard. Don't fear my taking the Cumberland Brunswickers to task. We will not talk of Protestant ascendancy, and the Duke."

"Good; but if they toast them, and down with the Papists, I must drink it you know, and then you will not help retaliating by proposing the Scarlet Lady as a reprisal."

"I will do no such thing," I replied. "I shall be in your house. It shall be 'The glorious and immortal memory; King William, Orange boven; and that mighty curse of the Pope, which all Protestants, of the right stamp, drink in Dublin after dinner.'"

I stayed accordingly, and in a few minutes the Adjutant-General Macdonald and Mr. Norman Macdonald, his son, were announced. The other guests followed, and the evening passed away pleasantly.

On the following day, the true Cromwellian and Calves'-head day, I was at my post. There were Colonel Jones, and another officer of the Guards, Lord Denman, Place, and I forget who besides. After dinner, Campbell said something about military punishments, which made Jones observe :

“They accuse me of having flogged wounded men at Brussels. I did, and would do it again under similar circumstances.”

Campbell was all awake, being an enemy to corporal punishments used as the means of emendation.

“If I did wrong,” said Jones, “the Duke of Wellington would not have passed over the offence. It was an offence none but English soldiers would commit. There is no brotherhood among them, as there is in foreign armies. Had there been, the crime would not have occurred. Many men had slight flesh-wounds, and no more, yet they came to the hospital to have their wounds dressed. Some were lying in a state of great suffering, helpless, severely wounded, many were dying. The hospital beds were full. These scoundrels, who came merely to have their scratches looked into, had the heartlessness to steal the blankets from under their dying comrades, and pawn them for liquor. I made them feel in body, for they had no feeling in their hearts.”

“It was an extreme case,” I said ; “the men richly deserved it.”

"The army had men that disgraced it, and no regiments more than the Guards; half of them were bad characters, and the worst of all was that many of them were attorneys' clerks, hackneyed in all kinds of villainy."

"Not the worst of all," Campbell observed; "you might have had their masters."

"True," replied Jones. "Our non-commissioned officers were excellent; but it required their vigilance, and that of the officers as well, to repress what was bad among the common men. Soldiers in such a place of dissipation as London, can't but be irregular."

They used, in the Guards, to call Jones, Buffer Jones. He was certainly anything but a dandy. When his men were on guard at Cotton Garden, over the witnesses against Queen Caroline, her legal advisers wished to know if a particular witness was among them, for the proceedings were anything but open. Jones, whose uniform was his passport, went in, and obtained the information. Lord Sidmouth, it speaks his character, wanted to have Jones broken for the foregoing conduct to which he added the offence of going up with an address to the queen in full uniform. The Duke of Wellington would not hear of it.

"Had he sneaked up in plain clothes, Sidmouth, it would have been different. I do not see why a soldier has not as good a right to express his political opinion as any other man. He has committed no military offence."

I remember hearing from Jones that when a regiment fell vacant, George IV. said to Wellington:

"Arthur, there is a regiment vacant—gazette Lord C—— to the vacancy."

“It is impossible, and please your majesty. There are generals who have seen much service advanced in life, whose turn should be first served.”

“Never mind, Arthur, gazette Lord C——.”

The duke bowed, came up to town, and gazetted Sir Ronald Ferguson, whose services entitled him to the vacancy. The king was obliged to pocket the disobedience.

Lord Denman I used to meet often in society. I do not know why, but there was something I liked about him, serious, impassive, of inflexible integrity, and while agreeable in company, he seemed to repel all that was frivolous. What he was as a lawyer, I am no judge; but as a man, I believe he was most estimable. His scholastic acquirements were considerable. No quality about him could be called brilliant; all was safe, rational, and perspicuous. Intrepid in moral feeling, nothing seemed capable of making his mind swerve from the dictates of an honest conviction. Straightforward, simple, and clear in conversation, massive rather than elegant, he won attention by the solidity of his judgment. He did not waste words, but used those which were proper in proper places. When the subjects of conversation were trivial, he was silent. I never saw him but once after his retirement from the bench, when I met him in the street, greatly changed.

Campbell and myself set off one morning to walk to Dulwich College to see the pictures and dine. We were passing along the Quadrant in Regent Street, when we met Sir James Mackintosh, looking serious.

“What a melancholy affair this is!” was his remark, without a good morning.

"What affair?"

"The death of Sir Thomas Lawrence."

Campbell, who had been with Sir Thomas the evening but one before, was thunderstricken. I never before saw any individual so taken aback.

When Sir James had passed on, I could not help remarking that I thought he would be the next to depart, he looked so ill. My surmise was confirmed. It was not long before I visited his resting-place with his daughter in Hampstead churchyard. Campbell became too disturbed in his mind to proceed to Dulwich, and a walk we had often talked about was never taken.

I have observed that I was only absent from London once for nine or ten days in ten years. My object the last time was to see a friend at Amiens, during which I ran on to Paris for a couple of days, after an absence of eleven years. I called on my old friends, the Galignani, who were publishing compact editions of English works. I wrote several notices of the lives of our poets for them, on my return. Among those required was Shelley, with an engraving of the poet, of which none was extant. I applied to Mrs. Shelley, and she lent me all the assistance in her power. There were few more able or agreeable of her sex than this lady. I believe I was indebted to Horace Smith for my first introduction to one whose talents and memory I shall never cease to esteem. She possessed a very superior mind, and those candid, well-regulated manners which are founded on truth and sincerity. She was as incapable of double-dealing in her words as she would be of masking her person to deceive strangers. In conversation, she bore no resemblance to her father, making allowance for

the difference of sex, and that softness of manner in which descriptions are clothed, when they fall from woman. She conversed with correctness and elegance, without reserve, or affectation. An original thinker, she had also considerable imaginative power. To Shelley, she was a most attached wife. I got Mr. R. P. Davis to paint a portrait of Shelley from a picture in his widow's possession, and under her instructions, in order to prevent Galignani from commencing to engrave a miserable representation very unlike the poet. Mrs. Shelley had the best and only resemblance of her husband, but it was unfinished. I applied to her, and she wrote me.

“Dear Sir,

“I am sorry to have it only in my power to reply that the portrait of Mr. Shelley, to which you allude, is by no means a good one;—it is the size of life, in oil, but unfortunately very unfinished. There are, however, several very striking points of resemblance, and I indulge a hope that when I can afford it, a first-rate engraver might succeed in making a good print of it. I do not know anything so disagreeable or unjust, as the too frequent custom of prefixing prints unworthy of the persons represented, and in this case there would be great danger that even Mr. Heath would not succeed. I should, therefore, be averse to having it done, unless by him, and unless it were in my power to cancel it altogether if I did not approve of it.

“If it had been otherwise—if the picture had been one which would only have needed fidelity and care, I

should have been happy to have furnished you with an opportunity of making an engraving; and be assured it is not necessary to apologize to me for an application on this subject.

"I believe Mr. Leigh Hunt is our common acquaintance.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"MARY SHELLEY."

We had then a conference upon the subject, and I prevailed upon Mrs. Shelley to let Mr. Davis copy the poet's head, under her own superintendence. In Shelley's "Prometheus," as printed, there were some errata. Those she sent to me.

"Dear Sir,

"I send you the errata in the "Prometheus," some changes Mr. Shelley wished made in the "Adonais," and a suppressed stanza of "Hellas." I am tempted to offer to write a brief outline of Mr. Shelley's life, if Galignani chooses; but then my secret must be kept religiously, and no alterations made. It would be very short; and its chief merit, the absence of incorrectness.

"I have now some hopes of the portrait. The lady who painted it is in town, and will meet Mr. Davis, and offer her suggestions to-morrow; but I would give the world to have it engraved here, where any defect in the drawing might be corrected, and we could superintend the whole. At any rate, it will be better than a likeness after the imagination of a Frenchman—that is

the drollest, stupidest idea ever man, intent on selling an edition, hit upon.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Yours truly,

“ MARY SHELLEY.

“ P.S. The drawing is getting better and better. Pray keep them to their promise of letting me have it. I shall feel highly gratified. As it is now finished, and at my house, perhaps you will call as soon after twelve as you can.”

I called, and was gratified at the result of my efforts to obtain the only worthy resemblance of Shelley that is extant. Singular enough, too, Galignani's edition contains the errata of the author, as given me by Mrs. Shelley, and not found, I presume, in the English editions of his works, but I have not collated them.

We were joined by John Galt in the last year of my labours. He used to come to me. I believe he was shy of Campbell, though a countryman, for he had stated that the “ Pleasures of Hope ” was originally published by subscription, which was not true. He had also got into a dispute with Mr. Hobhouse, about Byron.

Mr. Carne, author of “ Letters from the East,” who took some adventurous journeys in Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia, was a clever writer ; but in bodily frame not looking like one who could combat the difficulties of the deserts of Sinai and Petra. He was from the West country, where his relatives were eminent mer-

chants and bankers. We used to meet frequently. He was a right hospitable kind man, intended for the church. Poole, the dramatist, full of quiet humour ; Mr. Emerson, since Sir Emerson Tennant, with his travels and lore, who had just written an excellent history of modern Greece ; Mr. Wise, British envoy at Athens ; Sir Gore and Sir William Ouseley ; M. Bozzelli, a Neapolitan counsellor ; Mr. Praed, Mrs. Shelley, Sir H. Ellis, Lord Essex, Dr. Conolly, E. E. Crowe, Messrs. Sullivan and Gillies, Lord Nugent, Mr. Agar Ellis ; Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Foreign Office ; Sir E. B. Lytton, then Mr. E. L. Bulwer ; Lord Normanby, &c., were names among our contributors. Mr. A. V. Kirwan, of the Temple, contributed valuable articles, a writer well acquainted with the world, and whom I yet fancy I recognise in some of our better periodicals at the present time, an excellent scholar, somewhat too good for the law, which he makes his study. Names were then rarely affixed to the articles, except to those of Campbell, at the publisher's desire, and to those of Mrs. Hemans, at her own wish. The bill-stickers did not then degrade literary men by dabbing up their names, as well as those of clergymen, quack doctors, and showmen, at the corners of the streets for all who run to read.

The political articles were written by myself. I contributed a hundred and sixty prose articles in the large print in the first nine years of my labour, besides my stated allotment and correction of the proofs. Many of the prose articles were upon subjects relative to passing topics. There was a paper, I remember, on the New Literary Society, one of the most extraordinary proposals

of which was to fix our language, and another our loyalty. I have lived to see the erroneous grounds upon which it was established verified, and my own forebodings in that paper regarding its fate fulfilled. The press to be useful, must, in every sense, be a "chartered libertine." Of prose articles, there are many I could hardly identify at present. My contributions in verse were also numerous.* I rarely attached my name to anything I wrote, and often a *nom de guerre* to the bookseller. Perhaps, it was bad policy not to ac-

* While connected with the "New Monthly," I wrote in that and other publications, besides prose, and editing different works for others, the following pieces in verse, viz.:

Sonnet from Filicaja; Cain on the sea-shore; Sonnet to Echo; Vol. II. Lines on Cressy, Vol. IV. The miser's will; Second sight; The miraculous candle, Vol. V. Plain Preaching; David, Vol. VII. Sonnet, from Quevedo, Vol. IV. The destroying angel; Babylon; The Three Mighty; The first born of Egypt; The Lord of Valladolid; The last leaf of autumn; Lines on Lieut. Hood; Vol. VIII. Ballad; The Alhambra; Lines on the death of Riego; The lover's quarrel; Alfäima's Lament; Queen Isabel's wish; Lines supposed to be written in Egypt; The surprise of Alhama; The grave; To——; The choice; The pirate's song; Newton's study; Vol. X. The Swedish miner; The bachelor outwitted; The moor's prophecy; Beauty's victory; Mahomet; To the yacht of a great civic character; Valentine, Canto I.; Cities of the plain; Valentine, Canto II.; The capture of the Esmeralda; Broken vows, Vol. XI. Lines written on Montmartre; To Ianthe; To 1824; The horseman's song, Körner; The Mourner; Giulio and Zulma; The prescription; Hyde Abbey; The patriot before his execution; Valentine, Canto III.; The triumph of science, Vol. XIII. The past eternity; Lines to my cigar; The birth of Genius; King Harold; Agrigentum; The Greek Woman; the Rubicon; Stanzas; The Preponderating motives; The Maiden's Dream; Caractacus; The Untombed Mariner; King Arthur's Sword; The French Skeleton; The Wreck of the Comet; Vol. XIV. To 1825; Spes Rediviva; The Captive's

knowledge myself. I see my lines at present in school-books, and selections got up by the "ungentle craft" to save copyright. Sometimes they were attributed to more worthy writers. What does it matter? where will the author, his verses, and even the reader, too, soon be! Authorship cannot escape being in the category of the "vanity of vanities." The best writers must be content if they can keep a little sunshine upon their tub, for a brief minute near their neighbours.

Friend; Epigram from Martial; Mazurier; Pharsalia; The Unknown City; To a ship; To Ida; The City of the Dead; On seeing Chillon; The warning, Vol. xvi. The Soldier's Will; The Victory of Tours; A Sailor's funeral at Sea; Sonnet; On a scene of youth; Devotion; Fair Ida; The Past; Brutus after Phillippi; Tarshish; The King and the Lady; To December: Vol. xvii. The Ultramarine Club; On hearing the Roar of the Sea; Youth; Brutus before Phillippi, To the first of May; Love's victim; Myrtle garlands for the brave; Epigram, Martial; The parted year; The wine of Blood; To Martin on his picture of the Deluge, Vol. xxii. The Alcazar, Vol. xxiv. Inez de Castro; Epigram from Martial; The Past Year, 1829, Vol. xxviii. The Eagle; On leaving England, Vol. xxix.

In other works:—Körner's sword song; "He hath made everything beautiful;" Sampson's Lamentation; Summer's absence; Spanish ballad; Le vieux Drapeau, from Béranger; to Myrza; Lines written at Woodstock; The fate of Saul; Drink to the Brave; To Lydia; Sonnet to Autumn; To Athens; Song; Warwick Castle; Cain; Sonnet, from Körner; Jephtha; To the Sea; To 1823; Sonnet to the Land's End; To —; Fairlight Glen; The Oaks, Körner; The Prussian Eagle; Summons to the Field; The pursuit of Lutzow; Comfort; Song of Confederacy; "Constancy" and "The Hills." To Mr. A. A. Watts, pieces for his "Literary Souvenir," and his beautiful "Cabinet of Art." To Mrs. Watts for her "Juvenile Souvenir," and to my old friends, Mr. Thomas Roscoe and Mr. Pringle, for their "Annuals;" also "Hannibal on the Alps."

By the end of the last year of the connection of Campbell and myself, we had lost by death several valuable friends, and the abstraction of others was continued by the publisher. We had endeavoured to give variety to the work, but the writers, or rather new hands, from the length of their stories, destroyed that essential of a magazine. The pleasure I had felt before in our success no longer existed. The numbers soon showed a radical change. I was aware that the publisher was impatient to alter that which had been so successful, fancying to make what had been good still more profitable, though it was clearly to his disadvantage. I quitted my duties about two months before Campbell, and all the old contributors except one, quitted about the same time: scarcely a trace of the old work, in contents or appearance, remained. The publisher and myself separated civilly enough. As usual, no labour, no good-will, no spirit connected with a literary work in similar cases, tells. The bare letter of the task is to be achieved in proportion to the mercenary contract, the mind thrown into it or not, it is precisely the same. This is one of those things of which traders have no appreciation, while it is a damper to advantageous literary exertion. Shillings and pence men cannot comprehend it. The day you cease to act, there is no recollection of an obligation; even a cold civility is all, let your supernumerary labour have been what it may, and a most ardent respect be shown you before. I handed over all the articles, except those I had sent to the printer. One of them had been given me by the publisher, urging me as usual to use it, because "it was *about* Byron." It was the narrative of Mr. Sheldrake,

and related to Byron's club-foot. Going to see Campbell the same day, as it related to Byron, I put it into my pocket. I told the poet I had not read it, and taking it out, I read it with him. The article had nothing objectionable, except that it reflected in some degree on a Dr. Glennie, a Dulwich schoolmaster, whom Campbell happened once to know, but in his careless way not recalling the acquaintanceship, paid no attention to that fact. When the article appeared, this Glennie wrote to Campbell, and as the poet thundered against Hazlitt without reflection in Northcote's affair, so he attacked Sheldrake. The latter threatened an action for libel. Campbell then inserted a species of apology, making the matter a "mistake." I did not see the apology till some time afterwards. I thought I had had enough of the work. Moore's Life of Byron, vol. I. p. 44, chanced to cross me the other day, and I found that Sheldrake had only stated the truth, and that Glennie had really committed the error of taking one man for another.

Campbell's apology was written in the same thoughtless haste as his attack. He had only to blame himself for his forgetfulness, because he said in it that he never allowed a paper to be printed without seeing it, and this was barely true of the paper in question, for he did happen to see it in my hand. I was not therefore answerable at all as I had been before, or when he was in Berlin, Paris, or Edinburgh, as he continually was during his ten years' engagement. When he got into a scrape, he was equally thoughtless in his mode of getting out of it. Put blame upon me he did not, because he could not. He must have heard Glennie's

name when I spoke of the paper, but the Dulwich friend of years gone by, never crossed his mind.

To my surprise, after Campbell quitted the editorship, an advertisement alluding to this affair was inserted in the papers, to the effect that the party then assisting in the New Monthly editorship, was in no way responsible for that article. I have stated all I had to do with it. Who the illustrious obscure was to whom it related, I cannot tell. It was certainly no mark of good taste to attack me without the slightest ground, after having for ten years borne the brunt of the battle. It was a superfluous injustice. I felt contempt for a wrong so unjustifiably exhibited, and should have strongly resented it, but I did not hear of it until three months afterwards. But this was not all—when Campbell determined to leave the concern just afterwards, after a vain attempt made to draw him back, he was served the same. He was grossly insulted in the work indebted to his name for its notoriety and unparalleled success. “A Few Words with the Public,” was the title of the article—just at the time Mr. Bulwer was about to become the editor. I shall do best to quote the “Athenæum” on this point, then so ably edited by Mr. C. W. Dilke.

“Every literary man is a gentleman, until he has done something to forfeit the name, and the rank and respect which attach to it. That something, indeed, is a fine and subtle thing—subtle and fine according to the delicacy of men’s minds; for ourselves, we should have feared to accept the editorship of the “New Monthly Magazine,” after the “Few words with the Public,” on the retirement of Mr. Campbell; when th

proprietors, in a familiar mood, gossipped upon the subject—observing ‘whether we take a new bookbinder, or porter, on our establishment, or reject one for retaining too redolent of Meux or Barclay, is, we apprehend, a matter of infinitely small importance. Should we ship off a lazy official, or other person paid for doing nothing, we take it for granted that no comet with a fiery tail would set fire to the Thames, or our establishment!’ ”

Mr. Bulwer, perhaps, had not seen this insidious hit. Then it was that, after having solicited in vain, finding they had done wrong and could not retrace their steps, they vituperated others in their spleen, and then they treated with Bulwer. Campbell would not return, because he could not have me for a coadjutor. I had told him nothing should induce me to return. In one of his letters to me when I was absent from town, and still in my possession, he wrote “When Colburn and Bentley repented their difference, and sent D. Williams, author of the “Letters of Publicola” in the “Weekly Dispatch,” to offer me my own terms to return to them, I refused the editorship principally because I should not have you for my coadjutor.” How Mr. Bulwer managed for a few months, I do not know. Hook then tried, and then Hood. Lastly, came Mr. Ainsworth, who took the only mode of securing his own free action, by purchasing the property.

For thirteen years, till I gave Hood an article, I never sent a line to the work. I could not forget such treatment. I was absent seven years from town, and I believe during that seven years I never saw a number. I first met the publisher again, after that long

interval, at a *conversazione*. He was uncommonly civil and shuffled off the charge of the attacks on Campbell, and myself thirteen years before, asking me for a contribution. I sent Hood an article, and it duly appeared. I then sent him a specimen of another that would occupy a double space. I found that manuscripts of novels were still used to secure a double purpose, and were yet more the bane of the work. Hood wrote me :

“ My dear Sir,

“ I beg you to think I have no disinclination to the MS. itself, from the glance I have taken at it, but from a cause you alluded to in your former note—I mean the continuations running now through periodicals, I cannot see an opening for any series, however short. I am dependent on the movements of Colburn, who sometimes takes in a mass at once like Barnaby, P. Priggins, &c., and consequently cramps me every way.

“ My dear Sir, yours very truly,

“ THOMAS HOOD.”

The original system of a work which had paid so well, was thus wholly abandoned. The editor being neutralized except for the benefit of his name, the whole had become a trading instrument. The real merit of an article was a thing of no moment, the object being to secure the copyright value two ways, to which the periodical was made the medium, as well as that of passing off the criticisms on the books of the proprietor as the sentiments of the editor.

A word of poor Hood, if a little out of place in date,

one of the most worthy suffering men I ever knew. Amid the calamities of authorship, to have them enhanced by bodily suffering is fearful. I have been astonished how he could write such facetious things in a state of pain. It was a real triumph of mind over matter. His last note to me was characteristic.

“My dear Sir,

“I was sorry you had to send, but you can imagine what it is to be unwell, and that at the end of the month.

“I was, indeed, so much of an invalid that my walks were ‘few and far between.’ There never was such an ‘in-keeper.’ Wherefore, if you will favour me with a call any day, 364 to 1, I shall be at home.

“I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

“THOMAS HOOD.”

17, Elm Tree Road, Tuesday.

Thus, after ten years' toil, I left the undertaking, sufficiently weary of a position which I should not have continued to occupy but from feelings of attachment to Campbell, whose impulses would have been injurious to all interests, and from a strong friendship for an immortal name in our literature, one whose abstractions continually subjected him to misinterpretation, and to positions which a little forecast would have prevented.

It took time to know Campbell in his better days. He had most estimable qualities with some peculiarities, which made many mistake his real character. He was often thoughtless, disliked labour, and was forgetful. It required a hint to make him do what to people in

general was the most obvious thing in the world. He was wayward at times, now particular, and then careless. By fits and starts, he was grave, and then frolicsome, both upon slight excitements, and sometimes ready to push things to excess, at others to evade them. He was accused of being wanting in his friendships ; I never saw it ; but, if he were judged by his omissions, his conduct often bore that appearance. No man possessed a more kindly temper, or wished more to do good to others, but he was not forward to do so because of his abstractions. He was perpetually occupied by some subject from which nothing came. Political economy, Hebrew, Eastern history employed his thoughts in turn, and were dropped. I never found him wanting towards myself ; if I had, I should have openly told him of it, as I once did when I thought he was guilty of an omission on an indifferent matter. Though he was conscious that without me he should not be able to remain long as editor, from feeling his want of forecast and little consideration of the effects that would follow acting on the impulse of the moment, yet he did not hesitate to offer me the professorship of English at the University of Warsaw, which Prince Czartorisky, then ruler of Poland under Alexander of Russia, placed at his disposal to fill up by an Englishman. I declined it, fortunately for myself, on account of the difficulty of the language, and this not long before the revolution that was provoked by the Grand Duke Constantine. His countrymen accused him of not laying himself out to procure profitable places for them from the Whigs. They esteem it a duty in any of the natives of the north, who become possessed of influence of any kind, to work for them in this way, but Campbell

was too independent to job for anybody. He would scarcely solicit the most trivial thing for himself, which almost anyone might ask and have.

Some one related a story before him of a countryman who had asked of Lord Melbourne a place for his son.

"Pray," said his lordship, "did not my predecessor in office give your son a place?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Did not his predecessor give another son of yours a place?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then I think two out of a family provided for in that way by the public, are as many as you could well expect—good morning."

I speak here of the poet at the time we quitted our mutual labours, for, in after years, he became greatly changed.

"I have quickly followed you," said he; "I found I could not go on as comfortably as we did formerly," calling to tell me of what he had done, when he left.

"But the finances were the point?" I remarked.

"The deuce take them—it is pleasant to be free if one has but a shirt."

In this way, he jested. No man of the world, author, above all, losing six hundred a year, would have shown so light a heart, while no one ever got it with more ease to himself. We dined together the same day he told me of it, and talked of what we should do, of turning lecturers to Lord Brougham's institutions, and of exhibiting magic-lanterns. "The *Sieur Campbell*," said I, "conjuring for his bread."

“Yes, and I could make ballads, but could not sing them, like Moore.”

In the midst of this, I made him look grave, by expressing my opinion that, after all, the classical writers had assisted in contributing to the existing state of civil freedom. He was of the contrary opinion. I said they did not prevent the ecclesiastics from enslaving us for fifteen hundred years, that Luther did much more in a year or two. He said Luther was the radical of his day; it was only monk against monk, after all, and that my remarks about the classics were sheer blasphemy.

END OF VOL. II.

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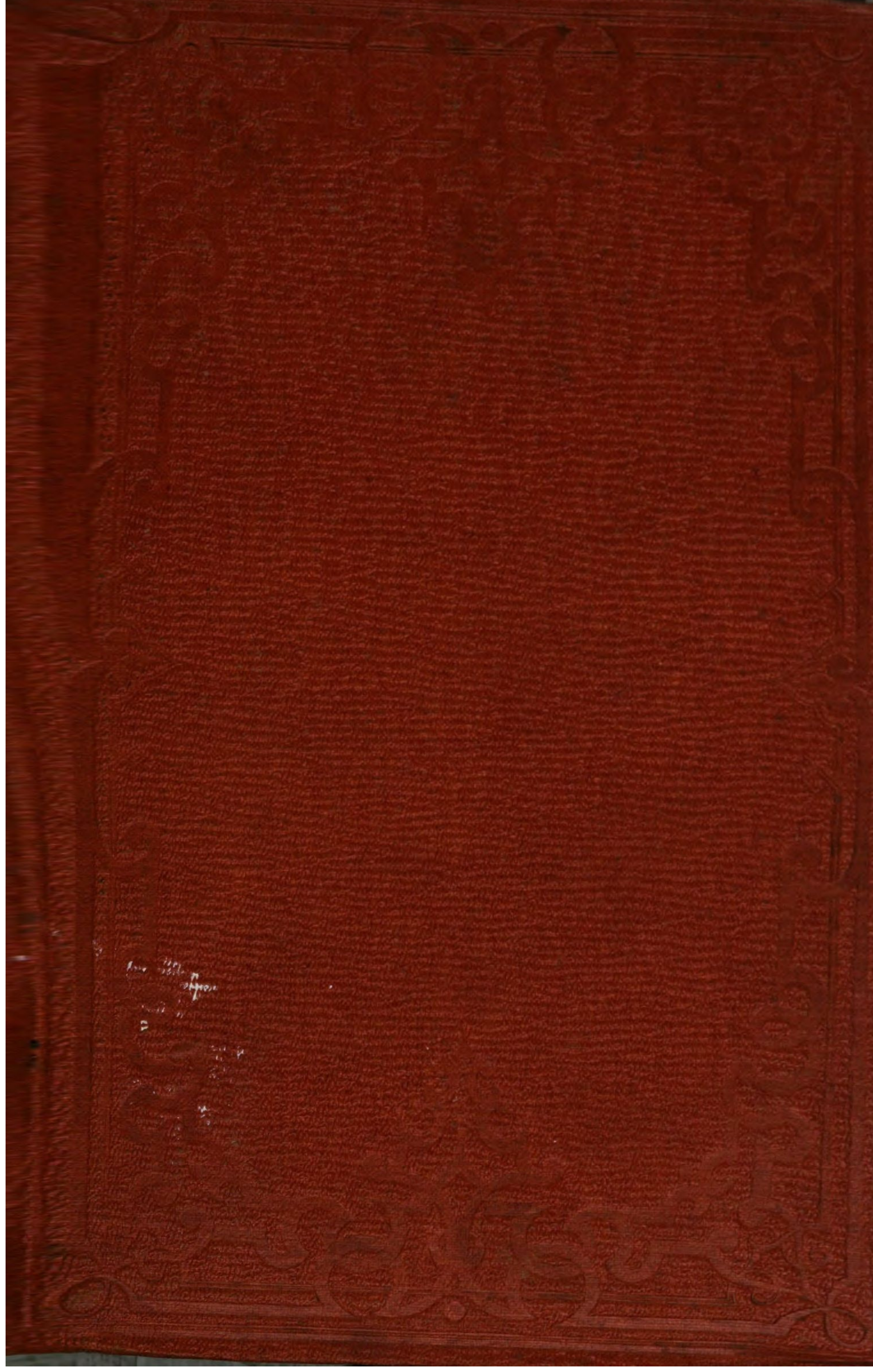
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